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WATTS—THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

A MODERN PAINTER WHO IN PIOUS ECSTASY RECALLS THE HEBREW PROPHETS; IN TRAGIC AWE, ÆSCHYLUS; IN PERFECTION OF CONTOUR, PHIDIAS; AND IN TONE THE RENAISSANCE

ALMOST any time until the last two years you might have seen, seated before the fire at Little Holland House in his favorite red plush armchair or strolling about the quiet garden of Lingerslease in skullcap and plain work-



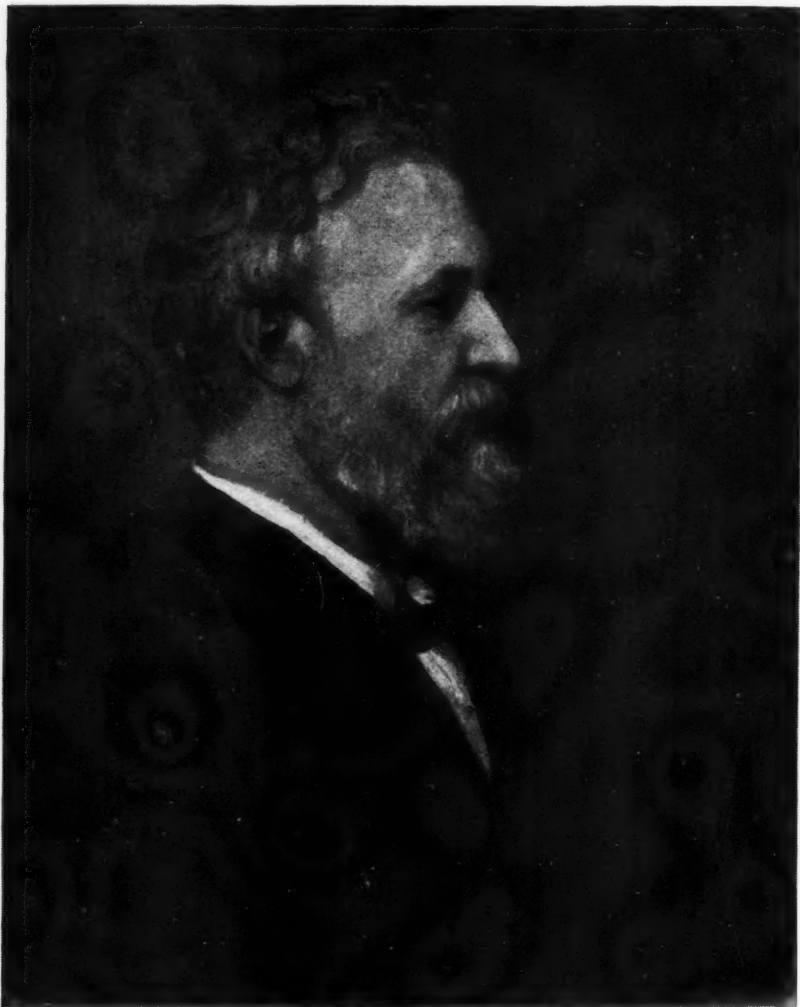
UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT—THE SPIRITUAL BEAUTIES OF THIS PICTURE REFLECT THE INNER SOUL LIFE OF WATTS THE MYSTIC

From the painting by Watts

man's blouse, a venerable, benign figure. Those who knew him intimately called him "The Signor," and in many ways his patriarchal appearance suggested

He habitually underrated his powers, and frequently referred to himself as "the poorest of poor creatures."

While it is obvious that he must often



ROBERT BROWNING—THE POETIC QUALITY, THE OPTIMISM, AND THE SANITY OF THE MAN SHINE IN THIS PORTRAIT

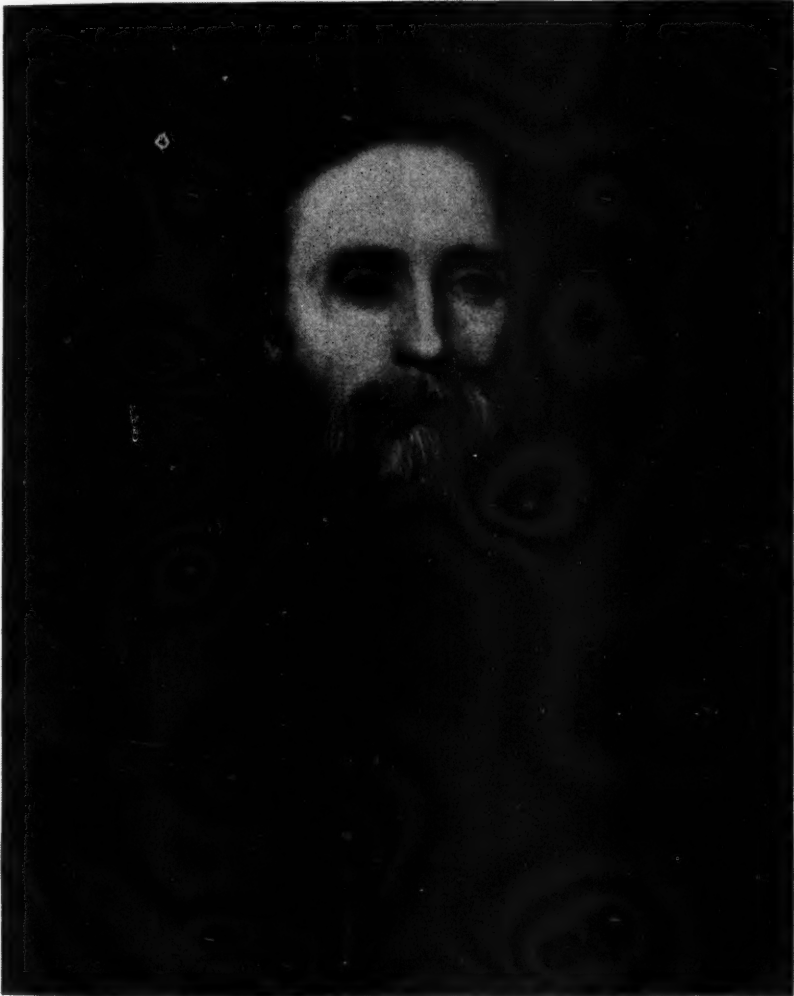
From the painting by Watts

some bygone Venetian senator. To certain minds he was but a kindly, dignified echo of past grandeur and faded glory. There seemed, it is true, a pathetic incongruity between the bodily feebleness of the man and the unquenchable ardor of his soul. Moreover, he was the ceaseless victim of doubt and mistrust.

have been taken at his own measure, those who understood George Frederick Watts were never deceived. Though his greatness was not immediately apparent, it was nevertheless indubitable. A delicate, sickly child, and a man who suffered cruelly throughout life, he still managed to keep burning the flame of

exalted hope and far-reaching endeavor. Through infinite care he maintained a finely adjusted equilibrium of forces which lasted until the end. With un-

Hebrew prophets; for tragic awe he may be likened to Æschylus. In perfection of contour he suggests Phidias, and in tone the richness of the Renais-



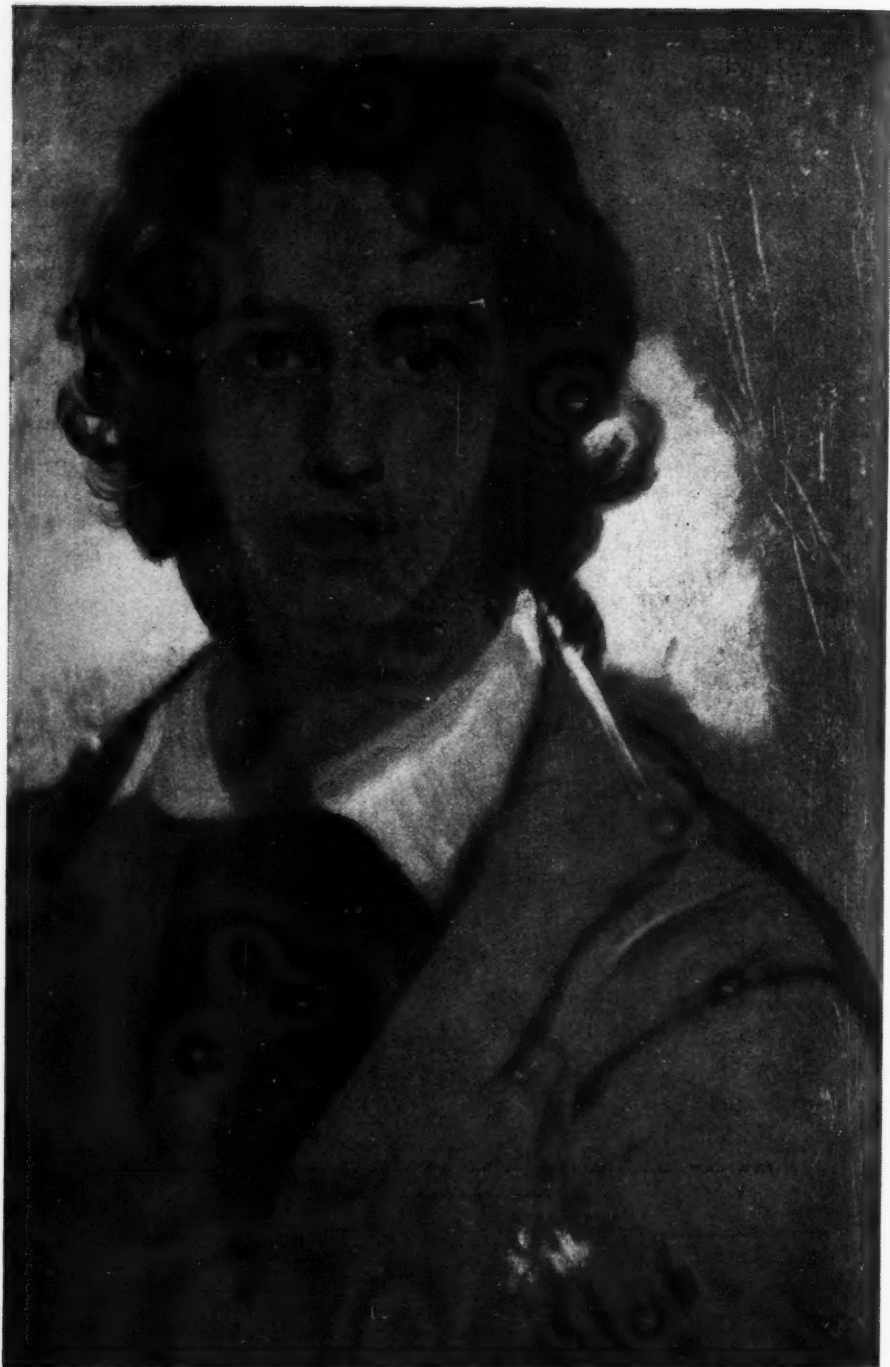
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, WHOM WATTS LOVED AS A FRIEND AND REVERED AS A PAINTER—HIS DEATH, IN 1898, WAS A SEVERE SHOCK TO THE OLDER MAN

From the portrait by Watts

faltering persistence he outlived long periods of neglect and obscurity, drifting finally into the serenity of general recognition and acceptance.

From the deepening twilight of the heroic age of art looms this solitary being, frail, yet shining with steadfast purpose. In pious ecstasy he recalls the

sance. Though he possessed none of these qualities in fulfilling measure, each was in some degree his legacy, and each in part illumined every canvas, every bit of bronze or marble, he has left behind. Born in the lingering dawn of the last century, he lived through its close, and even long enough to catch the



WATTS AT EIGHTEEN, PAINTED BY HIMSELF—HE WAS BORN IN 1817, AND HIS LONG AND USEFUL CAREER DID NOT END UNTIL THE FOURTH YEAR OF A NEW CENTURY HAD TURNED

From the portrait by Watts

faint glimmer of its swift-coming successor.

In the truest sense of the phrase, this meek yet mighty spirit seemed to inherit the earth. His majestic roll of years gave him ample perspective, his mind moved freely among the varied works

Watts gathers under her protecting wings so many of the earth's children and the children of the brain, there is no lack of unity, or of community, in anything he painted or modeled. A single thought animates his entire graphic cosmos. His message is the message of



DIANA AND ENDYMION—WATTS'S CONCEPTION OF THE CLASSICAL LEGEND OF THE YOUTH WHO WAS BELOVED BY THE MOON GODDESS—NIGHTLY SHE KISSED THE SLEEPING SHEPHERD IN THE CAVE ON MOUNT LATMUS

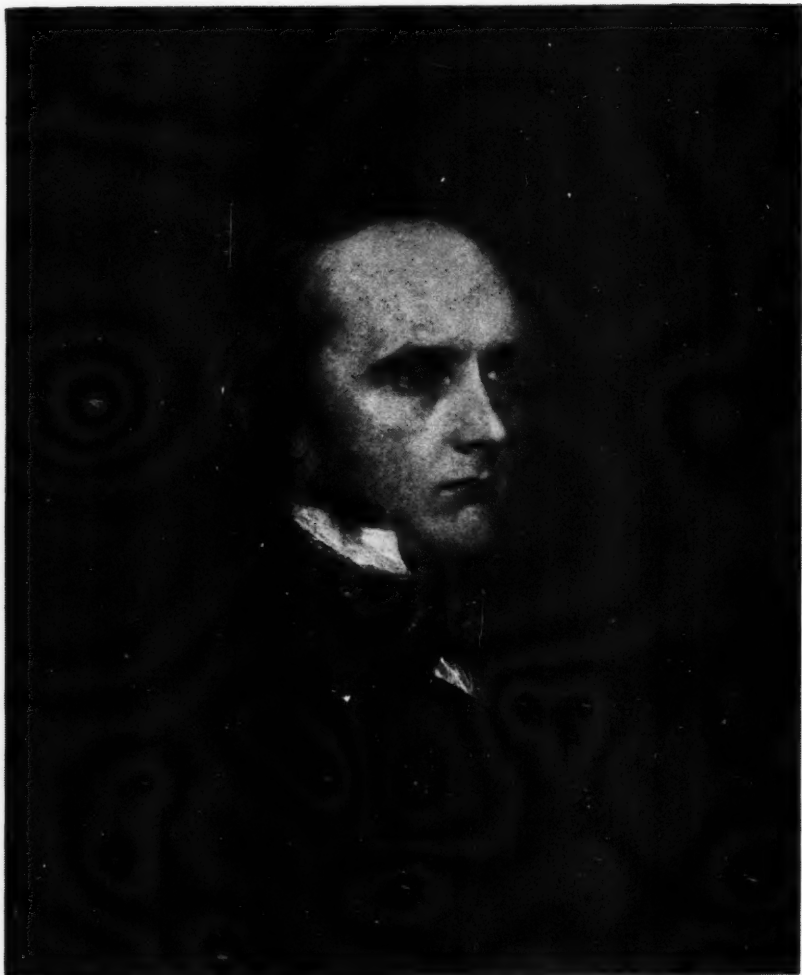
From the painting by Watts

of God or man, and his vision embraced all periods and all epochs from the awakening possibilities of the creation to the clouded hour of our own day and generation. He was not only a seer and a philosopher, but above all he was a great pictorial genius. Everything he touched upon sprang spontaneously into predestined form and color. Out of chaos he made a moving panorama of primitive potentialities; he retold with new beauty and pregnancy Greek legend and Arthurian romance, and over the troubled destiny of mankind he cast a flood of consoling light.

Although the art of George Frederick

universal brotherhood and universal peace. Leaving to strident youngsters across the Channel the cry of art for art's sake, he solemnly dedicated his powers to the cause of humanity.

With the largeness, the sincerity, and the broad utilitarianism of the early Victorians, Watts preached the doctrine of ideas in art. "A picture without an idea," he said, "is like a face without eyes." He went still further. "A great picture," he maintained, "must be ethical—didactic, if you like, but certainly ethical. Humanity has created art, as it has created tools and weapons, for its own advancement, for its own help, for



GEORGE DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, ORATOR, STATESMAN,
SCIENTIST, AND PHILOSOPHER

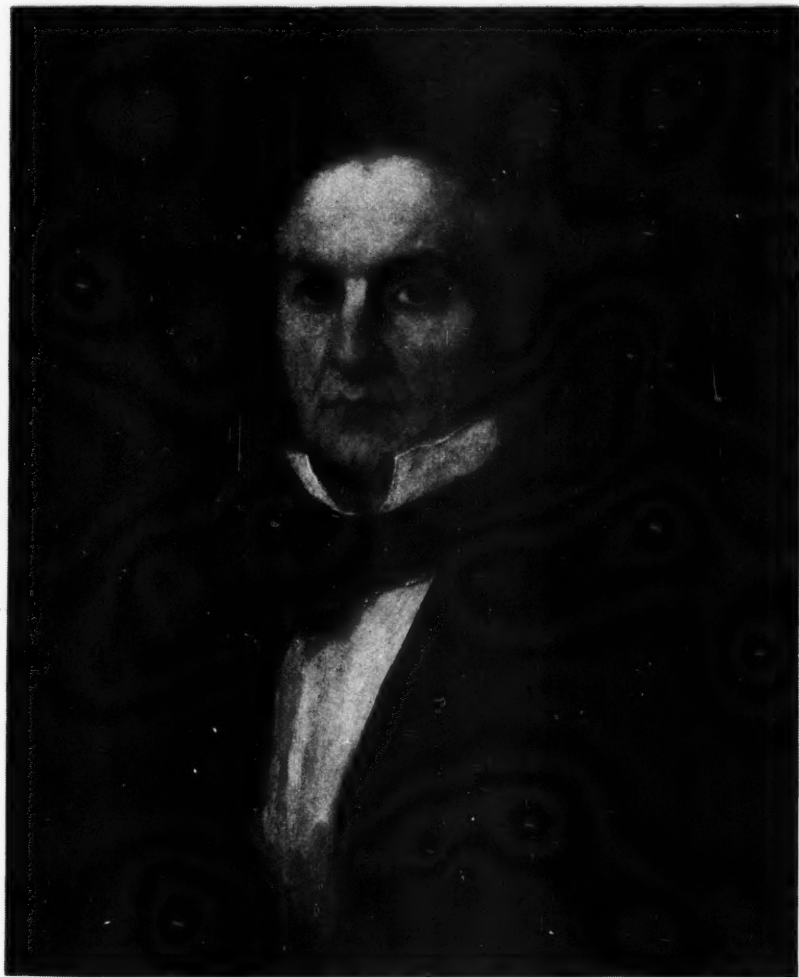
From the portrait by Watts

its own comfort." Had he possessed a mind less clear and logical, and a less exacting esthetic conscience, it is easy to see how readily this zealous evangelist might have encountered shipwreck. Yet that same gift of balance which so long held body and soul together also kept in their just relation the idea and the image. However instinct these canvases are with noble aspiration, they seldom fail to reflect an always beseeching external beauty. Spirit and sense have here been strangely, almost mystically, married.

It is a frequent contention that the art of Watts is "literary," meaning, supposedly, that it contains elements which properly belong to the domain of letters. No judgment could be more superficial or more unfounded. The ideas which took shape under the caressing stress of his brush or chisel are not the exclusive property of any sect or coterie; they are the common heritage of all men and all ages. They are those fundamental verities which have perplexed or inspired humanity from the beginning and will continue to do so until the end. They

occupy alike the painter and the poet, the theologian and the man of science, the brooding savage and the sophisticated product of civilization. In no instance has Watts merely repeated that which has been said before. What he did was to take certain of these same themes and recast them in a language of his own. He symbolized in splendid, sweeping lines and solemn, glowing colors the august mysteries of birth and death, the joy of service, and the anguish of those who, having great pos-

sessions, depart in sorrow. It was no narrow view which he took of his mission. "Art," he held, "embraces the whole of those conditions which are to be represented to the mind through the medium of the eye." Himself a rigorous, elemental man, he gave to these austere truths a structural simplicity which made them universal in application and appeal. It is impossible to mistake the lessons he taught. His canvases are pictorial anthems. They chant the Gloria in Excelsis of art and of life.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE—ONE OF THE LEAST SATISFYING OF WATTS'S PORTRAITS—
THE PAINTER LATER SAID THAT HE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO GET BETTER RESULTS
BECAUSE THE LIBERAL LEADER TALKED INCESSANTLY DURING THE SITTINGS

From the portrait by Watts

While he acquired much from without, while he took gladness from the vernal beauty of spring or tinged his palette with the burning glow of the dying year, while he stole the veiled whiteness of the pearl and the pink of the nautilus, the drifting mists of the sea and the iris of the rainbow, Watts's chief storehouse lay within. By descent a Celt, his true kingdom was the kingdom of dreams. He was born a mystic and a mystic he remained.

WATTS'S TEMPLE OF LIFE

Imbued with all the wistful yearning of his race, with an abiding sense of the futility of earthly things, Watts nevertheless by sheer power of will left behind a vast and varied accomplishment. It was his youthful ambition to found a resplendent Temple of Life wherein he should depict in fresco and marble the consecutive evolution of humanity from its vague, obscure origins to its final stages of development. Years of thought and effort were devoted to the project, which, of course, could never in its entirety be realized. Though its contents are incomplete and widely scattered, his Temple of Life in a measure survives. The man's existence, tortured as it was and often hanging by so slender a thread, was its own temple, while in the Tate Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, in London, and the Memorial Gallery recently erected near Guildford, have been reverently gathered the works of brain and hand.

Every episode in a career inwardly rich though outwardly uneventful helped Watts toward the fulfilment of his dream. The four years passed in Florence with Lord and Lady Holland and a few radiant months spent among the islands of the Ægean or the shimmering plains of Asia Minor added warmth and definition to his maturing vision. The hours consumed while gazing at the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum or musing before the fireside all contributed their particular quota. He was without systematic academic training. "I never had any master save Phidias," he would often say, and this was literally true. So strongly did the creative impulse surge within that he was incapable of making copies of the

Italian masterpieces he so revered. Titian, Tintoretto, and especially Orcagna, meant much to him, but only in a broad, general sense. He was above all else a painter of processes, one who recorded the ever-changing vesture of outward things, one who mirrored the soul's ceaseless inquietude. To him, nothing was definite, nothing final; decay followed fast upon growth, and death was succeeded by joyous rebirth. A whole cycle of mutations, both physical and spiritual, was continuously unfolding itself before his eyes. The boy who found it impossible to retrace the outlines of bygone art was father to the man who was powerless to paint a specific likeness. That which Watts achieved in portraiture was, however, something vastly better and higher. Taking the elements of the individual before him, he recreated his personality upon canvas, retaining those qualities which alone were essential and enduring. He was an unflinching idealist. He shows us with gentle forbearance what man is, and with convincing enthusiasm what man should be.

The principle Watts applied with such consistent power to the delineation of his ardent fellow workers in the field of thought, to the poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the nineteenth century, was applied alike to primal fancy, Mosaic tradition, Cretan myth, or medieval story. He has managed to recast with a magic all his own the centuries-old stories of the Genesis, the Fall, and the Flood.

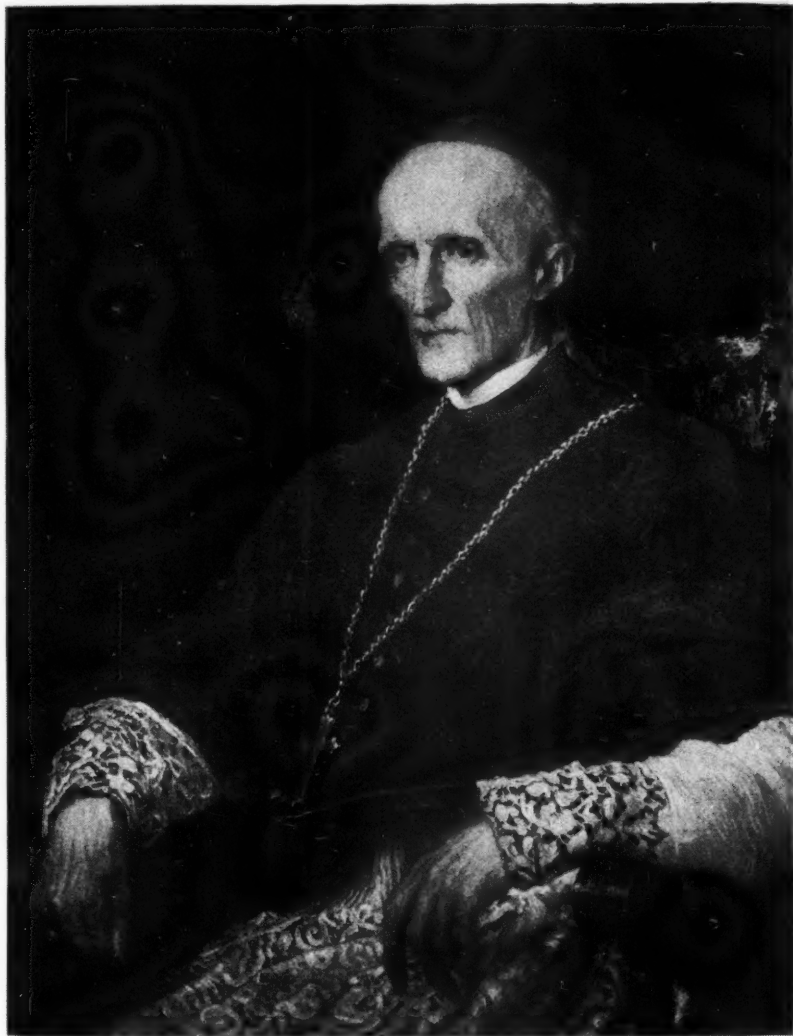
To the grief of Ariadne seated on the wooden shores of Naxos waiting the return of Theseus he added fresh poignancy. The Orpheus of legend is less deeply tragic than the sweet singer who here clasps in his arms the already lifeless form of Eurydice; and it is not merely Diana, but the very spirit of nocturnal mystery, which gently kisses the sleeping shepherd of Latmus. The lines of Dante carry but a faint suggestion of the listless, burned-out ecstasy of this Paolo and Francesca circling through infinity, nor has poet been able to picture a knight quite like this Sir Galahad standing beside his steed, his eyes aglow with mystic rapture and resolve.

If it be true that there is no beauty

without some strangeness, it is equally true that there is no beauty without a certain sadness, and both these elements are ever present in the art of Watts. A delicate veil shrouds each countenance,

it is merely that they teach the dual lesson of courage and compassion.

Yet the real ethical and esthetic significance of Watts's art is not manifest until you emerge from the realm of fable



CARDINAL MANNING—THE SEARCHING MENTAL ACTIVITY AND THE SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY OF THE CHIEF ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATE OF ENGLAND ARE STRONGLY EVIDENCED

From the portrait by Watts

gray mists envelop hill and valley, and shadows fall aslant the path of peace. Even in the springtime of life and love, flowers droop and heads are softly bowed. It is not that these beautiful, sedate evocations breathe hopelessness or despair;

and romance into the clear, serene atmosphere of abstract thought. The central figure in this drama of ideas is, of course, man. As Watts himself said: "The noblest symbol is the human form, and the human form can express all the



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS—ANOTHER PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF,
SHOWING HIM IN HIS WORKING ROBE

From the portrait by Watts

virtues of life—love, courage, faith; and all the tragedy of life—sin, suffering, and death." It is scarcely necessary to remind those possessed of adequate artistic sensibilities that this prophet in paint seldom lost sight of the enduring canons of beauty; that he never, save in a few minor instances, allowed moral considerations to obscure his innate sense of form, color, and design. "I teach great truths," he was wont to say, "but I do not dogmatize." Or again, speaking of the public, he said: "I lead them to the church door, and then they can go in and see God in their own way."

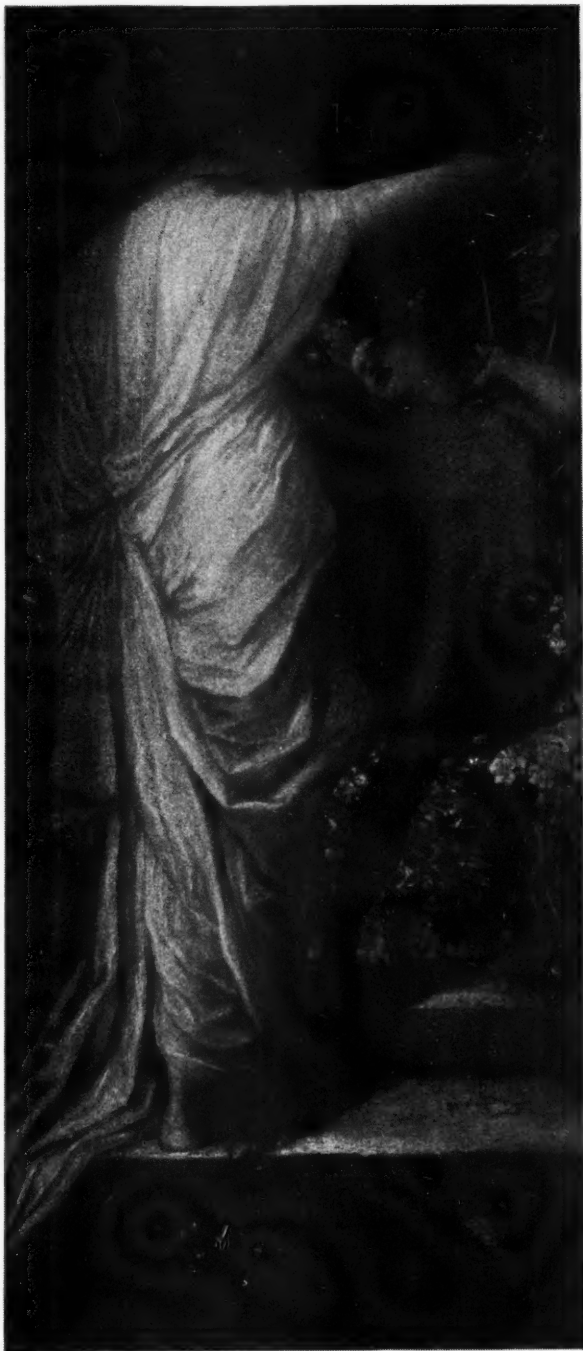
In a series of visions incomparably direct and uplifting he thus embodied the perennial enigmas of life, the eternal aspiration and the eternal heart-hunger of the human race. Although in essence they are deeply philosophical and deeply religious, these pictures are utterly unconditioned by creed or formula. Basic ideas are expressed in the broadest, most liberal, terms. The customary insignia of the church are notably absent. Crown, cross, and bleeding heart find no place in this grandly simple imagery.

Just as he had earlier read new mystery and new magic into oft-told tales, so Watts here gave new shape to conceptions which had long been the property of the multitude. Hope never before showed such resigned yet unwearied tenderness as

does this bowed creature clinging to the bare disk of the world listening to the music of a solitary string, nor was Time ever before pictured as a stalwart youth, clear-eyed and firm of carriage. With penetrating gaze the calm apostle of allegory surveyed the universe afresh and in the seclusion of his studio re-dreamed the dreams of the ages.

The most appealing of all his visitants was that of Death, who appeared before him, not in the guise of a hideous, grinning skull, but as a majestic, resistless presence clothed in flowing white, her face always averted, as though deploring her dread errand. Now she carried in the folds of her robe blossoms plucked but yesterday; now she crowned the brow of Innocence, and now gently brushed aside Love, who sought to stay her hand upon the flower-strewn threshold of Life. There is always in these pictures a suggestion of maternity in the treatment of death; this is not accidental, but intentional. "I want," the painter said, "to destroy the notion that death is 'the king of terrors.' My favorite thought recognizes Death as the kind nurse who says: 'Now then, children, you must go to bed, and wake up in the morning.'" On another occasion he spoke of her as "a gracious Mother, calling her children home."

Despite the cloud shadows which here and there flit across this fair



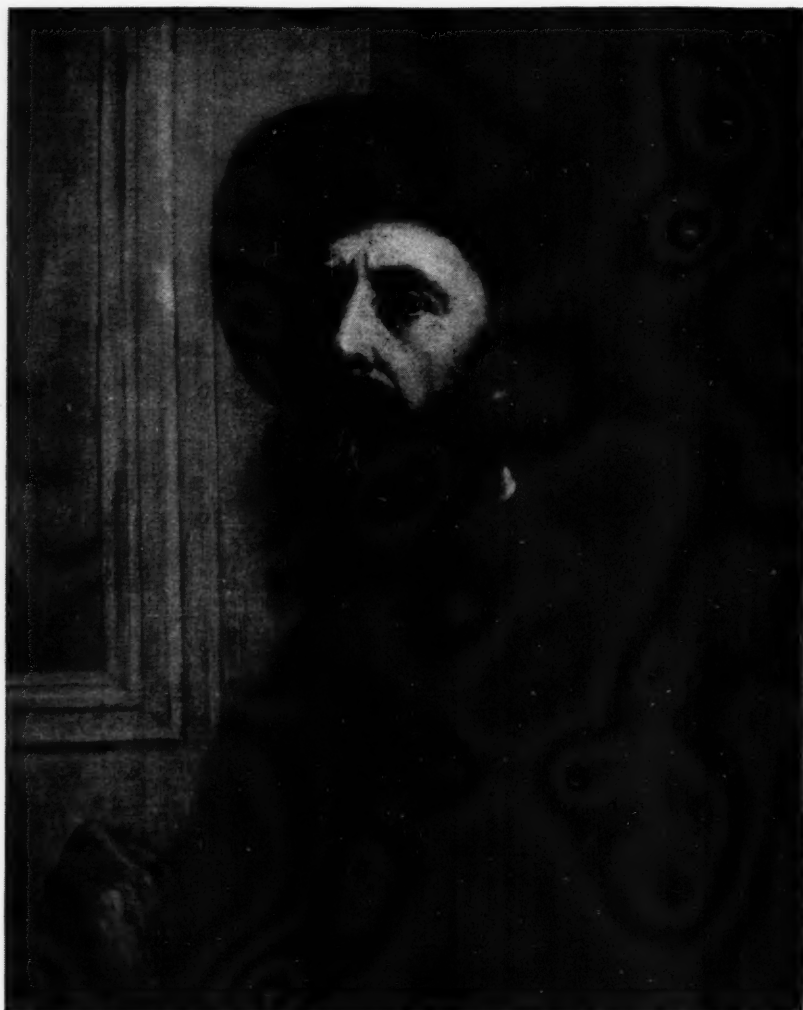
"LOVE AND DEATH"—WATTS WAS GREATEST AS AN ALLEGORIST

From the painting by Watts

land, it is always springtime, always April, in the art of Watts. An inherent primalism clung about this wondrous old man until the very last. Born in the morning of the year, he somehow never lost the capacity for recreation and the response to new life and fresh possibilities which each season reenforce things physical and things psychic. Particularly fond of the golden crocus, he rarely failed to introduce into his paintings a strangely beautiful and suggestive floral symbolism.

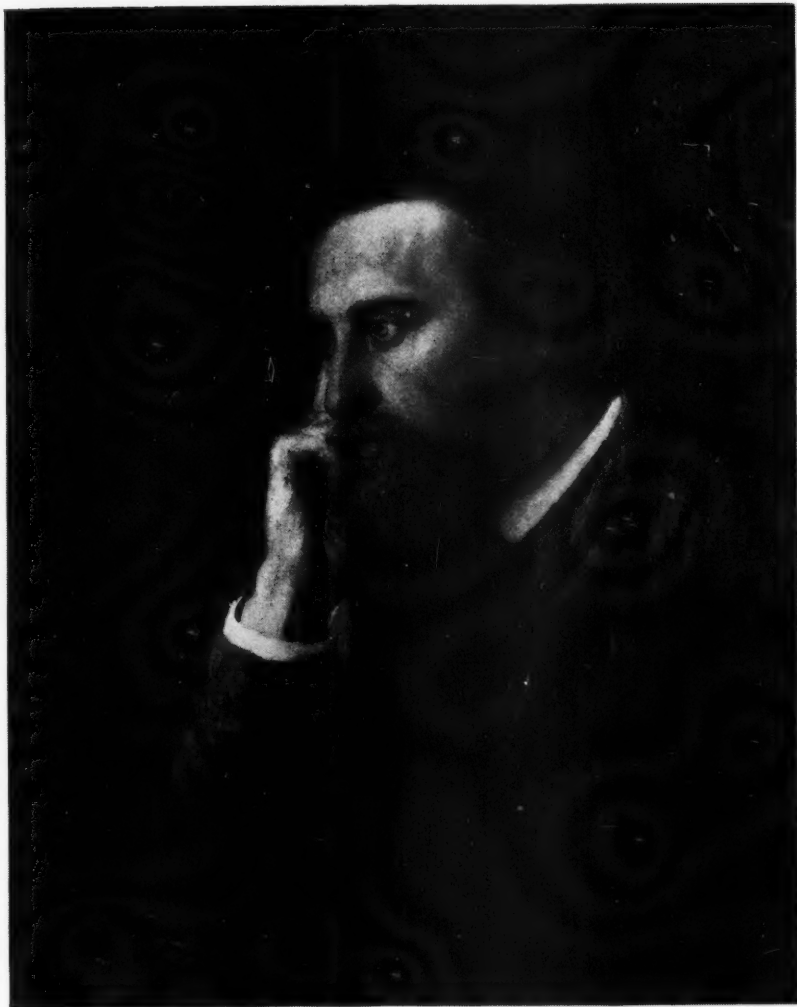
And like flowers, too, his thoughts themselves seemed to grow into being, unfolding gradually, according to some inner, hidden law, from bulb to blossom. His spirit was continually in consonance with nature's meaning and nature's moods. His sympathies were attuned to the world and all that lies therein. His soul was at peace with God and man. In his calm, instinctive way he represented the great oneness of the universe.

There was never, in the daily life



WATTS IN HIS PRIME, PAINTED BY HIMSELF—A BENIGN FACE, SHOWING THE EARNESTNESS OF THE PROPHET AND THE INSIGHT OF THE POET

From the portrait by Watts



EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, BETTER KNOWN AS
"OWEN MEREDITH"—STATESMAN AND POET

From the portrait by Watts

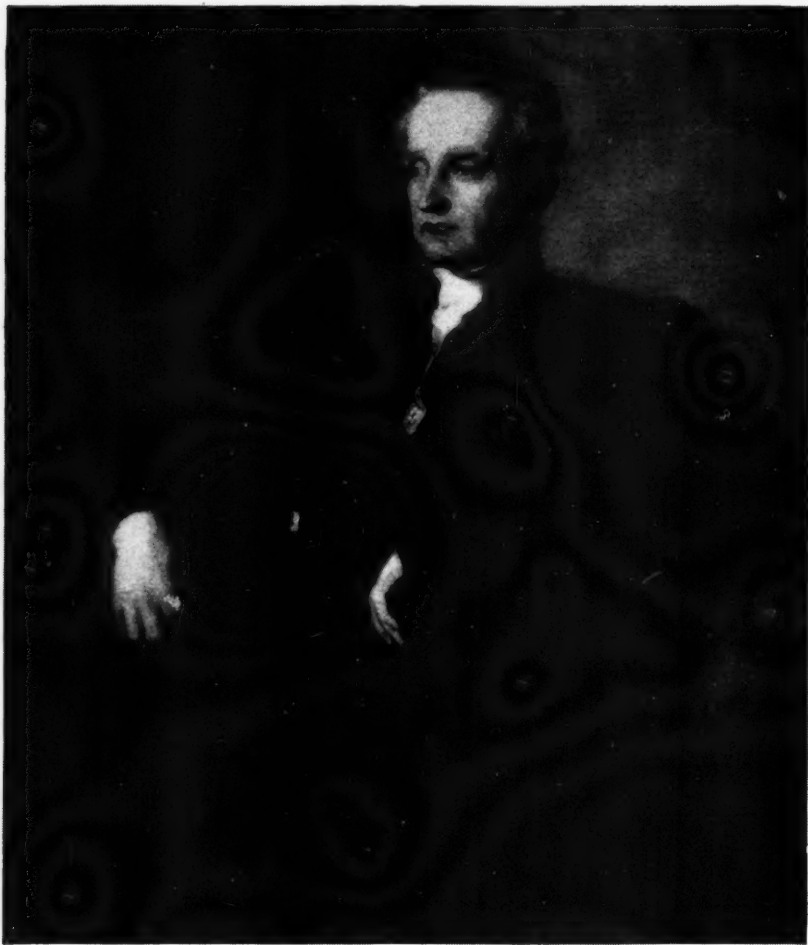
of Watts, any conflict between aspiration and accomplishment. The ideals enunciated in his art were consistently upheld by his actions. He was not one who preached charity and neglected to put his hand into his own pocket. Year after year he gave freely of his best with no thought of reward. When he returned from Italy, aglow with enthusiasm for the revival of mural painting on a grand scale, he offered to decorate without charge the new Euston Station; only to have his proposition declined

by the phlegmatic directors of the company.

Aside from an insignificant legacy, he never had a penny he did not earn, and yet gave canvas after canvas to the nation. A whole succession of contemporary likenesses were presented to the National Portrait Gallery, while his allegorical compositions, with few exceptions, went to the Tate Gallery. The cartoon of "Sir Galahad" he gave to Eton College Chapel, "Love and Death" to the city of Manchester,

"Fata Morgana" to Leicester, "Love and Life" to America, and "The Happy Warrior" to Munich. Judging by the price offered privately for "Love and Death," which was fifteen thousand dol-

after decade he wrought in silence and semi-obscurity, and it was not until he had reached the age of fifty that he was made a member of the Royal Academy. Yet such matters troubled him



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, ENGLISH SCHOLAR AND DIVINE, WHO WAS LONG
THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

From the portrait by Watts

lars, he might have made large sums, yet he preferred to live modestly, even plainly, with barely enough for his meager needs.

Although evincing generous sympathy for the artists of his time, sharing to a certain degree in their struggles and triumphs, he never allied himself with any particular group or movement. Decade

little, for later on, when twice offered a baronetcy he each time declined, caring nothing for worldly distinctions.

At intervals he busied himself with sculpture, the bust of "Clytie," the statue of "Hugh Lupus," which stands at the entrance to the grounds of Eton Hall, and the heroic equestrian entitled "Physical Energy," to which he devoted

nearly a quarter of a century of thought and effort, being his chief contributions to plastic art. For many years he lived in Little Holland House, Melbury Road, where his chosen friends often gathered to see his work and listen to grave dissertations on current topics or delight in his playful, almost boyish, banter.

He used always to wear the proverbial dull-crimson cap and flowing robe or blue blouse, and when animated would move his head sharply from side to side, making short, impatient sweeps of the arm. At times, though, he would remain seated for days, the prey to nervous depression, or a curious "brain sickness," as he called it, which made it utterly impossible for him even to visit the dim studio wherein were gathered so many glowing canvases, completed or still in process. A Stoic in cast of mind, he was a Spartan in his tastes and habits. He never smoked, never touched alcohol.

LIFE AT LIMNERSLEASE

The life in London was merely carried out in brighter, more inspiring colors at the painter's country home known as Limnerslease, in Surrey. Guarded by tall sentinel firs, the modest, vine-grown house looked across a landscape dotted with white cottages set among smiling fields. In his younger days Watts was passionately devoted to riding, and might often have been seen galloping up "Hog's Back" or along the very road where Chaucer's Pilgrims used to wend their way toward the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Throughout the spring and summer he rose every morning at three-thirty, worked until seven, when he had his bath and breakfast, then worked until one, and again from three until six or after. Unhurried, undisturbed, he would labor at different intervals for ten, or even twenty, years upon the same composition, always getting closer and closer to the dominant idea he sought to portray. And when all was

finished he would cover the entire canvas with a film of white, afterward adding touches of fresh color in order to get just that bloom which seems indeed the breath of eternal youth. A few of his pictures, such as the fire-bathed head of "Brynhildr" and "Time, Death, and Judgment," came to him as complete revelations, but for the most part his canvases were evolved slowly and painfully. His art is not, in essence, a reproduction of that which is without, but a representation of that which is within. It is thought made visible.

Just as in London he had shed about him beauty and benevolence, so here in the open there grew up under his eye numerous tokens of charity and utility. Together with Mrs. Watts he built the picturesque Mortuary Chapel which stands in the grove near his house, and together they established, under the auspices of the Home Industries Association, a flourishing pottery at Compton. As time went on, though the weight of years bowed that slender frame, his spirit never faltered. Just before the end, he remarked with pathetic heroism, "I think aspiration will last as long as there is consciousness." He was, in fact, actually working on the huge model for his statue of "Physical Energy" when the final summons came.

At the simple, impressive funeral service held in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was attended by some of the foremost artists and statesmen in England, they played Beethoven's funeral march, the archdeacon reading that memorable prayer from Ecclesiasticus beginning: "Let us now praise famous men, and the fathers that begat us. Their bodies are buried in peace but their name liveth for evermore." The next day they left him resting on the sunlit hillside which he loved so well, gently covered with lilies, the white and slender symbols of that immortality he had so manfully won.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is one of a series suggested by the death, within a remarkably brief space of time, of a number of the most famous artists of their generation—among them Bouguereau, Bréton, Gérôme, and Henner, in France; Lenbach and Menzel, in Germany; the American Whistler. A paper to be published next month will deal with the life and work of Bouguereau. Those already published, and the issues of this magazine in which they may be found, are Gérôme, June, 1906; Lenbach, September; Whistler, October; Henner, November.

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THE SCRUBWOMAN

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "MOONSHINE," "THE STORY OF RALPH MILLER," ETC.

HENRY RANDOLPH shook his white head in an impatient gesture of dissent, and continued the discussions with a tenderly exasperated disregard of his cousin's scruples. "No, no, Alice, dear, this is no time to split hairs on what it's proper to speak about. It's infamous, I know, that I should be talking to you about it—nobody but a woman should; but, my dear child, how *can* I go and leave you so? And there's nobody else *to* speak. You might as well have no brother at all as one in the navy."

Mrs. Smithers's resigned, though unpeaceful, drooping attitude changed at this to a sudden nervous tension. She clasped and unclasped her thin hands, and spoke with a little rush of eagerness. "Ah! that's it, Cousin Henry. If I could only see my brother oftener, he might be able to do something." She relapsed again into listless despondency and continued dully: "But I don't suppose he would ever see anything at all the matter. My husband would be so different with him—you know how Will is to outsiders."

Randolph struck one hand into the other fiercely. "I do! I do! But what's the use of knowing him now, when you've been married ten years? Oh, if I'd only been here instead of on the other side of the globe when he first went to Washington and met you! Why, in Heaven's name, your parents——" He checked himself abruptly. "No, I can't blame them—poor, simple souls! They never had any worldly discernment. You're just like them."

Mrs. Smithers spoke in a naively solemn and hesitant way. "I hope it's not wicked, Cousin Henry, but I'm sometimes glad they died so soon after my marriage—and that Tom is always away

on his vessel. They couldn't help any, and I'm glad they don't have to suffer with me. I'm sorry it makes you so sad, cousin, on your first visit home in so many years. I'm afraid I've not been able to make you very happy."

At this Randolph roared out in indignant tenderness: "Good Heavens, Alice, don't be such a perfectly angelic idiot! If you endure it day after day, and have for ten years, and will as long as he or you live, don't you suppose a great hulking brute of a man like me can bear just to hear about it?"

The woman stirred uneasily in her chair. "Oh, please, dear cousin, don't speak so. I know I've done very wrong to let you know at all, but, seeing somebody who belongs to me after all this long, lonely life in New York—I'm afraid I haven't been very brave. I may not have so much more to bear than other women. Will, you know, is never brutally unkind, as so many husbands are—he has never struck me—we live in this expensive apartment; the children go to the best schools; I always have plenty of money to spend——"

She ended, quivering off into silence before the gathering wrath in the old man's eyes. He caught her up grimly: "Yes, you have plenty of money to spend, but I notice you do your own work most of the time. Your husband makes the apartment such a hell on earth with his devilish ingenuity that you couldn't keep a maid for a week—not for any price."

Alice interrupted him eagerly: "But, no—I have old Belle, the scrubwoman, you know. She's been with me almost ever since I was married—ever since we came to this house to live. She cleans the halls and stairways of this building, and so she's always on hand to come in

and help me out. She does all the rough work, and she won't let me do anything she can manage to prevent. She's so faithful and strong, and so kind to me, I forget all about her dreadful looks and profanity; and you couldn't *drive* her away. She never seems even to hear the things Will says to her."

The man's voice was bitter as he answered gloomily: "Actually the best friend—the *only* friend you are allowed to have is that frightful old harridan I see around here. I wonder you allow her to be with the children. I've never heard her speak without an oath, and little Jack is so——"

The mention of the child was like an electric shock to the mother. She sprang to her feet, and running to the tall old man, she caught one of his hands in hers with a gesture of distraction. "Oh, Cousin Henry, every time I hear Jack's name it makes me remember Will's threat to send him away. It's only because of that I spoke to you at all. I could *not* bear to have him go from me to a strange school. It would kill him."

The man suddenly gave a deep sob of pity, and gathered the frail, weeping woman into his arms. The silence which followed was broken by the entrance from the dining-room of a small woman of uncertain age, in dingy attire, carrying a pail of water in one bony hand and a large cleaning-cloth in the other. Without noticing the silent couple by the window, she dropped heavily to her knees and began to wipe up the edge of bare floor showing about the carpet. Randolph spoke, and she turned, startled, showing a face blurred and battered by hardship, but instantly alive in the keenest interest in the conversation.

"Alice, dear, unless you'll simply drop everything and come away with me to my home, I don't see any way out."

Mrs. Smithers recoiled at this and spoke with a passionate denial: "Why, how *can* you think of my doing that! How could I leave the children? They're all I live for—all that keeps me from going crazy!"

"You could bring the children along. They'd do well in Buenos Ayres."

"He'd come and take them from me. I've been all over that so many

times with myself. And I've read that the children are never allowed to stay with the mother if she has run away. If I could only just snatch them up and hide from him—all of us; but he's so clever and I'm so stupid he'd find us out right away, and then I—he'd never let me see them again."

The old man drew a long breath, in an evident attempt to control himself, but vainly, for he broke out so fiercely that the scrubwoman sat up on her heels electrified. "Damnation! I beg your pardon, Allie, dear, but it just tears me in pieces to see you so. Confound the fellow! Why doesn't he just once go a step too far and give some ground for divorce? The hellish cunning of him!—to care so well for your outward wants and to murder inch by inch your self-respect, your love for your children, your pride—your very soul!"

He stopped her feeble gesture of protest with a furious torrent of words. "No, don't talk to me. I've seen it, and I know. Tom may be fooled by his smooth ways, but I've seen Mexican half-breeds before now. Sometimes I think it a mistake, his having had an American father—he's all greaser, every inch of him! I heard stories about him as a boy when I was in Bocas del Toro. When he was ten years old he was caught burning a cat over a slow fire—half-breed Injun and Spaniard, just like his mother. No, he gets his business sense from old Smithers, all right. And, good Lord! he gets those cold, pale eyes from him!"

He shuddered at the picture and went on in a mounting fury: "Allie, unless you give up the children or divide them, there's nothing anybody can do to help. It's incredible there should be such a situation in a civilized country, but it's so. The mere fact that you are tortured day by day in a thousand subtle ways no decent man could even think of is as nothing, because he doesn't strike you. A jury or judge would take no more cognizance of your mental agony than—your old scrubwoman!"

At this mention of her the woman started, guiltily from her position of strained and intent eavesdropping and let her cloth fall into the pail with a

splash. The two turned, and, seeing her, lowered their voices, Mrs. Smithers trying in vain to repress her sobbing.

Randolph went over to her and laid one hand tenderly on her shoulder. Oh, I know you won't think of leaving the children. You couldn't, of course. But, Allie, do this for me, at least: promise me that the next time you see Tom—and may it be soon, or you won't keep your reason—*tell* him! Tell him what your married life is. He's your big brother, and I feel that he'll be able to help you somehow. Promise me that! Don't send me away quite hopeless over your future."

In a confused murmur of sobs and broken sentences the promise came: "Yes, yes, I promise. I somehow feel, too, that if he really knows—he can help—but there's so much even he can't know. Oh, I wish I had a mother! If my mother had only lived!"

II

INTO this atmosphere of quivering agitation dropped suddenly the quiet, silvery tinkle of the door-bell. It shocked them all into attitudes of expectation. Mrs. Smithers stopped her sobbing with a convulsive effort and sat up straight, shivering uncontrollably and motioning the scrubwoman to hurry. "Oh, that must be Will! He mustn't see me so upset. Belle, hurry! *Do* hurry and open for him; he can't bear to be kept waiting. I'd go myself, but he doesn't like to see me do it. Oh, Belle, please, *please* hurry!"

The significance of her terror-stricken disquiet pierced the old man with a savage thrust of pity and sympathy, but the scrubwoman did not lift a heavy finger the quicker for it. She finished wiping up a spot on the floor, wrung her cloth out deliberately, and hung it over the pail before she rose to her feet and went down the long, narrow hall with the ungainly walk of women who have long worked beyond their strength. Randolph and his cousin waited and together caught a sudden breath when from the recesses of the hall came a smooth, penetrating voice saying with an indescribably insulting accent: "Out of my way, you hag!"

Rapid steps came down the hall, and

a tall man with a very black beard and pale-blue eyes entered the room, bringing with him the lowering atmosphere of a thunder-storm. As he caught sight of Randolph his face smoothed itself into a cordial smile, and advancing, he insisted on taking the older man's hand in a hearty grasp. When he spoke, his voice had a warm intonation of pleased surprise. "Why, Cousin Henry, this is a welcome sight. I understood that you were to be off to-day, and that we were once more a desolate family, without a relative to our names."

He took off his coat and hat as he spoke and gave them to the scrubwoman, who stood with the apprehensive, repellent gaze of an ill-treated ash-cat. She turned to go out with them, and as she disappeared down the hall Randolph noticed, with a qualm of disgust, as another detail in the nightmare which surrounded him, that she spat fiercely on the hat. He roused himself and said to the newcomer stiffly: "There was some accident to the engines, and the boat won't sail until to-night, so I came back to—"

Smithers interrupted him with a cheery laugh as he began opening some letters on the table and glancing over them. "It's an ill wind, *et cetera*. I dare say little Allie was no end glad to see you again. She's not much company for herself at any time, and when the children are still in the country and she's been spoiled by so much of your delightful companionship, I fancy my little child-wife got pretty dull."

He looked them both full in the face as he delivered this speech, and smiled at their wincing under his accent. The scrubwoman, moving the furniture about, suddenly set a chair down with so furious an energy that they all started.

"Oblige me, Belle, by being a little quieter," said Smithers mildly, and laughed aloud as he caught Randolph's eye. Still smiling, he went rattling on, as he read a letter:

"Do you know, my dear Cousin Henry, you're the only relative who's been to see us since the very first years of our married life? Alice doesn't know her other forty-second cousins very well, and, to tell the truth, they

don't seem to enjoy our simple life. Too bad, eh, Allie?"

His voice dropped into an absent murmur, and he lost himself in the letter. Randolph crossed the room to the window where his cousin stood and drew her to him. "I'm going now, dear child," he said in a low tone, "but it's like tearing a piece of my heart out to leave you so. It seems to me, sometimes, I must go distracted thinking of you. But it's one ray of light in my darkness that you've promised to speak to Tom and appeal to him to help you. And remember, let me know if I can ever help and——"

Smithers laid down his letter and turned toward them with so openly black a look of suspicion that the old man answered as though he had been questioned.

"I'm telling Alice, William," he said defiantly, "that if she ever needs me I'll come from the ends of the earth."

The younger man smiled again, so that his wife caught her breath and clung convulsively to her cousin. He waved his hand genially. "Ah, very good of you—very kind, I'm sure. Alice will, of course, let you know at any time if there is something you can do for her." He added dryly: "I'll see that she does myself." Randolph turned his back on him and kissed Alice on the forehead. "Good-by, little girl. Heaven bless you!" he said, in an unsteady voice.

The scrubwoman stood up to show him the door, drying her distorted hands on her torn apron. She made a furtive wipe at her eyes, and sniffed loudly with a grotesque contortion of her face. Smithers turned on her suddenly, so that she dodged and lifted an arm in guard. He spoke with the most careful gentleness:

"Don't bother to show Mr. Randolph the door, Belle. I'll go myself. No, don't protest, my dear cousin. It's the last time. I'm not going to let a servant's face be the last one you see in my house—and such a face!" The two disappeared down the hall, Smithers ahead, talking animatedly.

III

BELLE dropped her cloth and hastened heavily to where Alice sat. Her hard

face was set in lines of grim resolution. She spoke in a hoarse whisper, looking continually over her shoulder toward the hall. "Ma'am—Mrs. Smithers—don't give up to him so! Paste him one when he comes back. Git ahead of him and he'd let you alone. Give him fits before he has a chance to git started."

Alice looked up in amazement, and spoke with a childish attempt at dignity. "Belle, you forget yourself!"

Her husband came back into the room with his rapid, noiseless tread, cast a black look at the two women, and went again to his mail. There was a silence which was ominous. The scrubwoman went on stolidly with her work, and Alice waited in trembling suspense for the first words. Smithers finished a letter and held it up, saying in a low, measured tone: "If you've quite finished your furtive conversation with your especial friend, you may care to know that this letter is from Jack. I believe you preserve the pose of being devoted to your children."

He pocketed the letter in answer to an imploring gesture for it from his wife, and went on: "No, there's no need for you to read it. I can tell you all that's necessary for you to know. He's hurt his foot again."

His wife screamed out at this, striking her hands together in anguish. "Oh, Will! His lame foot? How badly?"

The man gathered the letters together and threw some loose envelopes in the waste-paper basket before he answered. Then he said sardonically: "It makes me smile to see the way you carry out your attitude about that. If you care so much about it, it's a wonder you carefully arranged matters so he would be lame."

The mother quivered as though under a physical blow. "Oh, Will, how can you?"

Her tormentor went on: "How could you? It was just pure carelessness on your part letting him fall—you, a mother of children! I wonder that you can look at the ugly little cripple without hating yourself."

He listened impatiently to her feeble attempt at self-justification. "Why, Will, you know I was thrown myself, and fell all those steps. The doctor

has always said that if I hadn't held him up he would have been killed, and——"

"Confound the doctor! You got around him with your soft ways the same way you did me before I knew what a fool you were. Besides, it would be better for Jack if he *were* dead. It makes me sick to see him hobbling about. Anyhow, the fact remains that you were supposed to be taking care of him and let him fall. I notice other mothers seem to be able to avoid those little accidents."

He walked into the study, kicking viciously at Belle's pail and partly overturning it, so that the water ran out on the carpet. As the door slammed the scrubwoman looked apprehensively at Mrs. Smithers, who returned the look sadly.

"Belle, you know I've always been good to you."

The workwoman brightened at the words and answered fervently, in a hoarse, cracked voice: "Yes, ma'am. Lord knows I know."

Her mistress continued seriously, as though speaking to a naughty child: "There's one thing, though, I can't allow. You must not speak to me as you did just now, or I can never have you here again."

The shapeless body of the other drooped humbly under the reproof. "Just as you say, ma'am. I couldn't help myself that time, but I won't never again. I couldn't live if I had to quit workin' for you. I'm scrubbin' here in the house for less than I could git some-where else just so's I can git to see you. Why, ma'am—Mrs. Smithers—I'd go through hell every day to see you!"

She flinched again at the deprecating hand of her mistress, and hung her head, shamefaced, at the exhortation: "Oh, Belle, you *shouldn't* use such language."

The pathos of the unlovely figure went to Alice's heart. "Never mind this time, Belle. You do a great deal for *me*, too. I couldn't have got along without you, a great many times, and it makes me very happy to think that I'm not so weak that I can't help somebody a little."

The hard-featured face of the other suddenly broke into grotesque lines of

emotion. She spoke incoherently, sitting ungracefully on her heels and wiping her eyes with the cleaning-cloth between her sentences. "Oh, ma'am, it just busts me wide open to have you say I help you. When a body's had all done for them you've done for me—keeping me at all!—I know how I look and how rough I talk. There isn't another lady in the world that would have me around, and with the kids and all! And then to give me kind words and looks, and helpin' me through with the typhoid, and goin' to that darned hospital to see me! Not if I live to be a million, which Lord forbid! I couldn't never forget how you looked when you came in the ward with all them flowers, as though I was anybody, and standin' by me all that month when they thought I'd swiped the silver. You're the only livin' soul as ever give me a kind word since I can't remember. I never did anything but fight anywheres else but here. It's just been hell every minute. I cud ha' died like a dog and never knowed what it was to have anybody so much as say—oh, ma'am, Mrs. Smithers——"

She paused, breathless, choked by emotion, unable to express herself, but staring at her mistress, a look of doglike devotion in her somber eyes.

As Alice smiled sweetly at her with a wistful look of gratitude, she came to herself, and began her work again, sniffing unpleasantly and drawing the back of her hand across her nose from time to time.

She moved a picture which stood on the floor to another part of the room, looking at it curiously and at Alice timidly, finally summing up courage to say: "Would it be too darn much trouble, ma'am, to tell me what this picture's about?"

"That? Oh, that's a glacier—ice, you know, on top of a mountain—and two men are tied together with a rope. One of them has just slipped into a grea', deep hole, and he's getting out his knife to cut the rope, so he won't drag the other man after him."

Belle seemed unconvinced. "But then he'll fall, won't he?"

Alice replied absently, looking at the picture of a child on the mantel. "Yes, but the other man, his friend, will be

saved." She fell into a reverie, from which she was recalled by the other's insistent questioning: "What do the words underneath mean, please, ma'am?"

"I forget what they do call it. What are the words?"

Belle followed the letters with a gnarled forefinger and read laboriously: "Greater love hath no man," and listened with a painful face of endeavor to the explanation: "Oh, that's from the Bible, where it says, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' It means, you know, that——"

IV

THE door from the study opened, and she started eagerly toward her husband. "Oh, Will, won't you tell me about Jack's foot now? Did he hurt it badly?"

Smithers looked at her with a side-wise twist of his mouth and said evenly: "I see your usual careful house-keeping in that large spot of dirty water on the carpet."

Belle and Alice both faced him, amazed, and Alice cried impulsively: "Why, Will, you upset the——"

He cut her off with one of his blighting looks. "It's curious how I am to blame for everything that happens. I don't suppose your peerless beauty, there, is capable of getting me a bottle of beer, is she? As usual, we are without any other servants. I dare say that I am also to blame for your incapacity to keep any help in the house. It seems as though, with all the money you have for service, you might be able to keep somebody besides that harridan. I suppose the fact is you're jealous of any one who doesn't resemble your old eyesore. Oh, don't explain. You needn't be afraid I'd ever think you capable of such a live flesh-and-blood sentiment. Milk and water can't burn." He addressed himself threateningly to Belle: "Will you get some beer, or won't you?"

She answered him sullenly: "The liquor man ain't sent the beer yet."

The man's smoothness broke into an ugly cold fury. He advanced upon his wife, so that she shrank into herself in terror. "Alice, your incompetence is

simply maddening! You know the doctor has ordered me to drink beer. You seem actually to plan to thwart any measures for my good. I'm not surprised that you show no interest in my health. Indeed, I dare say you would be very glad if——"

"Oh, *no*, Will!" shrieked his wife, in an agony of protest. "Don't! I can't bear to hear you say such a dreadful thing!"

The sight of her agitation seemed to restore him to his usual cold control of himself. He eyed her with a smile. "The extraordinary ease with which your guilty imagination fills out my sentences is something surprising, even to me—used as I am to your affection for your husband. I'm going out to the kitchen myself to see if I can't find a bottle which your vigilant handmaid has sequestered for her own use."

In the moment of his absence the scrubwoman raised her gaunt frame again in exhortation: "Oh, *blame* it all, ma'am—if you would—just once—just try it on!"

Alice lushed her, with a frantic fear of being overheard, and turned to her husband, who entered the room with a bottle of beer, which he opened with a deft strength and half emptied into a glass. The two women followed his most trivial actions with a fascinated gaze. The first draft seemed to relax him, for he leaned back in his chair, wiping his beard and looking neutrally at his wife. "Have you heard anything lately from Tom, Alice?" he asked.

Alice flushed up into a timid desire to please him in this brief interlude of peace. "No, Will, not for a long time. How kind of you to think of him! I long to hear from him so. I can't tell you! I think I should almost *die* of happiness to see him again."

She drew away in a drooping submission under her husband's curt "Oh, don't be sickening! Every time I try to have a little reasonable conversation with you you turn my stomach. It's enough to drive any man with a nerve in his body mad with irritation—your f-vning ways. I'm sorry for myself! It's not my fault. Any woman with a spark of grit in her—you make me hate myself as well as you——" He

interrupted himself sharply, pointing tensely into a corner of the room. "A mouse! Alice, have you or have you not used that poison I got for you?"

"Oh, Will," she fluttered protestingly, "I'm so afraid to have it around! I haven't seen any mice for a long time, and I thought traps—the children——"

Smithers struck his hand heavily on the table, with a loud oath: "Can't a man be safe from vermin in his own home because he has a fool for a wife?"

He rushed out, and Belle again approached with her ignorant, vacant look of curiosity. "Why are you so afraid of that stuff, ma'am?"

Mrs. Smithers shuddered. "Oh, Belle, it's poison—deadly poison—and the least little drop of it in anything we eat would kill us. And when the children are here——"

Their whispered colloquy was interrupted by Smithers's entrance, bearing a small bottle, which he placed on the mantelpiece in a complete and significant silence. As he seated himself he said coldly: "I hope I shall not have to wait until we are attacked in our beds by the rats before you decide to be reasonable." He fixed his pale eyes on her. "Alice, this is as good a time as ever to tell you that I have decided to send Jack to school—a military school in Wisconsin."

Belle uttered a loud exclamation at this, which was lost in the high hysterical wail of Mrs. Smithers's voice. "Will, I don't want to seem to doubt your judgment, but I really know more about Jack's health than you can, and I know he can't *live* without the most anxious care. A *military* school—why, he's lame! And so far away! And Jack is only nine—a baby—a baby!"

She flung herself upon him, kneeling with imploring hands and awaiting his answer in a breathless suspense. He waited a long time before speaking, and then finished his glass of beer and set it down carefully. "Quite what I expected—just the silly exhibition of yourself that I am used to. And you expect me to leave my children to be brought up by an hysterical idiot like that! I had not finally decided, but I do so now, that the other two would be better in a sane and reasonable atmosphere, which

unfortunately, owing to my choice of a wife, I cannot give them in my own house. Elsie and Harry, as soon as they come home from the country, shall go abroad under the charge of a French governess."

His wife's face did not change at all. She slipped slowly to the floor in an unconscious heap, and her face did not alter from its expression of stupefied horror.

V

THE scrubwoman darted to her mistress and knelt by her in a passion of anxiety. When Smithers put her roughly on one side and gathered his wife's body into his arms she scratched and struck at him like a cat, with an incoherent burst of objurgation. The man paid no attention to her, carrying his wife down the long hall with an easy strength and disappearing for a moment into a side room.

Belle was still on her knees, a squat figure of hatred, when he emerged again, closed the door after him, and came back down the hall whistling "The Campbells Are Coming." At the entrance to the parlor he looked at her in complete silence till she cringed abjectly. At this he smiled, and said in a tone of finality: "That will be enough from you, Belle. One more such incident and I'll have you dismissed from the apartment and the building. Do you understand?"

She nodded faintly, and started up in a servile haste to answer the door-bell, bringing back a letter which she placed on Mrs. Smithers's desk, saying significantly: "It's for your *wife*, Mr. Smithers."

He cast her a sidelong look of contemptuous warning and opened the letter with a swift deftness, reading it aloud in an inarticulate mumble, which at times rose into a clear note of scornful emphasis.

"Dear little sister—unexpectedly find we're ordered for—stopping a day in New York—hope you can get down to the vessel—you'll need to start as soon as you get this, for we are to—hope you can manage it, for it will be the last chance in two years!"

The last sentence he read quite dis-

tinctly, in a tone of triumph, and gave a short laugh as he tore the letter in two.

At the sound, the scrubwoman sprang toward him, her face convulsed. "Don't you dare tear up that letter from her brother! I'll—I'll——" She struggled to wrest it away in an animal-like frenzy. He struck her from him with a blow so powerful that she reeled to the other side of the room, but, although the action was violent, he did not lose his uncanny smoothness, and held her distant from him and impotently speechless by his cold eye.

"I said, Belle, that another time I would lose my patience with you. That has happened. When you finish your work in this room you will leave the apartment, and you will not come back—either here or to the building." He cut short her paroxysm of horror with a gesture so fierce that she cowered like a whipped dog. "Not a word from you," he said; "I've heard enough. I'm going into the study now, and when I come out I expect you to be gone. And don't dare go near your mistress."

He crossed the room with his graceful, vigorous step, paused at the door, said in his ordinary tone, "Bring me in the rest of that beer, will you," opened the door, and closed it with a resolute jerk back of him.

The movement jarred a picture standing on the floor near the door, and it fell down with a splintering crash of broken glass, which turned the scrubwoman's eye in that direction. There was a moment's silence, and then, without rising from her crouching position, she crept across the floor to where it lay and looked at it dully, making no movement to set it up.

And then suddenly she rose stagger-

ing to her feet, rushed heavily to the mantel, and seized the bottle which stood there. With a sort of insane and extravagant haste she emptied its contents and the beer into a glass at the same moment, and reeled across the room to the study, knocking on the door with a hand hysterically shaking. Smithers's hand appeared, took the glass, and the door was again shut. The scrubwoman leaned against the wall with her eyes closed until the sound of a heavy fall was heard from the other room. She recoiled from the wall at this and walked blindly and aimlessly about the room.

A sound of deep groans came through the closed door. The scrubwoman hastened to the entrance into the hall and drew over it a heavy portière.

"Help! Help!" called Smithers's voice faintly. "Help!—I'm poisoned!"

The scrubwoman began taking the scraps of the torn letter out of the wastepaper basket and laying them carefully on Mrs. Smithers's desk.

There was a confused sound of struggle and the crash of an overturned chair. The scrubwoman lifted up the broken picture and put it on the table, standing by it and absently smoothing out a place in the paper torn by the splintered glass.

"Oh, help!" came in a choking gasp from beyond the closed door, and then in a supreme effort, "*Alice!*"

At the sound of the name the scrubwoman smiled for the first time and stood listening intently.

There was a profound silence. She waited, and then walked softly across the floor to where Mrs. Smithers's shawl was lying across a chair. Still smiling, she held this to her face in a passion of tenderness. "Oh, the poor, dear, *good-for-nothing* lady!" she said.

PREFACE TO PRAYER

WHY bruise thy lovely wings, poor bird,
Against the bars that hold thee here?
Without are snares, thy song unheard
Among the many singing there.
I pray thee sing to me, sweet bird!

Why waste thy strength, O soul of mine,
Beating against thy frail abode
Of clay? Thou part of me divine,
Make worthy, then, my little stay,
And sing for me, O soul of mine!

A. Maria Crawford

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN LITERATURE

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

SINCE THE TIME OF MRS. ANNE BRADSTREET, THE FIRST OF HER SEX TO TAKE PEN IN HAND FOR PUBLIC WRITING IN THE UNITED STATES, WOMEN HAVE HELD STRONG POSITION IN AUTHORSHIP—YET LITERATURE IS NOT A QUESTION OF SEX

AMONG the most obvious facts in the recent history of literature in this country are the extension of literary interest and activity to all parts of the continent and the increasing volume and importance of the work of women in this field. The influence of women on the spirit and character of writing here has been very great and is not likely to diminish. Foreign writers, in some instances, have prophesied evil things of our future literature as the result of this influence; as they have prophesied evil things of our education because such an army of women have invaded our schools as teachers. Without taking time or space to discuss what some of our judges beyond the sea have been pleased to call the "feminization" of our literature, it is clear that this criticism is an evidence of the importance of the contribution which American women are making to American writing of the higher order; and it may be interesting to call the roll, so to speak, by way not only of recalling some of the most charming examples of the art of expression we have given the world, but of gaining a comprehensive view of what women have done and are doing in the field.

A good deal of dreariness hangs over the verse of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the first woman who took pen in hand for public writing in this country. The daughter of one governor and the wife of another, this able and well-trained woman had no small poetic gift, and if she had happened upon a more poetic

age might have gained some sweep of wing. Her contemporaries hailed her as the "Tenth Muse," and one gallant reader did not hesitate to confess that when he read her verses he was "sunk in a sea of bliss," and "weltering in delight." The titles of her poems are portentously solemn, and the modern reader in search of easy reading turns with a sigh of relief from "The Four Monarchies," "The Four Elements," and "The Four Seasons"; but if he will pluck up courage and open the short poem on "Contemplations" he will find some very pleasant descriptions of nature. Very little that Mrs. Bradstreet wrote is worth keeping, but she is worthy of remembrance as the first American woman who wrote because she loved poetry for its sake in a country where few people cared for it, and because her work was stamped by the refinement of thought and feeling which has characterized the prose and verse of her successors.

MRS. BRADSTREET'S LOYAL VERSES

The first poet among American women was not only the forerunner of the large company of women of culture who have had a great influence on American society and education; she was also a vigorous champion of her own sex. She found great comfort in the career of Queen Elizabeth, of whom she wrote:

She hath wiped off the aspersion of her sex,
That women wisdom lack to play the Rex.

Colonial times, it must be said, were not favorable to the development of literary gifts among women; and, although there were a few women writers like Mrs. Sarah Kemble Knight, who kept an amusing and unconventional journal of her experiences and pleasures, Mrs. Bradstreet stands alone in the early and unfertile field of Colonial literature.

The Revolutionary period was absorbed in political discussion, and made arguments rather than poems, though Freneau wrote some very pretty verses. The period between the close of the war and the publication of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" was a busy one in the New World, but barren of literary interest. The eyes of the colonists, now become Americans, were still fastened on Europe; they had hardly begun to be interested in their own life as material for fiction or poetry. Irving and Cooper broke the spell of provincial dullness, and with the appearance of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Spy," American literature began.

There had been a good many books before, but almost no literature. In New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Hartford, New Haven, and Boston there were groups of people interested in literature, and three or four groups of writers appeared, but there was no woman among them. Neither public opinion nor educational opportunities were favorable. It was the Transcendental movement that first brought women to the front, and for very obvious reasons: it was an assertion of the authority of the individual, of the reality of the inner life, and it was immensely stimulating to self-reliance, faith in personal ideals, the supremacy of the spiritual. The first editor of *The Dial*, the organ of this very interesting movement of fresh ideas over the monotony of American intellectual life, was a woman of unusual capacity for taking in ideas and making them her own. Intensely self-conscious, of a restless temperament, eager for experience, in dead earnest but with very little of the artist in her nature, Margaret Fuller had something of the prophetess about her. She was even more elusive and vague than most of the Transcendentalists, and her work

to-day seems pallid and thin; but she was a woman of intellectual temperament, of generous ideals, and a suggestive and brilliant talker; and her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" had a prophetic note in it.

THE VOGUE OF SENTIMENTALITY

The Transcendentalists set loose a mighty stream of talk, much of which was of very slight importance. Everybody wanted to "communicate," as the phrase ran, and a great many people had very little to say. With a very serious and often overstrained discussion of great subjects there went on a good deal of very light and sentimental verse-making. The day of "Annuals," "Souvenirs," and "Tokens" set in, and there were countless poems on "Tears," "Memory," "Twilight," "Dead Love," "The Dying Sunday-School Boy." The contributors were largely women whose names are forgotten; but among them Mrs. Sigourney, who was called by admirers without the sense of humor "The American Mrs. Hemans," wrote many verses which were widely read; as did those very immature singers, the Davidson sisters, who wrote with great ease and very little originality while they were in their teens. Miss Sedgwick, a well-educated New England woman, produced books which not only found readers at home, but were translated into French. "Hope Leslie," a picture of Colonial life, was one of "the best sellers" of its time, while "The Linwoods," which described the Revolutionary period, is said to have made a publisher weep! A little later Alice and Phœbe Cary came to New York from the Ohio Valley and made a home, not only for themselves but for a large group of kindred spirits; and their songs were the sweeter in the ears of their generation because there was so much kindness of nature behind them.

The interest in Transcendentalism was deep and real, but never very wide; the interest in the slavery question, on the other hand, grew passionate and began to make itself felt in literature. Many eloquent voices, North and South, carried on the great discussion, but it was a woman's pen which touched the issue with dramatic energy and power

and carried it to the ends of the earth. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written in the house of a professor in Bowdoin College in the quiet village of Brunswick, Maine, ran like a prairie fire across the continent, and was soon read in several foreign languages. It was a story of flaming feeling and dramatic intensity, full of crudities of construction and style, and one-sided, as all such stories must be; but it touched the question which all men had at heart with fresh and startling vividness of impression. "Old-Town Folks" and "The Minister's Wooing," which appeared later, were full of delightful humor, and broadly sketched New England types of character. Mrs. Stowe was the first American woman to achieve world-wide reputation as a writer, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been read probably by a greater number of people all over the world than any other American novel. It marked the beginning of wide and fruitful activity among women in literary work.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR

The movement against slavery, to which Mrs. Stowe's novel gave great impulse, and, later, the deeper stirring of the heart of the nation by the Civil War, called out many fervent expressions of patriotism, chief among them Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," a spirited and impressive lyric, which has a long life before it. To this period, or to the years that followed the war, belong a number of writers of more or less importance. Lucy Larcom, who began life as a factory girl in a New England town, had a rare gift of sympathy and a natural aptitude for verse of the more intimate kind, and touched nature and human experience with tender feeling and poetic imagination. Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, the wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, had perhaps as original an imagination as any woman who has appeared in this country, and the little group of novels which bear her name suggest unusual possibilities of dramatic fiction; but there was a monotonous somberness in the atmosphere of her stories, a note of hardness, which repelled many readers, and she has never had adequate recognition.

To Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, on the other hand, fortune brought all manner of good gifts. She had great personal charm, a vivid and vital temperament, wonderful facility of expression, and a freedom, alertness, and brilliancy which gave the impression of limitless possibilities of achievement. She saw everything and was interested in anything; she had immense zest of nature and appetite for experience, and there were few forms of writing which she did not attempt. Her initials, "H. H.," became familiar to readers of the magazines and stood for fresh, vivacious, and picturesque description of places and people, breezy discussion of social and personal questions, brilliant stories, and unhackneyed and sincere poetry. In "Ramona," written at the end of her life and the fruit of her study of the Indian question and of her passionate and powerful espousal of the rights of the American aborigine against the greed and brutality of the old policy toward him, Mrs. Jackson wrote a story of great beauty and of appealing pathos.

THE LITERATURE OF WHOLESOMENESS

Among the contemporaries of this brilliant and versatile woman there was no more active and prolific writer of stories than Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the daughter of a well-known member of the group of Transcendentalists at Concord, and one of the pluckiest and most devoted of women. This child of a movement of noble but somewhat vague aspirations was endowed with uncommon good sense, a sunny nature, and indomitable humor. She knew at first hand the difficulties of adjusting very small means to very large dreams, and her stories for younger readers have a certain tonic quality compounded of courage, cheerfulness, high spirits, and native rectitude. Her "Little Women" and "Little Men" were most wholesome, unaffected, and joyful people, and she richly deserved her wide popularity.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, the niece of the novelist Cooper, won an entirely different audience by entirely different methods. A cultivated woman, of ample social and educational opportunities, her work has distinction of manner and a certain air of high breed-

ing. Never very widely read, she found her readers among the most critical and intelligent, and her novels, "Anne," "For the Major," "East Angels," were keenly enjoyed by a relatively small group of people. Her short stories are, however, her real contribution to our literature, and such an admirable tale as "Rodman the Keeper" has a long life before it. Contemporaneous with Mrs. Jackson and Miss Woolson, though older than they, was a little group of novelists whose stories were eagerly read by great numbers of people and who must, therefore, have had something to say which people wanted to hear. "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," by Miss Susan Warner, were very widely read and as widely wept over; for they registered the flood-tide of the sentimental wave which rose so high in American writing that the ladies of fiction fainted at the approach of emotion and fell into tears by mere gravity of their own highly wrought sensibilities. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, and Miss Augusta Evans were known a generation ago in all parts of the country, and the long series of novels which bear their names are still found in old public libraries. Their work appealed to men and women of a certain grade of cultivation, but had no permanent value. Much of it was sentimental; the construction and style were careless and often slovenly, and the atmosphere commonplace. Miss Evans had more intellectual quality than the other members of this group, but her once popular stories, "Beulah" and "St. Elmo," were overwrought and pretentious.

The work of Miss Dodge, better known as "Gail Hamilton," was in breezy contrast with that of those popular novelists. She was a writer of fresh, individual, unconventional outlook on life; unhampered by literary traditions and eager to speak her own mind on all matters which interested her. Her trenchant essays combined great frankness of speech with an entertaining style. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, on the other hand, caught the attention of readers by her quick sensibilities, her strong feeling, and the touch of passion in her work. "Gates Ajar" was so con-

crete a treatment of the vocations and conditions of the future life that it shocked pious conventions, but gave comfort, by its simple humanness, to a great many sorrowful people. Pathos and humor, touched at times with too much intensity, have given such stories as "The Madonna of the Tubs" wide popularity, and Mrs. Ward has been for many years one of the best-known writers among American women.

IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has gone to the other side of the continent for much of her material and has given us stories of Far Western life full of color and atmosphere. In striking contrast to such tales as "The Led Horse Claim" and "In Exile and Other Tales" stands "Amber Gods," which years ago made Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford known to a large group of readers, who found in the book a richness of phrase and an affluence of color lacking in a good many stories; for our writing, like our landscape, often lacks the delicate and elusive effects of atmosphere. In such novels as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowrie's" and "Louisiana" there were a warmth of emotion, an element of dramatic fervor, a free use of sentiment, which early appealed to the popular imagination and have made this author one of the popular novelists of the last decade. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" attained such vogue that it imposed a fashion on boys' clothes and fixed a standard of dress and manners greatly resented by unconventional boys. Mrs. Burnett's later work has shown vigor, but has lost a certain freshness of feeling which was the charm of her early stories.

Miss Alice French, better known as "Octave Thanet," has intimate knowledge of industrial conditions in the Central West, and has dramatized its struggles with a good deal of vigor in her very interesting fiction. Her "Stories of a Western Town" have uncommon directness and grasp of fresh material. To pass from "Expiation" to Mrs. Catherwood's "Story of Tonty" is like closing a deeply interesting record of what happened yesterday and opening one of those old French chronicles upon which Mr. Parkman drew for his fascinating

histories. Deeply sympathetic with the French temperament and not afraid of the greater passions of people of very simple natures, the author of "The Romance of Dollard" has drawn some very effective portraits.

In no field of literature have Americans done so much sound work during the past two decades as in fiction, and in no other field have women secured such eminence and recognition. The list of story-writers has become so long that in such a survey as this it can only be presented in some of its representative names. In New England, Miss Jewett and Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman have long been accepted as authentic and very skillful interpreters of types of character and habits of life distinctively local and full of individuality. The former has touched, with the sensitive hand of an artist, the finer social qualities, the subtler personal traits, the pathos and humor of the women bred in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere and under the fine though exacting ideals of New England traditions. No more conscientious and thoroughly trained writer of fiction has appeared in this country than the author of "Deephaven" and "The Country of the Pointed Firs"; nor one whose stories are likely to be read longer or with keener appreciation of their quiet charm by future generations. Mrs. Freeman has dealt with insight and dramatic force with life in factory towns, and, in such stories as "Jane Field" and "Pembroke," with the tragic exaggerations of will brought about by the long emphasis upon individuality in New England. No one has more powerfully depicted the tyranny of the will when it escapes the control of the mind and becomes arbitrary instead of rational, nor has any one more effectively described the humorous situations which grow out of this usurpation.

Mrs. Riggs, widely known under her early name of Kate Douglas Wiggin, is one of the most inventive, vivacious, and witty women of her time; with warm, human sympathies, deep love for children, contagious gaiety of spirit, and that power of captivating her readers which is one of the secrets of temperament. People who refused to be beguiled

by children of the *Fauntleroy* kind fell victims to the little *Ruggleses* without any effort at resistance, and "The Birds' Christmas Carol" made friends everywhere. The breezy, witty stories of travel and courtship in Great Britain, and the simple tales of Maine girls, which have come later, have established Mrs. Riggs on an uncommonly solid foundation of popularity.

NEWER REPUTATIONS

Mrs. Deland belongs among the best of the later, though not one of the latest, novelists, and her studies of types of character in "Old Chester Tales" and later works have revealed keen and sympathetic insight, a quaint and pleasant humor, and genuine feeling. When the winnowing of time separates the wheat from the chaff of this period of confusion in literary values, it is safe to predict that the stories of this charming writer will be found in the storehouse. As much may be said of the work of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose fresh and humorous studies of country folk in some parts of the South, and of the negro, are among the first-hand transcriptions of American character. Such stories as "Moriah's Mourning" and "Napoleon Jackson: The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker" belong to the lasting literature of humor. Under the pen-name of "Charles Egbert Craddock," Miss Murfree has pictured the mountains of Tennessee and the mountain people in striking colors and with dramatic vividness. Miss Blanche Willis Howard's vivacious "One Summer" and the more romantic and charming "Guenn" must not be forgotten; nor Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's capital tale of child-life in Holland, "Hans Brinker."

Mrs. Atherton's brilliant portrait of Hamilton in "The Conqueror" must be counted the most solid achievement of an ambitious novelist; Miss Johnston's "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and To Hold" have deserved their general popularity by reason of the gift for description and invention which this writer possesses in unusual degree.

Of Miss Glasgow's work much may be predicted, for the distance between "The Descendant" and her latest story, "The Wheel of Life," is marked by a

notable gain in insight and skill. A writer of serious aims, eager to master her art and bent on excellence rather than on popularity, Miss Glasgow must be counted one of the most promising of our younger novelists. In this class must be placed Miss Sedgwick, whose work shows conscience, patience, culture, and a steadily deepening skill. In maturity and firmness of style and easy command of all her material, Mrs. Wharton stands in the forefront of American writers, irrespective of sex. Her latest story, "The House of Mirth," has been widely discussed and often misunderstood; it is not without defects, but in grasp of moral processes and skill in social characterization it is one of the most thoroughly wrought and artistic novels of the period. Mrs. Banks's "Oldfield," an idyllic story of Kentucky, full of old-time atmosphere; Mrs. Shafer's "Beyond Chance of Change," a sentimental tale of village life in the Central West; Miss Grace King's close, sympathetic, and artistic sketches of New Orleans types; and Miss Sherwood's pastoral romances, touched with delicate fancy and refinement of feeling, must stand for a large group of delightful short stories.

The essay has found favor with cultivated women since the days of Margaret Fuller and, later, of "Gail Hamilton" and "H. H.," and no group of contemporary American essayists would be complete if it failed to take account of Miss

Repplier, with her happy gift for quotation and her individual humor; of Miss Guiney, whose touch is always light and effective; of Miss Scudder, student, scholar, critic, and ardent altruist. Nor has poetry fallen into disuse. Mrs. James T. Fields has not had the recognition which her delicate and beautiful work deserves; Miss Dickinson's striking verses showed little constructive imagination, but were full of sudden glimpses into the mystery of things, of swift and vivid impressions of the beauty of things; Mrs. Thaxter caught a bit of the vitality of the sea and the fragrance of her much-loved flowers on Star Island; Mrs. Moulton has touched many themes with sentiment, if not with passion; Miss Thomas has kept a lucid vocabulary in a time of word-mongering and has, from time to time, given us a bit of natural description of classic purity of phrase; Miss Jewett has written verse of rare delicacy; the author of "The Quick and the Dead" has brought her vividness of narration and speech to the modern rendering of the old fable of "Séléné"; Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has won the attention of a wide circle of readers and has secured the tribute of many imitators; and a large company of young women are serving an industrious apprenticeship to the poet's art.

In American literature it is no longer a question of sex—it is a question of inspiration and workmanship.

MY SHIP

Oh, the ship I sing is the ship of night;
Its masts are black and its black sails furled.
It carries my lover away from me,
So slow, so slow o'er a murky sea,
Away, away over the rim of the world.

Oh, the days I sing are the long, long days
Which the billows of life at my feet have hurled.
Will my heart be heavy forevermore—
So lone, so lone on a desolate shore,
While I watch, watch ever the rim of the world?

Oh, the ship I sing is a ship of light,
With tall white masts and with sails imperaled.
It is bringing my lover back to me
So fast, so fast o'er a dancing sea.
I have seen it come over the rim of the world.

Florence L. Patterson

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT

A MAN WHO HAS PROGRESSED FROM AN UNIMPORTANT CLERKSHIP
TO THE HEAD OF A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT BY VIRTUE OF
HIS GENIUS FOR EFFICIENCY—THE STORY OF HIS ADVANCEMENT

A BRAIN to organize and the grit to do it. These two qualifications explain a career which in the very focus of American careers is accepted as extraordinary. They have made a member of the President's Cabinet and the administrative head of a great party out of a nine-hundred-dollar stenographer. They have created a new executive department. They have gone three-fourths of the way toward adjusting the biggest business the government conducts to the practical, dollars-and-cents, short-cut methods of modern trade. And now they have led their possessor to the control of the Treasury Department.

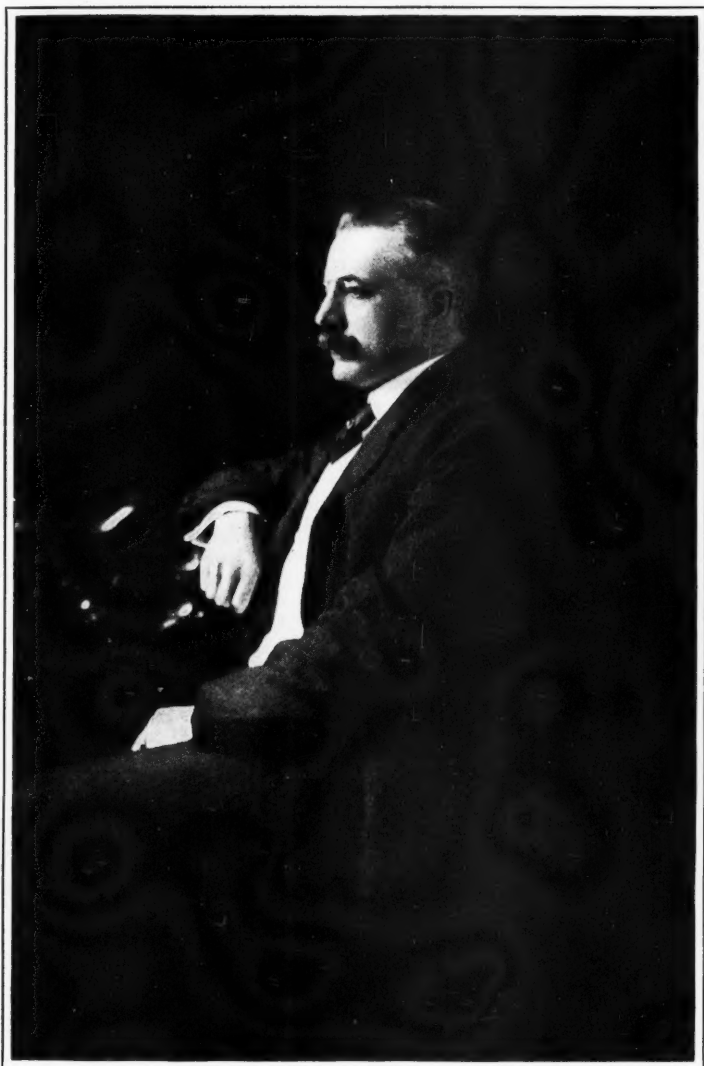
That brain and the energy which kept it at work are the hall-marks of George Bruce Cortelyou. They stick out of everything he has done, and give force to almost everything he has said. His progress may be compared with that of three other men—General Franklin Bell, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and Theodore Roosevelt. Of course, the four men are not generally alike. Yet all four of them have risen chiefly by taking up work nobody else cared to do. General Bell studied his way to the head of the army in time which four out of five of his messmates wasted. Speaker Cannon made himself an authority on a subject inextricably woven into the legislation of every session and yet neglected by practically the whole body of Representatives: the financial operations of the government. The President espoused reforms which were cartooned all over the country as stumbling-blocks to success, and he went to the White

House doing it. George Cortelyou took a job as one of the thirty thousand cogs in the government wheel at Washington, and the fact which best proves his capacity is this, that he was able to work his way off the rim of that wheel to do service as one of its strongest spokes.

Making all due allowance for his development to meet new responsibilities—and he has grown more than most men—the two chief forces of George Cortelyou's equipment must have shown on the surface at the very outset of his career. He was born in New York, in July, 1862. He was graduated from the Hempstead, Long Island, Institute in 1879. In three years he had a diploma from the State Normal School in Westfield, Massachusetts. Then, when only twenty years old, he was employed to teach older men how to teach English. The course was largely his own. He could have continued it, doubtless, for years. He did so only long enough to permit him to complete the studies he had outlined for himself at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

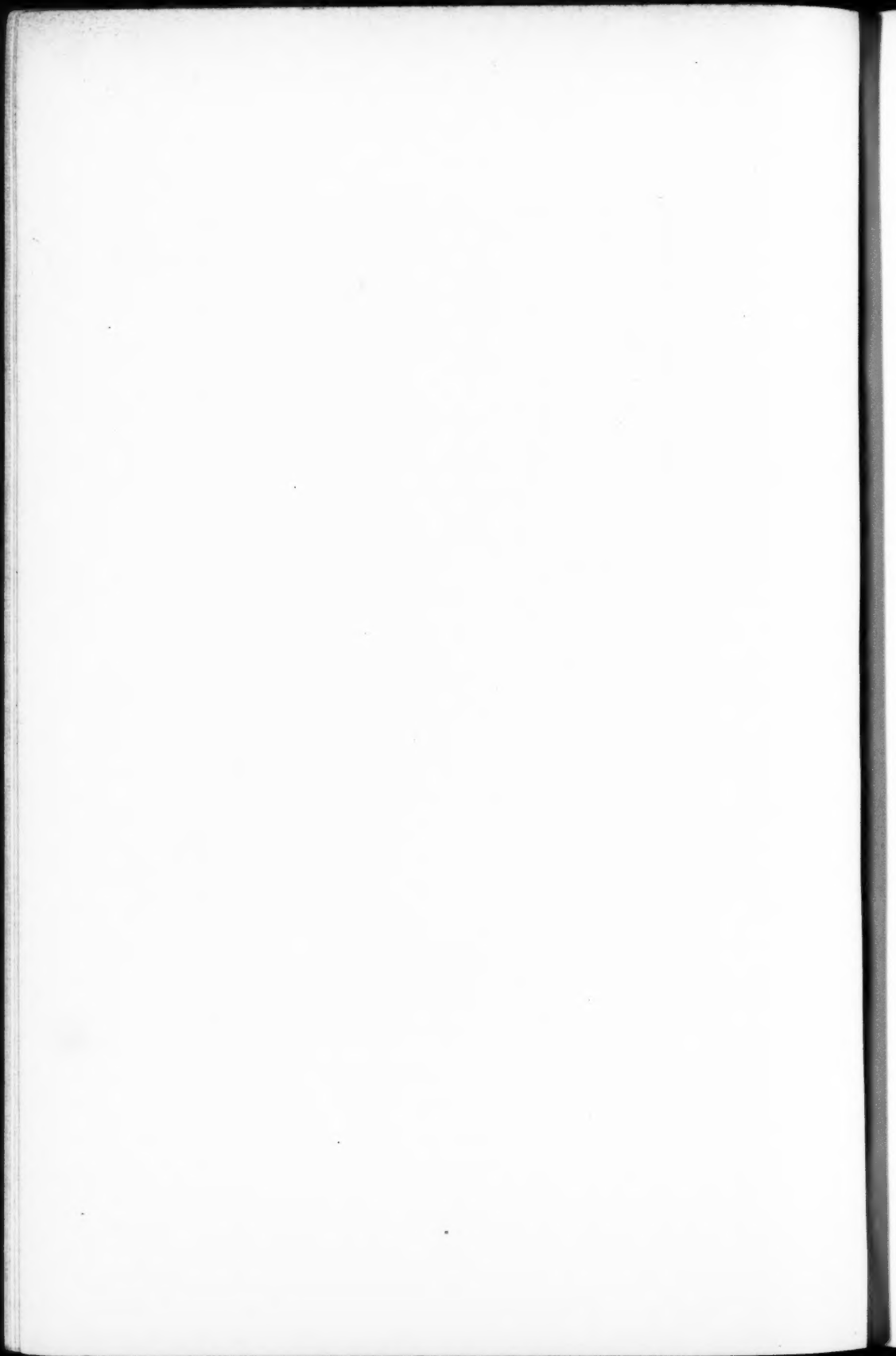
The work he wanted to do lay in the field of active, practical business. So, when the Boston Conservatory had given him a good start in the theory of music, composition, the piano and organ, and voice culture, off he set for his old home in New York.

Stenography had always appealed to him as a valuable preliminary to bigger things, and he had learned to write accurately and with fair speed while he taught in Cambridge and studied music in Boston. That skill was the commodity he expected to sell in New York.



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, POSTMASTER-GENERAL, WHO SUCCEEDS LESLIE
M. SHAW AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



With it, together with his pay as principal of a preparatory school, he was able to do more studying, pay his way, and make a home, with the daughter of his old Hempstead principal, Dr. Hinds, as its mistress.

HOW CORTELYOU ENTERED THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE

At about this stage of his career he entered the government service. He did so by virtue of an examination—not a civil service examination, but the best substitute for it which was offered in those days—an examination by the appointing officer. The appointing officer happened to be the appraiser, and his bureau was in such shape that he intended to reorganize it if he could get the right kind of practical help. It was Cortelyou who supplied the help.

Some of the school-teaching already indicated intervened between that service and his next appointment, which was to be secretary to the inspector in charge of the post-office inspectors' office in New York. That division, also, required a shaking up, and the inspector hoped to get something more out of the operation than a change of personnel. He got it. Compactness, simplicity, effectiveness, were all obtained—and the man who provided the ideas was George Cortelyou.

The next move was to the office of the surveyor of the port of New York. There, too, methods were out of date, labor was duplicated, time was wasted, and the chief had perception enough to recognize the situation as it was. Cortelyou was the surveyor's stenographer and secretary, and on the basis of his experience in the appraiser's office and the inspectors' office, he was able to accomplish in detail the changes which the surveyor could indicate only in general terms.

The young clerk was now ready to grip tight a harder task. The larger work that was offered to him was the organization of a new bureau in the Post-Office Department at Washington—the office of the fourth assistant post-master-general. His superiors supplied the requirements. The fulfilment came from Cortelyou; and as he ordered the details of that bureau they remained

until he himself changed them as the head of the entire postal service. After such work as that, no clerk could long be kept a cog, even in the departments at Washington.

The promotion came in the form of appointment as stenographer to President Cleveland in February, 1896. Under the private secretary, he was set at reorganizing there. When Cortelyou finished with it, the force and equipment were precisely what they are today. No wonder that the man who directed the changes advanced in four years to be executive clerk, assistant secretary, and secretary to the President.

What George Cortelyou did for President McKinley is fresh enough in the public mind not to need recital here. How the office was expanded to meet the broad needs of the war with Spain; how the President's secretary took complete charge of the executive forces during those long, heavy hours in Buffalo; how the new President leaned upon him and trusted him—all this is, or ought to be, familiar. The ability to meet the demands of those several trying emergencies led Theodore Roosevelt to commission Mr. Cortelyou to organize the new Department of Commerce and Labor.

Nothing could be more natural than that a man who had supplied the office details to fulfil the plans of half a dozen public officials in series should, for the time, overestimate the importance of those details. That is a vastly less costly failing than indifference. By this time, however, he had outgrown the details, but not forgotten them, and when he proposed his scheme for the new department it was so broad and big that it made Congress gasp.

There was a great deal of condescension at the Capitol toward the new secretary and his initial estimates. He was supposed to have asked twice what he hoped to get and four times what he needed. The legislators gave to him on that calculation. Nevertheless, the work of the department to-day follows the lines and has the proportions of the original Cortelyou plan, and it is the firm belief of his old subordinates that if the allowances proposed for 1907 had been made for 1903 the new office and the country would have gained four

years in the important work now being done by the Bureau of Corporations and its associate divisions.

Mr. Cortelyou's capacity for organization was accepted without question throughout the capital when the new department had been in existence a year. Without the least flurry he had gathered about him a cabinet of unusually capable assistants, men like Frank H. Hitchcock, Lawrence O. Murray, and James R. Garfield. To them he gave his ideas, and they selected for him a corps of assistants which was soon the wonder of the whole departmental service.

Practically the whole force consisted of stenographers, and a few scratches on a memorandum-slip were made to take the place of long and grandiloquent communications in other bureaus. An editor was desired, not to provide a new place on the rolls, as Congress seemed to think, but to prevent the duplication of statistics, to revise and shorten manuscripts, and thus to make possible a reduction of fully one-third in the cost of the department's printing. So much was accomplished, in fact, and the results were so distinctly practical, that Mr. Cortelyou suggested to the President, and the President appointed, a commission to adjust the methods in all the other government departments to this same standard and to extend the reform by centralizing the purchase of all supplies. The work of this commission is far from complete, but it has already saved the government several millions of dollars a year.

For nine months Mr. Cortelyou left the Cabinet to conduct the Republican campaign. When he went back, it was to be the head of the Post-Office Department, which he had entered as a clerk of the lowest grade. He had followed its course during his employment at the White House and in the new department, and he went to it with fairly clear ideas of what to do. Conditions there were commonplace, neither notably good nor extremely bad. The work of the largest business in America was being acceptably administered. Yet the office was illogically organized, divisions were gravely writing imposing letters to one another across the halls, and single inquiries

were receiving as many as forty endorsements.

The platform on which Mr. Cortelyou began his latest reorganization is set forth in his annual report for the past fiscal year in this form:

It is sometimes said that the Post-Office Department should be self-sustaining. Such a condition would be gratifying, but I am less concerned about the deficit than I am about the efficiency of administration.

A PROGRAM OF EFFICIENCY

Nevertheless, he and his aides (he had brought Mr. Hitchcock with him from the Department of Commerce and Labor) set about economizing both time and money. Messengers and under clerks were dispensed with until about fifteen thousand dollars had been saved. The purpose to make existing accommodations businesslike led to a curtailment of the extension of the rural free delivery service by one million three hundred and forty thousand dollars. The special payments to railways were cut by one hundred and sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars a year; the incidental expenses of the carrier delivery by one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars a year; the incidental expenses of rural free delivery by twenty-five thousand dollars a year; the advertising schedules of foreign mails by twenty-five thousand dollars a year; and the cost of supplies, without diminishing the quantity save to stop waste and without affecting the quality save to improve it, by two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars a year.

As soon as experience had confirmed his judgment, he reassigned the divisions of the department so that bureaus which were closely related should be closely connected. Formidable letter-writing gave way to stenographic memoranda. The messenger who carried a query from one bureau to another brought back the answer. The head of a division directed his inquiries across lots to the clerk who could answer them. The system was tightened everywhere. Not less than a dozen commissions of subordinates were engaged, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, in solving specific prob-

lems. The new control imposed upon the one thousand one hundred and sixty-nine employees of the department in Washington was extended to include the two hundred and eighty thousand employees outside Washington. The reform which removed a plum-crop of seventy thousand fourth-class post-offices from the reach of the politicians and made appointments to those offices dependent upon merit was worked nearer and nearer to the largest offices in the country. An earnest and practical inquiry was made to discover which has the better end of the railway mail bargain—the government or the railroads.

In Mr. Cortelyou's advancement there has lately been another surprising leap forward—surprising to those who are unacquainted with his cumulative record of efficiency. His selection to be Secretary of the Treasury after the retirement of Leslie M. Shaw is high promotion, but the men who best know him are most confident that he will administer his new department well. Hitherto, the public has seen in him a man with great talent for organization and detail—the talent of the bureaucrat. The larger problems of finance he will have to meet in a larger way; and the traits and qualities which have enabled him to satisfy the demands he thus far has faced should serve him well in his new work. He now enters upon the final test of his abilities.

Though Mr. Cortelyou continues to be chairman of the Republican national committee, his office is not thronged with politicians. They have found his earnest purpose to improve the service rather than reward party workers, and his evident confidence in the caller's desire to help, not a little disconcerting. At first they protested violently to him and away from him against the change in requirements for fourth-class postmasters. Now they have learned that unless the thing they would ask of him is honestly conducive to an improved service they may as well save their time.

CORTELYOU'S PERSONAL TRAITS

Such of them as do go find him at his desk throughout a long day—rather a tall man, gray beyond his years, with searching eyes, a low voice, and a terse

vocabulary. Until the last caller is dismissed there is no break in the calm courtesy with which he treats them all. He has been called a human machine. It is true he is wonderfully self-controlled. He has never yet jumped overboard with an idea. Demands upon him have never piled up so high that the stress seemed to disturb him.

He has a fine capacity for indignation. The visitor who thinks it does not exist because the voice is even and the manner quiet should have heard Mr. Cortelyou discuss, one day, the assumption that the administration of a great party's affairs is necessarily venal.

"We began in 1904," he observed in his normal tone, "by saying that we would spend only half what was spent in 1900. We got through the campaign without—a—single—pledge—to—a—single—human—being." There the words began to come out like shots from a rifle. "The only contributor who asked for a place after the election, as far as my knowledge goes, got this endorsement from me"—his voice had now grown hard as steel: "He—hasn't—a—single—qualification—for—the—place." Then his tone returned to its usual quality, and his hands fell to his sides as he added laconically, "And you may be sure he didn't get it."

As a brain to organize and the grit to do it are the chief factors in Mr. Cortelyou's strength, love of his home and earnest Americanism are the chief factors of his character. He works at night—at a desk within reach of his family. Not all the demands of the Post-Office Department, frequent calls from the White House, unnumbered duties as president of a university club and officer of half a dozen other such institutions, and his work as Republican national chairman, have been allowed to interfere with his being a companion to his two boys. He would tell you, if you asked him, that home interests are the American's first responsibility; and if you consider his family life, together with the splendid work he has done and is doing for the government, you will understand why the President has widened his circle of "most useful American citizens" to include his present Postmaster-General.

THE AMERICANS IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

AN AMERICAN TYPE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED, BUT IN MANY RESPECTS IT IS STILL UNFINISHED—THE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH SPECIFICALLY BELONG TO THE AMERICANS AS A RACE—DEFINITIONS OF AMERICANISM BY EMINENT RACE STUDENTS

IS there an American race, with characteristics that are definitely its own; and what individuals, if any, may be said fairly to represent it?

These questions naturally suggest themselves in the final article of the series that has been running in this magazine for the past twelve months. They are important as well as interesting questions, and to get satisfactory answers I have collected the opinions of eminent foreigners, from De Tocqueville to George Bernard Shaw, and have interviewed all manner of people in various parts of the United States, from Joe, our office bootblack, to President Roosevelt.

After weeding out the views of extremists, who either overpraised our civilization or undervalued it, I have found a number of points upon which the majority were agreed. All, with three exceptions, believed that an American type of brain and character has already been developed—a type which could not have been evolved in any other country. They were also practically unanimous in saying that this American type was still unfinished in many respects, and that it was mainly the pro-

duct of two factors—political liberty and the blending of many races.

In previous articles we have dealt with twelve main streams of immigration into the United States. We have spoken of the Canadians—I put the twelve races in alphabetical order—the Dutch, the English, the French, the Germans, the Irish, the Italians, the Jews, the Scandinavians, the Scots, the Spaniards, and the Welsh. But there have been other immigrants from every corner of the earth. In the public schools of New York, for example, there are children of eighty-one nationalities. It is the unique glory of America that it has taken all the rest of the world to make it. Ours is a cosmopolitan republic, the only one of its kind, either of ancient or modern times.

AMERICANS ARE COSMOPOLITAN

This may explain the fact, so puzzling to foreigners, that while Americans have as strong a spirit of national patriotism as any nation possesses, they are the most cosmopolitan people in the world. They are the least influenced by local prejudices, and the most firmly attached to their country as a whole.

EDITOR'S NOTE—With the present issue is completed the series of articles on the leading races that have contributed to the making of the United States. The first paper, "The Jew in America," appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January, 1906; the second, "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, "The Germans in America," in the March number; the fourth, "The Irish in America," in the April number; the fifth, "The English in America," in the May number; the sixth, "The French in America," in the June number; the seventh, "The Canadians in the United States," in the July number; the eighth, "The Scandinavians in America," in the August number; the ninth, "The Welsh in America," in the September number; the tenth, "The Italians in America," in the October number; the eleventh, "The Dutch in America," in the November number; and the twelfth, "The Spanish in America," in the December number.

As Frederic Harrison observed, "the United States is one country much more than Great Britain is." No matter how distant his State, nor how strange his accent may be, an American is always a comrade in any group of his fellow countrymen.

It might even be said that the man of purest American blood is he who has the most cosmopolitan lineage. The late John Hay, for instance, who was often described as a typical American, was a composite, and was very proud of the fact.

President Roosevelt, too, tells with elation that he is a blend of half a dozen nationalities. In colonial days his Dutch ancestors intermarried with English, Scots, French, Irish, and Germans. His father was an Easterner, his mother a Southerner, and he himself was toughened and broadened into manhood in the West; so that he is both personally and officially a representative American.

This interbreeding of many nations has made us practically a new race. We are not Celts, nor Slavs, nor Saxons. Although we share the English language with the British peoples, we are not at all English in our mental make-up. We are building up a nation on a larger scale and on a higher plane than has ever been tried before; and this task has naturally given shape to our national traits and to our point of view. Such is the general opinion, so I have found, not only among Americans, but also among those foreigners who have studied us and our institutions.

"America is giving birth to a new race of beings," said an English writer as far back as 1837. "They are powerful and athletic, and more reckless of dangers than any people whom the world has seen. Love of liberty and love of adventure are their strongest passions; and they combine the intelligence of Europeans with the physical advantage of savages."

Generally speaking, the earlier visitors to America were most impressed by the spirit of equality and self-reliance. "Universal uniformity," said De Tocqueville, was the key-note seventy years ago. Every one had ambition, he observed. There was less genius and less ignorance than in Europe. Extreme re-

finement and extreme brutality were absent.

As might have been expected, Europeans were amazed to find that life and property were safe in a republic which had torn up by the roots the old ideas of caste and aristocracy. Here were millions of the sons and daughters of ordinary peasants managing their own affairs, and prospering better than the rank and file of any country had ever prospered before. In Europe, equality and liberty were new, even as theories; but here they were taken for granted, as much as the air and the sunshine. Every American was more or less of an incarnate Declaration of Independence. And yet, there was no anarchy, no lawlessness, no upsetting of social institutions.

In recent years, foreign visitors have said little about our liberty and equality, and most about the terrific pace at which we are moving. The latest French book on America bears the title "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," and its author, the Abbé Félix Klein, protests that he was almost stunned by the intense activity of Americans.

"In human energy the United States is the richest country in the world," says another Frenchman, Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu; and a third, Jean Frolo, of Paris, sums up a brilliant pen picture of America by asking: "Why refuse to admire this industrial activity which has outstripped all others, and which, if it does lack finish, is infinitely more progressive and daring? America has its reverse side, like every other country, but I wish only to look upon the front, which is strong and resplendent with life."

ALERTNESS IS A NATIONAL TRAIT

One English author goes so far as to assert that an American's nerves respond more quickly to his brain than those of any other human being. An American, he says, feels strongly and feels everything. He is always on the *qui vive*—always ready for a full head of steam. Another British writer, William Archer, adds that "the great advantage which these superbly vital people possess over other nations is their material and moral plasticity. There is nothing rigid—nothing oppressive—nothing inaccess-

sible to the influence of changing conditions." And Leschetizky, the famous Vienna pianist, who has taught students from many nations, says that "the Americans have the quickest perceptions."

Arthur Shadwell, of London, whose two volumes on "Industrial Efficiency" have lately been published, concludes that the usual method of advance in America is by brilliant leaps. He and several German writers agree in the opinion that we are too quick. There is too much speed for speed's sake, they say; too much slap-dash and hurry-scurry. We chisel a railroad through enormous obstacles, says one of the Germans, and then bungle the train service through too much haste.

Ian Maclaren comments on American speed by saying that it deprives us of half the joys and satisfactions of living. It is too intense, too frantic. An American, he says, always regrets that he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone.

FREEDOM FROM MONOTONY

Apparently, the European view is that we live in an atmosphere of constant agitation and excitement. We have no time to be either happy or unhappy. We abhor the humdrum and monotonous side of life, and our ideal of comfort is the sleeping-car, in which we can hustle and sleep at the same time. Our favorite mottoes are: "Time is money"; "Boil it down"; "Do it now"; "Step lively," and "No admission except on business." We chew gum and oscillate in rocking-chairs to satisfy our nervous craving for "something doing." Risk and adventure are the spice of life to us, and instead of sitting down, at the crossroads and saying, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," we rush along at full speed and find out where we are going when we get there.

Next to energy, the second great American trait, so say our foreign critics, is self-reliance. "The American note," says a Scottish writer, Professor Muirhead, "is self-confidence." We are regarded as a nation of inveterate optimists. No defeat can destroy our faith in the future of America or in our own abilities. We have no patience with fail-

ure or despair. Even in our drama and our fiction we demand that every story shall have a happy ending.

Some writers say that our self-reliance is so extreme as to make us too much like an army of generals. "America is to the older countries," says one, "what vaudeville is to grand opera. Here there are stars, but no unity of action. It is all climax and no dignity, no background, no finale."

But it is conceded that in grappling with new situations the American displays the greatest readiness and presence of mind. He carries his habits lightly, cares least for red tape and discipline, and is better at initiative than at obedience. New surroundings do not abash him. He is seldom homesick, as the French and Swiss are. No one is a better traveler than he, and "any old place where he hangs his hat is home, sweet home, to him."

COOLNESS IN TIME OF DANGER

Several foreign editors have commented on the extraordinary coolness and buoyancy of Americans in time of sudden danger, such as was shown by San Franciscans last April. "The calmness of the Americans at the time of the earthquake was wonderful," said Pol Plançon, who was an eye-witness of the disaster. "They are the coolest people in the world in the face of danger; and the women are as calm as the men. I never saw such grit and nerve in any other country. Every one acted as if the whole thing were scheduled and he had been expecting it. No one lost his head for a moment."

With their magnificent city in ruins, the San Franciscans made a jest of their sufferings, and turned their calamity into wayside comedy. Even the telegrapher who first told of the earthquake sat in a tumbling building long enough to send a joke along the wires. "An earthquake hit us at five-fifteen, and our office is being wrecked," he said. "I'm going to quit, as the building is still shaking, and it's me for the simple life."

One English author announces that "Americans have care-worn but confident faces. They are a cheerful rather than a happy people." It is agreed on all

hands that we have little reverence for the past. Our attitude toward antiquity is correctly indicated in Mark Twain's reverie at the tomb of Adam. As to the future, we look upon it as our best friend. Nothing is too big to daunt us; on the contrary, we are said to have "immensity on the brain."

No one intimates that we have in this country any of the snarling pessimism or revolutionism that is rife in many parts of Europe. The average American feels that when he disparages his country he insults himself. He knows that there are evils—plenty of them; but he shares in a sort of social self-reliance which gives him confidence that whatever is wrong will be put right.

"Don't grumble; boost," is quoted in Arthur Shadwell's book as one of our most typical maxims; and as a natural outgrowth of this confident and constructive spirit, says Shadwell, Americans have been the first to grasp the full significance of advertising and to lay themselves out to apply it. "In the art of advertising," he says, "Americans lead the world so successfully that no competitor is in the running."

AMERICAN IDEALISM

One Italian has lately written a book on America entitled "The Land of the Almighty Dollar," but as a rule this old misconception is passing away. Several foreign authors have pointed out that rich Americans have broken all records in giving as well as in getting. Well-informed foreigners are now aware that business is supreme in the United States, not because Americans have more greed or lower ideals than other people, but because the dollar is our rough-and-ready way of representing achievement. What an American really values most is public opinion; and in spite of many apparent exceptions, it is public opinion that awards the fortunes. The United States is practically a land without misers. Money is valued for what it will buy, not for its own sake; and as Americans have the highest standards of comfort and convenience, they require higher wages, higher salaries, higher dividends than other races.

"The true American is an idealist through and through," says Hugo Mün-

sterberg in his "American Traits." He runs after money for the pleasure and excitement of the chase. In a non-military republic such as this the path of ambition is a thoroughfare of commerce paved with dollars; and the man who might in Europe climb to be a peer or a prime minister becomes here the president of a railroad or the creator of a trust.

We seldom get credit for having much logic or philosophy. We have more schemes and fewer theories, it is said, than any other race. The commonplace American, who does things, is exalted above the genius, who is a theorist. But for driving a proposition ahead to success, whether it is logical or not, we are admitted to have no equals. We have become the supreme industrial nation by reason of our inventiveness, our willingness to risk large sums, and the intelligence of our wage-workers. No other country can show a building like our Patent Office, packed from basement to attic with nine hundred thousand inventions. Our plan of producing standardized articles in immense quantities has given us a telling advantage in the world-market; and we have worked the miracle of reducing the labor cost while we were at the same time raising wages and decreasing the hours of labor.

In education, this spirit of progressive common sense is shown in the study of subjects that are useful in public life. In literature, it appears in novels which have no mysticism or half-tints, and which are written in the most vivid and clear-cut prose. In architecture, it has produced the twenty-story sky-scraper. In agriculture, it is manifested in the harvester and the irrigation ditch. In religion, it shows itself in the institutional church and the Young Men's Christian Association.

As to whom we may call the typical Americans, I have found that public opinion has few clear ideas on the question. Every one is ready with a list of historic heroes, invariably including Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. President Roosevelt, naturally, is suggested as the best representative of the United States at the present time; and he, when questioned, quickly shifted the honor from himself to his Rough Riders, a body

of men whom it would have been impossible to get together, he said, in any other country. A company of ten men of letters recently selected Emerson as the typical American author; and an English writer speaks of Edison as having the typical American face. But it would seem as if the word American were too large, too comprehensive, to be fairly represented in any single individual.

Emerson, as the author of the noble essay on "Self-Reliance," was the spokesman of his nation; but so also was Bret Harte, creator of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." So were the serious Whittier and the witty Oliver Wendell Holmes, the polished Hawthorne and the slangy Artemus Ward. All that was best in New England was represented in the wit, common sense, and culture of James Russell Lowell; and the wide Middle West has spoken out in the quaint wisdom of Josh Billings, who was by turns a pilot, an auctioneer, a storekeeper, a school-teacher, a cattle-driver, and an editor.

Many Europeans mention Walt Whitman as the one writer who best outlines the American point of view. Whitman himself was insistent upon this point. "Every atom of my blood," he says, "was formed from this soil and this air; born of parents here, from parents the same, and their parents the same." Of living writers, Mark Twain, our humorous philosopher, is usually suggested as being the one whose genius is most essentially American.

AMERICANISM A MATTER OF QUALITY

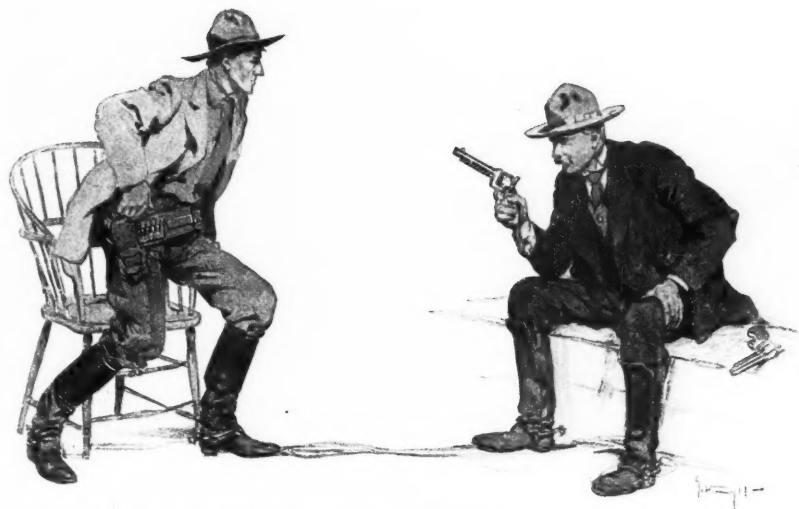
Judging from the individuals who are oftenest marked out as typical of this country, Americanism appears not to be a matter of birth so much as of quality. On the one hand, we have a Levi P. Morton, whose ancestors arrived in the Mayflower days, and on the other, a J. J. Hill, who was almost old enough to be a voter before he set foot in the United States. The late Governor Pingree, of Michigan, whose ancestors had been in America for eight generations, was a man of the people, but not more so than the late Mayor Jones, of Toledo, who was rocked in a Welsh cradle, or Carl Schurz, who had become an American

in sentiment years before he became one geographically.

In general, the typical American is said to be the man who is self-made and who has learned worldly wisdom by hard knocks. He must be shrewd and forceful, fond of big enterprises, a good talker, and many-sided. There must have been more or less of romance and adventure in his life. He must have loved and hated, and taken risks. Above all, he must respect public opinion and keep in close touch with the rank and file of his fellow countrymen. Such is the composite being who stands before the world as the proprietor of the United States—at least, so say his neighbors.

As it is said to require fully ten generations to fix any new characteristic, we may regard ourselves as still "under the head of unfinished business." Even unfriendly critics admit that our faults are those of a building half erected—of a statue that is partly buried in the marble. Youth is their cause, for the most part, and time is their cure. A young, four-generation republic like ours may well have many crudities; and especially a republic that is planned on such large and liberal lines. Having accomplished so much in less than seven-score years, who shall say that the problems of the future shall overwhelm us? "America," says Max Goldberger, "is the Land of Unlimited Possibilities."

The supreme work of developing an American type is still in process. When it will be finished, no one knows. The struggle is still on, between the noble and the base, the independent and the servile. As Luther Burbank, the plant-wizard of California, has finely said: "We in America form a nation with the blood of half the peoples of the world in our veins. We are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world; and here we meet exactly the same results that are always seen in a much-crossed race of plants—the best as well as the worst qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensity. All the necessary crossing has been done, and now comes the work of refining and eliminating, until we shall get an ultimate product which will be the finest human race that has ever been known."



THE SHERIFF'S HEAVY REVOLVER SWUNG LIGHTLY UPWARD, AND
MR. MASON SAT DOWN AGAIN

BAD-MAN MASON

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"THE citizens of Copper," heavily declared Mr. Jeremy Dexter, sheriff of Sherman County, "air anxious to do the grateful thing by you, Lanky. But they air also determined to do the right thing by their fair city; an' that's why I took your gun." The sheriff's unhumorous eyes swept such part of the little, huddled, sun-baked frontier town as was visible through the window of the Palace Hotel, where he sat with his astonished captive. A long career of immunity from the results of his acts had left Lanky with no expectation of arrest after the fracas of the preceding night. "An' therefore," the sheriff continued, "I give you twelve hours to clear out, an' if you're ever caught in the confines of this county again, may God have mercy on your soul!"

Mr. John Wesley Mason, known widely, and not too favorably, as Lanky

—for reasons apparent as soon as one caught a glimpse of his long, lean, sinewy body—turned from the contemplation of the Loverings' garden across the street. He met the harassed but unflinching regard of the hardly tried, conscientious sheriff. His face, browned by years of blazing sun and buffeting wind, lined deeply with the marks of alkaline air, of violent living, and of indomitable mockery, suddenly grew lugubrious. But his eyes, twinkling in their sockets like lakes in the depths of hill-recesses, gave the lie to the whimpering expression his lips assumed.

"If you was an edjicated man, Jerry, which you ain't, though it's no fault of yourn an' I'd be the last to twit you with it, you'd remember what the pote says about the favor of princes bein' vain an'——"



EVERY ONE LOOKED UP, THOUGH MORE IN DISAPPROVAL THAN INQUIRY

"I may not have had early advantages," growled the sheriff, his heavy face showing dull-red beneath its tan, "which all they does, as far as I see, is to be more blame to them as had them and yet goes wrong an' gets into

"I know, I know." Lanky's eyes were again upon the Loverings' garden, where, in the green and flowering space wrung from the desert by loving pains, a girl's figure moved. "I know, Jerry. I'd have been strung up, shot down—



A SHARP HEAT WENT STINGING THROUGH HIS BODY

trouble. But I know that's no poet-sayin'. It's the Bible. An' anyway, if you mean that Copper City is a prince an' ungrateful, you know well enough, Lanky Mason, that you'd have been food for the buzzards long ago if Copper hadn't bore in mind what you done for it. Why——"

whatever was convenient—half a dozen times, if only Copper could forget the fire an' the flood, an' if only Jerry Dexter could forget his little Alice. Well, an' now——"

"An' now the end's came," declared Mr. Dexter firmly. "You air a constant menace to the peace an' order of



THE APPARITION WHICH HE SAW SMILING DOWN UPON HIM WITH
TENDER, DEWY EYES

Copper. You get roarin' drunk. No man's life is safe when you're rampagin'. You destroy property wilful an' wanton. You intimidate men an' you frighten women——"

"You lie!" cried Mr. Mason in virtuous rage, springing to his feet. But the sheriff's heavy revolver swung lightly upward, and Mr. Mason sat down again. "You lie," he repeated less vehemently. "I never scared no woman in my life."

"Not of purpose, Lanky, I grant you that," said the sheriff mildly. "But what lady in Copper or environs feels sure of seein' her husband come back on his own two feet when he goes out on an evenin' you're loose? I tell you, you're a lyin', gamblin', drinkin', shootin' cuss. You're a blot on the fair name of Copper. You've got to git. After that Mexican business last night—you've got to git!"

"Dirty greaser!" growled the blot on the fair name of Copper.

"Clean or dirty, greaser or white, you've got to git. It's the ultimatum. You can git either by the way I'm suggestin' to you—a horse an' an escort that'll see you outside of Sherman County—or by a rope that'll jerk you to kingdom come. Copper's got feelin's, though. It would rather you'd take the horse. It can't forget you saved it from ashes the night of the smelter fire; it can't forget how you fought for it the day of the big flood. It recollects how you reskied little Alice Dexter"—his voice broke—"from that drunken red-skin. But while it's entire willin' to name you a hero an' to erect a monument to you as such in the public square just as fast as it gits a public square, it won't stand for you in its midst another day. Now, you take your choice. On one hand is the jug, a trial for killin' that greaser last night—for he's goin' to die an' the trial 'll be before a Mexican jury, mind you—the end of a rope, an' I ain't makin' no guesses about the hereafter; on the other hand, free escort out of Sherman County, an' never another sight of you in it."

"Lord, man, to hear you talk, anybody'd think that Copper was the Venice of the Western desert; that an American gentleman couldn't take no

pleasure away from its bullyvards. I'll go, an' be damned glad to leave the miser——"

He did not finish the sentence. The girl in the Loverings' garden had gone up on to the porch of the cottage across the street, and he was watching her.

"Thank God you've got so much sense," said the sheriff, wiping his forehead. "But remember—you ain't off for a visit. You're outlawed. An' if you come back, it'll be the duty of all good citizens to shoot you on sight as a menace to—— I only hope, Lanky, that you won't try it on. Turn over a new leaf, an', realizin' that the march of progress on the frontier is eliminatin' the bad man, become——"

"Aw, dry up! I ain't a Fourth of July aujence," Lanky briefly reminded his captor.

Under cover of the night Sheriff Dexter and his prisoner rode out of Copper. There was a fanfare of noise from one or two dance-halls. Through big, garishly lighted windows, here and there, the men saw from their saddles the reddish gleam of long cherry bars, the glitter of glass, the groups gathering before them and around the faro-tables. Lanky sighed a little. After all, Copper had been his abiding-place a long time, and here were his favorite diversions and the companions of them. Then the fragrance of newly watered flowers and grass was wafted to him. Through the muslin curtains of the Loverings' windows the tranquil lights shone.

"That niece of old man Lovering's that's come on to teach school out here seems a right nice young heifer." Lanky's voice was not so matter-of-fact as he had hoped to make it.

"She sure does," agreed the sheriff, cordial and indifferent.

The lights of the little town twinkled out behind them. The dim spaces of the desert, shadowy outlines of mesa, dark bulk of scanty growths indistinct in the night, broad stretches of emptiness, engulfed them. They rode in silence beneath the velvety blackness of the sky, pierced by large, luminous, low-hanging stars. By and by the sheriff drew rein.

"Our ways part here, Lanky," he announced. "This here's the line between Sherman an' Annunciata County."

Lanky sat his horse, speechless at the last.

"I—I—damn it all," cried the sheriff. "Never, so long's I live, will I forget what you done for me an' mine, Lank Mason! An' Alice—every night—her prayers—she says 'em to her mother—whatever you do, don't never come back," he quavered.

"I won't," said Lanky with unwonted gentleness. "Unless I'm hot-foot after suicide. Oh, by the way, Jerry—that Fanny Lovering—I—somehow I could wish—a garden an' a lamp at home an'—oh, well, I ain't been fittin' myself for that sort of thing so's you could notice it, have I? But—make the best of me to her, will you?"

The sheriff wrung his hand painfully.

"I'll pound it into her head that you was the best man an' the blamedest fool Copper ever seen," he declared manfully. And with the comfort of that promise the bad man of Copper City rode on.

II

A WEEK out of Sherman County, Lanky rode gaily and valorously into La Sonora. He had banished sentiment; he had banished resentment against the town to which he had at least twice been of such signal and of such unrewarded service. Negligibly small as was the pack upon his pommel, dismally faint as was the jingle when his hands played in his pockets, he faced the future cheerfully.

As for Fanny Lovering, with her shining, expectant eyes and her frank, smiling mouth, she was nothing to him except the momentary personification of all that he had flung away in the world. He waved the thought of her a wide farewell with his sombrero as he dug spurs into his horse and pranced and curveted up to the entrance of Riley's Pink Poodle Hotel. He was something of an actor, Lanky, as your true sentimentalist is, and he loved an impressive entrance. Within half an hour he had a sufficient acquaintance to insure him against the boredom of loneliness, and within an hour he was deep at his evening's occupation of poker.

It was at a smallish table in the corner of the room that he sat down

to his game with confiding gentlemen who did not demand a man's family history before entering into recreation with him. Nearer the bar was the farotable, and at it the dealer's voice croaked with a dull lack of inflection as the bettors monotonously placed their bets. One voice, by its high pitch of excitement, separated itself from the other noises of the place. It declared its owner's wagers almost shrilly. It flung demands for drinks between plays. It took the game, not with the calm, almost bored, matter-of-factness of the habitual player, but with a nervousness that proclaimed the novice. Lanky was disagreeably conscious of it, as he would have been of any disturbing noise. Still he did not look from his own hand and his growing pile, until, suddenly, a laugh rang upon the air with the effect of a pistol-shot, hollow, boisterous, despairing. Every one looked up, though more in disapproval than inquiry.

"It's that damned tenderfoot," announced Mr. Reddy Allen, one of Lanky's companions. "Been here losin' his money an' fillin' hisself plumb full of Riley's booze for three days."

Lanky looked frowningly at the disturber of the peace, a tall youth, with yellow hair and bloodshot, wretched eyes.

"That winds me up, gentlemen," he was announcing in tones that shook despite the evident bravado of his intention. "Six hundred gone in three days. Nothing left but my cuff-buttons and my revolver. I won't let my revolver go; I may need it. But my buttons—say, barkeep, will you advance anything on these links?"

He tore the gold trifles from his sleeves. Lanky scowled.

"He'll be shootin' himself here next," he remarked with the distaste of the old resident and the conservative. "I know that kind. Hey, you, there, stranger."

The boy turned and met the searching regard of the deep-set, lambent blue eyes. He laughed again, more vacantly, and swayed toward Lanky.

Within five minutes the magic that Copper City had known so long was exerted. The younger man had unresentfully heard a few home truths concerning the ways of the Eastern greenhorn, and was sitting, slightly cowed,

entirely hopeful, waiting for his new acquaintance to finish the evening's poker and to assume the direction of his tenderfoot existence.

"You're a plumb fool," declared Lanky to him later, in the seclusion of his room. "When you play faro, play faro. When you drink, drink. I myself ain't no temperance society"—he spoke with complete solemnity—"but when I'm playin' cards I ain't imbibin', nor vicy-versy. Now, you ain't no ways fit for this kind of life. You air too excitable, an' you ain't quick enough in the eye. What you doin' here?"

"I made a mistake and got on the wrong train at Lamy Junction," confessed the youth sullenly. "I was bound for Copper City, but I took the southern branch instead of the western. And then—oh, then I thought I'd stay on it and see what came of it. I—I don't know. It just happened, that's all."

"First time away from home?"

"No, I'm a college man."

"Oh-h-h! A college man. An' what was you thinkin' of doin' in the West?"

"Ranching, maybe, or maybe mining a little, or getting into the cattle business. I don't know. I just came into a little money. And what blamed business is it of yours, anyway?"

"It ain't none," agreed Lank composedly. "An' as a usual thing I make money on mindin' my own business an' lettin' others do the same by theirs. I ain't keen on missionarin'. But—I always kinder take to the under dog, an' if ever I seen an under dog it was you talkin' to them grown men about cuff-buttons an' revolvers."

The boy began to blubber.

"The worst of it all is," he confessed maudlinly, "there's a girl. I came to see her. I'm—we're engaged, in a way. That is, she said for me to prove myself a man—that's what she called it; she meant for me to walk the chalk-line and earn my own living. But I wanted to see her, and when I had the money left me I started after her."

"What's her name?" asked Lanky in a flat voice. He knew it well enough before it was spoken. Of course; that accounted for his interest in this weak, flushed fool. Of course it was the shad-

owy presence of Fanny Lovering that made the bond between them.

"Um-m-m," he said when he heard. "You air an ungrateful fool." Most offensively he bade his charge be quiet; most truculently he refused to listen to the young egoist's self-excusing and pratings. Bitterly he consigned the new-comer to torment.

Three days later, however, they rode side by side out of La Sonora. Lanky had discovered that there was but one way in the world to keep Ned Caldwell sober and sane. That was to mount perpetual watch over him. Wherefore he charged himself with the guardianship of the boy into Copper—up to Fanny Lovering's door.

"It ain't right," he told himself half a dozen times a day. "The poor jumpin' jack-rabbit ain't worth her notice. But if she wants him like he says she does, she's goin' to have him, delivered in good condition. An' she can make a man of him, if anything on God Almighty's earth can. She could make a man of a sneakin' fox, she could."

Very grim and silent, he rode the wastes. His companion talked and talked. Lanky did not trouble to hear him. He was occupied with his own thoughts. Of course he'd try to escape again, he told himself. But if he didn't—ah, how much better to throw away his worthless life saving Fanny Lovering's happiness for her than if he had lost it in any of his dozen dare-devil heroisms, any of his score of reckless affrays!

III

DAWN, a wonderful sudden fire, blazed upon Copper. The two men had broken their camp very early and had ridden through the pearly grayness in which the last star throbbed itself out into the huddled little town.

"I ain't goin' to ride clear in with you," said Lank stolidly. "This here climate ain't none too healthy for my complaint. But you'll go straight to your lady friend?"

"I certainly shall," said Caldwell, "as soon as the conventions will permit me to call. This isn't much of a place, is it?"

"That depends on what you're lookin'

for in a place," answered Lanky with some brusqueness. "Well, I'll be ridin' back. You can tell her I brought you—if you want to. Come to think of it, you won't want to; won't want to talk much of Sonora. Well, she's a nice young lady. Some time you might mention casual that I friended you once. You'll know her uncle's house by the garden. It's the best in town, and it's opposite the Palace. She's got—they've got—oleanders in tubs, an' climbin' roses, an' some greeny stuff that smells good they call mignonette. I've got a mind to ride a little nearer to show you for sure——"

"Oh, I guess I can find it," remarked the young man lightly.

"I'd kinder like to see the place myself," confessed Mr. Mason with unwonted wistfulness.

"Oh, in that case," conceded Mr. Caldwell.

They rode gently down the slight declivity of the street into the still little town, bathed in the first freshness of morning light. Suddenly, from the direction of the big smelting works on the edge of the town a dark stream of workmen flowed across the street at the foot of the incline; the night-shift was going home.

Lanky drew his rein taut and whistled between his clenched teeth. The men looked up the slope at the two horsemen, outlined like targets against the open gold of the eastern sky, ablaze behind the plain. Lanky heard a sudden sibilant cry, the whir of a bullet. A sharp heat went stinging through his body. He had a second's consciousness of his companion's scream of horror. Then he knew no more.

IV

THERE were muslin curtains at the window. They stirred softly in a breeze that exhaled the sweetness of rose and mignonette. Lanky surveyed the room in its cool exquisiteness. Finally his slow-traveling gaze rested upon the sheriff, seated, large and solemn, in an armchair near the foot of the bed.

"Didn't he do for me—the greaser?" Lanky whispered. He had had no intention of whispering, but his voice was

lurking in unaccountable distances and did not come at his summons.

"Luis's brother? The brother of the fellow you shot the night before you was banished from Copper? No, he didn't do for you—quite. You're livin' yet, Lanky, an' the same blamed fool you always was."

"Where's young—young—I forget his name—that was with me?" Again it was a painful whisper that issued from Lanky's lips.

"Sent back East, where he belongs, for a poor, helpless idjit," said the sheriff briefly—"sent back by Miss Fanny Lovering."

"Oh!" said Lanky. His voice was stronger now.

"Yes. An' I may say there's no more price on your good-for-nothin' head, Lank. The committee of public safety, it holds that things has been evened up enough by the greaser's brother shootin' you. An' a lady in good standin'—she fired up somethin' hot about drivin' you out of town, an' she's made herself surety for your good behavior."

Lanky's eyes lost the dull glaze of fever.

"Jerry," he said entreatingly.

"Women beat the devil," remarked the sheriff in tones of pure philosophy. "Here she sends that long-legged dude back to where he come from because he owned up to some drinkin' an' carousin' around in Sonora. An' here you, that'd make him look like a Easter lily for virtue, here you, a gamblin', drinkin' outlaw—she will have you brought here. You're a man, she says. Lanky——"

"Damn you!" cried Lanky with sudden vigor. "How long have I got to listen to you, you old gas-bag? I want to see *her—her!*"

Then, as Jerry Dexter, with a friendly grin upon his face, rose ponderously and moved toward the door, a spasm of shyness seized the bad man.

"No, no," he cried. "Don't. I ain't fit." And he closed his eyes lest blindness should follow the apparition which he knew was entering the room—which he heard gently coming toward him—which, when at last he dared to look, he saw smiling down upon him with tender, dewy eyes.

THE COURTSHIPS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY LYNDON ORR

THE STORY OF THE HEART-HUNGER OF A GREAT AMERICAN—HIS LOST LOVE, ANNE RUTLEDGE—MARY OWENS, TO WHOM HE OFFERED HIS HAND, AND MARY TODD, WHOM HE FINALLY MARRIED

WHEN Abraham Lincoln reached the age of twenty-five, he was beginning to emerge from the obscurity into which he had been born. He was still so poor as to have laid nothing by. He was still working at odd jobs for the scantiest hire—piloting flatboats, chopping wood, running grist-mills, or acting as assistant in a small "general store." Nevertheless, he was already a marked man in the curious little settlement of New Salem on the Sangamon, to which, in his own phrase, he had drifted down the river in a freshet. A roaming, aimless, loafing creature many were at first inclined to think him; but presently he conquered New Salem; and his conquest, petty though it was, is significant when we see in it the forerunner of the later triumphs of his great career.

New Salem was what would be called in these days a "boom town." But the "boom" was a small affair, as befitted that era of small things. Its inhabitants styled the place a city; yet it never had more than twenty or thirty houses in it, and the population never exceeded two hundred and fifty souls. Before many years had passed, it had been once more swallowed by the wilderness. At the time when Lincoln drifted to it in 1831, however, New Salem was humming with life and was fired with large ambitions for the future. Its people were hard-headed, good-hearted, obstreperous citizens, violating many of the laws of God and man, but preserving the two saving graces of the native American—a love of fair play and a profound respect for

womanhood. The young fellows of the town might drink and brawl and indulge in the roughest horse-play among themselves, but they and their elders were deference itself in the presence of the maids and matrons of the settlement.

THE SOCIAL ORDER OF THE FRONTIER

So there was established a rude social order in New Salem. The young women of the place held court and received homage after the fashion of the time, and in the background their mothers enjoyed the delights of matchmaking and of gossip. There were "quilting-bees" and occasional dances. Even in this most democratic of communities, gradations of rank existed. The village store-keeper was the magnate of the place. His wife—if he had one—was the leader in all social functions; and about her were gathered, as lesser stars, the wives and daughters of the few prosperous farmers and the household of the personage who kept the inn or "tavern"—for he really was a personage, only second in importance to the owner of the store. There were probably not two dozen printed books in all New Salem. Lincoln once walked nearly twenty miles in order to borrow an English grammar. The only newspapers seen there were taken by the owner of the store. To be able to read and write and to work out "sums" gave one a claim to be regarded as a person of education.

Into this primitive little town, Lincoln drifted, as has been described; and ere long he had made for himself a sort of

place, which was not very well defined, but which had a meaning, none the less. He first won public favor by his physical powers. A brawny, rough-and-tumble fighter named Armstrong, from a neighboring settlement, had ignominiously thrashed all the champions of New Salem one after the other. He and his satellites used to descend on the place at regular intervals, swaggering and calling loudly for new victims. Lincoln, who stood six feet four in his socks, was pitted against this bully; and putting forth his gigantic strength, hurled him into the air as he might have hurled a block of wood. New Salem exulted in the victory and paid tribute to its champion.

LINCOLN'S FIRST LOCAL SUCCESSES

But it was not merely for brawn and muscle that the newcomer became known. He had wit and judgment, and was fair-minded, even to a fault. Men began to refer their disputes to his decision. In a local election over which there was intense feeling, Lincoln was chosen to record the ballots, because every one could trust him. He captained the local militia during the Black Hawk War. He was made postmaster, and carried the letters around in his hat, delivering them whenever he met the persons to whom they were addressed. He became a deputy land-surveyor, and was finally a candidate for the Legislature. He failed of election, but in his own township only three votes were cast against him. He had begun to study law at odd moments; and he argued simple cases for his neighbors before the village justice of the peace. Altogether, he was no longer a piece of human driftwood, floating aimlessly about from place to place, as his thriftless father had always done. He was beginning to be somebody, even though the sphere of his success was a raw, remote, and short-lived settlement in what was then a new Far Western State.

It was this first glimmer of something like success which made Lincoln turn instinctively in search of one to share it with him. His life from earliest childhood had been hard beyond belief. The incessant struggle for a bare existence against every sort of obstacle and amid

conditions of grinding poverty, ignorance, and squalor, had shut him out from all the gentler influences. A lifelong friend of his speaks of him as rising gradually from a lower depth than any other self-made man had ever done—"from a stagnant, putrid pool." He had toiled with his bare hands, and had shrunk from naught that was crushing and hopeless and heart-breaking. He had received no aid, he had enjoyed no pleasure, he had known nothing of the softer side of human life. But now that he was standing firmly on his feet, with just a little of the pride of real achievement, there crept into his heart a conscious need of something which had never yet been his—the love of woman.

The most laborious research by a multitude of biographers has found no record of any sentimental interest in Lincoln's boyish days. When he was a stripling, he used to sit by a brookside, dabbling his bare feet in the water and talking to a pretty little schoolgirl named Kate Roby; and in after years she often told of it with pride. But his talk, oddly enough, was of astronomy; and he set forth some bits of lore about the sun and stars with the gravity of a wise old man. He looked upon her, however, as nothing but a child, and she thought his knowledge fanciful and rather puzzling, for he told her that the moon did not really rise nor the sun really set—and she knew better. And so there is not a trace of boy-and-girl love to be found in the life of Lincoln.

When the hour and the woman came at last, they came to one who seemed a most unlikely subject for the wiles of Cupid. Lincoln had been a man's man always. With men he could hold his own, and more, whether in jest, or in debate, or in the final argument that rests on sheer brute force. But with women he had always suffered from an agony of shyness. Their ways were wonderful to him and most disquieting. Soft voices and ordered manners and what seemed to him, at least, a marvelous grace and ease and daintiness, affected him with speechless awe. What was he to say to these strangely fascinating beings who neither thought nor spoke as men did? A more bashful man than Lincoln at this time never lived.

It is likely that his timidity came largely from his consciousness that in external things he was grotesquely impossible as a companion for the other sex. There were in him, even to the end of his career, two separate Lincolns; and the discords of this dual personality have puzzled by their paradoxes every student of his life and character. Yet the thing is not really so perplexing. There was the man who was absolutely the creation of heredity, of environment, and of early training—a man of peasant stock, uncouth of frame, awkward of manner, almost repellent in appearance; who loved the company of vagabonds, larded his speech with metaphors of the swineyard and the cattle-pen, and seemed to be merely a leader of the unwashed yahoos of New Salem and Clary's Grove. But there was also the inner soul which God had strangely placed within this most incongruous setting, and which was a soul of singular tenderness and beauty.

LINCOLN'S SUPERFICIAL DEFECTS

It was as though some supreme musician were compelled to draw his harmonies from a rough-made instrument, untuned, and with many of its strings displaced or broken. The listener would often hear discordant notes, harsh, jangling, and untrue; yet still the genius of the artist would triumph over every difficulty, evoking strains of melody so exquisite as to reveal the presence of pure inspiration. And so it was with Lincoln, who had the form and manner of a half-barbarian, yet a heart and soul instinct with purity and responsive to the noblest and loftiest appeals.

But like the musician with the imperfect instrument, Lincoln knew and felt intensely how often he fell short of what he wished to do and be. His sensitiveness told him how different he was from many other men inferior to him in greater things, but superior in knowledge of the niceties of social usage. He longed to speak and act as they did, yet he could not do so. He could not even dress as they did. The conventionalities of costume in New Salem were very far from strict; yet even there, poor Lincoln was an absurdly pathetic figure, as described by those who knew him. Trousers of tow reaching only to his ankles,

shapeless brogans of cowhide, blue-yarn socks, a calico shirt, and an ancient hat of straw were the principal parts of his apparel. He seldom wore a coat or waistcoat; and broken suspenders dangled from his side. His coarse black hair stood out in all directions like a bunch of shoe-brushes, and a stubbly beard of several days' growth made his lank cheeks still more cadaverous.

The extreme carelessness of his attire was, no doubt, partly due to his lack of means, yet this does not explain it wholly. Years afterward, when he was a successful lawyer, a member of Congress, and a man of note, his appearance was little improved. He still wore trousers far too short. His hat was still an old one, faded, broken, and with the nap rubbed in the wrong direction. On circuit, he carried a green cotton umbrella with his name sewed in white letters on the inner side and with a handle destitute of knob and circled by a piece of string. Even when he was President his ill-fitting, rusty clothes were an un-failing subject for the cartoonist. He would have liked to appear far more presentable, but he did not know just how to do it. He was conscious of all his small defects, and it was this consciousness which made him, in the presence of women, silent and shy.

Yet no man who deserves the name lets shyness tie his tongue when once he has felt the sting of love. Lincoln at last found courage when he met the woman who was to exercise so strong an influence on his character. This was a young girl named Anne Rutledge, whose father was a prosperous citizen of New Salem, having land and business interests and owning the village inn. Just as one finds to-day young Englishmen of good family following rough pursuits in South Africa and Australia, so in the thirties many names which have a history were inscribed upon the records of the new American frontier. James Rutledge was a South Carolinian with a well-known ancestry, and his daughter, though uneducated, had the intelligence and charm that are the essence of good breeding. She is described as a slender, graceful girl, with slightly auburn hair, dark-blue eyes, and a sweet voice—gentle, unselfish, and sympathetic. Little

by little, as Lincoln came to know her well, his painful bashfulness disappeared. He sought Anne out at all the local gatherings; he acted as her escort; and he is even said to have "called upon her in the daytime"—a thing at variance with the social code of early Illinois—and to have sat beside her, watching her pretty hands as she spun or quilted. She, in her turn, felt the fineness of the man who wooed her, and could see beneath the rude exterior those qualities which were to make him first among Americans.

LINCOLN'S ONE GREAT LOVE

It was while Anne Rutledge was quilting that Lincoln asked her to become his wife. She met his love with one as great; yet, in a strange agitation, she repulsed him. There was a half secret in her life that held her back and made her feel that she was not free to be happy. Some time before, when she was very young, she had engaged herself to a man who called himself McNeil, but whose real name was McNamar. He had made money and was ready to provide a home for her. But first, he said, he must visit his parents in the East. On his return he would claim her as his wife. And so he had departed for his old home in New York, which in those days was more distant from the little Western hamlet than is Chicago from Timbuctoo to-day. At first he wrote her often, then less often and more coldly, and then at last he wrote no more. Anne's friends declared that he had wilfully deserted her; yet she still felt bound. She had pledged her word, and even though no letters came and she had learned to love another, she could not marry until she had been formally released. Lincoln pleaded earnestly, and her own heart spoke for him, yet still she could not lay the ghost of her first love. Lincoln begged her to write to McNamar and ask for a release. She wrote, but still no answer came. Then she felt that she was really free, and when Lincoln, now ardent and thrilling with hope, asked her once more the great question, she turned to him and let him read the answer in her radiant face.

It was the supremely joyous moment of his life, just as the days which fol-

lowed were to be the very blackest. For the young girl had been worn out by the long suspense, the hourly conflict between love and what she thought her duty; and now she was stricken by a fever, of which she died. In her illness she kept calling piteously for Lincoln, until at last her brother brought him to her bedside and left the two alone together. What passed between them no one ever knew; but soon she became unconscious, and he went out into the world, to be forever after, in his heart, a broken, melancholy man.

For a time his reason tottered. His friends, fearing lest he might take his life, watched him with the greatest vigilance. He said little, but once he burst forth in an agony of grief over the poignant thought that "the snows and rains might fall upon her grave." For many weeks this grief, almost unbearable, beset him, and when he once more took up his daily life he was no longer the one whom his associates had known. Although his age still lacked four years of thirty, men began to call him old. He stooped as he walked; and those lines, which in later years appeared to be marked upon his face by vitriol, now seamed his haggard cheeks. He shut his sorrow in his heart and played the man, but he never really loved again.

THE COURTING OF MARY OWENS

Yet his loneliness was greater than before, and in time he thought of marriage—half-heartedly enough, however. He met another woman of a very different type, and he courted her after a very different fashion. Miss Mary Owens was a Kentucky girl who visited her married sister in New Salem. She was a very self-possessed young lady, with a good education and some experience of a larger world than that which Lincoln knew. Brisk and slightly coquettish in manner, witty in her talk, and fond of pleasure, she seems to have attracted Lincoln by her high spirits, which roused him from his melancholy. Unlike Anne Rutledge, she was tall and well developed. Her dark hair was curly, her complexion fair. Even the portrait taken of her in middle life reveals her comeliness and good humor.

Lincoln was not bashful in his ad-

dresses to Miss Owens. His shyness had disappeared forever. He is even said to have declared, somewhat publicly, that he would marry her if she returned to Illinois. This was reported to Miss Owens, and perhaps led her to repeat her visit. Quite possibly it may have helped decide her not to marry him, such being often the way in which the feminine mind arrives at a decision. At all events, Lincoln followed her about. He walked with her and rode with her, and they became exceedingly good friends. Finally he told her that he thought her very charming, and then added, with much naïveté:

"I am not at all sure that I should make you the sort of husband with whom you would be most happy."

Soon after he made her a formal proposal in a letter, which would almost seem to have been written to dissuade her from accepting him. He dwelt on his poverty and his personal deficiencies far more than he did upon his love for her. In other words, it was not the letter of an impassioned lover, for an impassioned lover never has any doubts about his power to make any woman happy. Miss Owens must have felt all this, for she sent him a kind, but very definite, refusal. She liked him and respected him, but she preferred another sort of husband. Years after, in reply to a letter from Mr. W. H. Herndon, she probably let out the real reason of her rejection. She wrote:

Mr. Lincoln was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness—at least it was so in my case. Not that I believed it proceeded from a lack of goodness of heart; but his training had been different from mine. Hence there was not that congeniality which would otherwise have existed.

This was a true woman's explanation—a woman who knew life, and who felt that even goodness and honesty in the rough were not quite enough without the charm of manner, the myriad little courtesies and attentions—in short, the *petits soins*, which are a woman's right and which go so far to make a woman happy.

The affair ended, for a time, Lincoln's plans for marriage. There is, however, a story to the effect that he became interested in a third young woman

of New Salem, whose Christian name was Sarah. Whether seriously or not, he is said to have gone to her with a copy of the Bible, from which he read to her how the patriarch Abraham married Sarah. Closing the book, he then asked the Sarah before him whether she didn't think that she was bound to accept an Abraham for her husband. But the lady was not impressed by the scriptural precedent, and the modern Abraham went on his way rejected once again.

From this time the beginnings of his public life kept his brain busy over other things than sentiment. He was elected to the Legislature, changed his home to Springfield, which he had helped to make the capital of the State, and there won notice as a lawyer. In 1841, when he was thirty-two years of age, he met the lady whom he was at last to marry, but not until a very singular courtship had run its course.

THE WOMAN HE MARRIED

Miss Mary Todd was a Kentucky girl of twenty-one, whose family was of unusual prominence. She was not merely well educated, but was, for that day and place, a young lady of accomplishments. She spoke French fluently, had read much, was well informed in many subjects, and had the manners of really good society. Short, plump, and vivacious, she had a ready, though somewhat caustic, wit. She expected admiration, and received it in large measure. Her defects lay in a high temper, a touch of arrogance, and a stubborn will. Lincoln, however, was charmed by her flow of lively and clever talk. He admired in her the qualities which he himself most lacked; and he liked to sit beside her, saying very little, while she talked brilliantly of many things. On her side, she recognized the native power and promise of this gaunt, ungainly man. She had a keen eye for character, and she was consumed by ambition. Her sister had often heard her boast that the husband of her choice would some day be President of the United States. The two became engaged, not without a word of warning from Miss Todd's relatives that they were essentially ill-mated.

At that time the brilliant politician, Stephen A. Douglas, destined later to be

Lincoln's rival for the Presidency, became apparently his rival in love. Douglas was an ardent, magnetic, confident personage, with a superficial cultivation and easy manners. He was, however, a heavy drinker, and underneath his veneer of breeding often showed himself to be both insincere and vulgar. He began a violent flirtation with Mary Todd. No doubt she was flattered by the notice of a man who was then far above the plodding Lincoln in public estimation. Lincoln, indeed, was for the time neglected, though his engagement still continued. The affair had, however, cooled Lincoln's ardor to be married. His old hesitation returned. The ghost of his first love flitted through his memory, and he felt that he did not wish a wife. At last, in a burst of candor, he told Miss Todd that he did not love her as her future husband ought to do. Indignant and humiliated, the girl burst into a flood of angry tears. Lincoln believed them to be tears of sorrow and his heart melted. Taking her in his arms, he renewed his words of tenderness, and the day for their wedding was arranged.

When it arrived, the bride was ready and the guests assembled, but the bridegroom was not to be found. Hours passed. Messengers were sent everywhere, but all in vain. An inexplicable dread of marriage had come upon Lincoln's morbid mind, and he had fled incessantly, a victim to both apprehension and remorse. When his friends discovered his place of hiding he was a pitiable object. Miss Todd could forgive the seeming insult only by assuming that Lincoln was insane.

A RELUCTANT BRIDEGROOM

Nevertheless, it was fated that these two contrasted personalities should be joined together. After a while Lincoln resumed his former way of living, and Miss Todd appeared at all the social functions of the time. At last they met, and after a period of very formal acquaintance they began a new friendship which perhaps never became love, but which impelled them to the thought of a union. Lincoln's sensitive conscience reproached him sorely for the wrong which he had done. Miss Todd saw still more clearly than before the coming greatness

of this unusual man. If he hesitated, it was because he doubted whether there was happiness for any one in marriage. He feared lest married persons pretended to be happy only to deceive the world at large and to preserve their own self-respect. He gave a singular proof of this belief. His friend, Mr. J. F. Speed, was about to wed a very attractive girl. Lincoln made him promise to confess whether, after a fair test of marriage, he did not regret the step.

Speed went through the ceremony and settled down with his young bride to a very domestic sort of life. Eight months elapsed and then Lincoln wrote him a very singular letter:

I want to ask you a close question. Are you, in feeling as well as in judgment, glad that you are married, as you are? From anybody but me this would be an impudent question, not to be tolerated; but I know you will pardon it in me. Please answer it quickly, as I am impatient to know.

Speed's answer was not only reassuring, but enthusiastic; and thus heartened, Lincoln once more renewed his offer to Mary Todd, and they were married late in 1842. That Lincoln was still beset by apprehension was apparent on the evening of the ceremony. When he was donning his wedding garb at the house of a friend, a child asked him where he was going.

"To hell, I suppose," was the gloomy answer.

As he entered the presence of his bride his face was pale and his limbs trembled visibly—a strange phenomenon in one who was to wed the woman of his choice.

Thus the third and final courtship of Abraham Lincoln ended in a union which, despite his strange forebodings, was to bring him happiness and aid him in his progress up the heights of fame. For his wife was a loyal and devoted sharer of his lot, accepting his poverty, advising him with a shrewd knowledge of the world, stimulating his ambition, and cheering his frequent melancholy by her gaiety and courage. Until her own reason began to fail, in the years of the Civil War, she was the light of his home, and she should be remembered gratefully by all who honor the genius of her great-souled husband.

THE NIGGER-DOG

BY EDWARD H. PEPLE

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP" AND "THE MALLETS MASTERPIECE"

THE nigger-dog's authentic history began at Merrallieu, a fine Colonial plantation which had escaped the ravages of war, yet had gradually succumbed to the crumbling ravages of time. From a grove of oak and pine it looked out upon the James, that coffee-colored, winding river that rolls in stately pride past old, historic Jamestown on its journey to the sea. The fertile low-grounds were green with wastes of rustling corn, the sweeping hillsides rich in clover and in meadow-grass; in the garden bloomed the rose of roses, shielded by a hedge of Osage orange and the haunting hollyhock.

The homestead lay a league or so below the site of Richmond, and a league or so above the belt of river-flats and marshlands, where great green bullfrogs flung their basso songs from shore to shore, where little blue chills sat hopefully, their thin legs dangling in the water, waiting, watching for the passer-by. On him they would leap in ecstatic joy, enter his system, shake him to the teeth, and remain enthroned until bribed away by a bushel of quinine.

In the mansion children dwelt, six of them, five girls and one harried boy. Their mission in life seemed to lie in taking liberties with man and beast; yet somehow both man and beast submitted and were glad. All day long the children sported in the sunshine, as busy as the plowmen in the fields. Their songs were mingled with the murmurs of the yellow river; their laughter floated up above the pines and was lost in the noisy clamor of protesting crows.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" cried the black marauders hoarsely, and the children mocked them, with laughter bubbling on their baby tongues.

These babies first found the nigger-

dog—himself a baby with yet unopened eyes—squirming, whimpering faintly, as he lay deserted in the dust of the hot brown road; so they brought him home and nursed him with milk poured drop by drop into his tiny mouth, and loved him as a mother loves a babe.

As for the boy, he merely said "Huh!" in profound contempt of maternal ministrations, went whistling away to the river-bank to fish for minnows with a pin-hook, and caught nothing; whereat the five little mothers stuck out their five little taunting tongues, said "Bah!" and were overjoyed.

The foundling prospered, first growing into a timid, waddling puppy, and developing presently into a timid, hideous dog. He was not only a cur, as curs go, but belonged to a separate, distinctive class of cur—a dirty-colored, yellow-gray beast with weak legs and coarse, half-curly hair—a cur without the wisdom of his brother curs and devoid of the faintest hope of progress. His eyes were deep-set, melancholy, under shaggy brows, while his stringy, unresponsive tail hung ever downward, like that of a lonely cow. True, this member did wag at times, but the wagging reminded one of the smile of a hypocrite, for he never wagged it with his heart.

"Unc' Toby," the old black garden-er, once described the brute with the keen perception of his race.

"Dat ar dawg," he observed, as he leaned upon his rake and filled his corn-cob, "put me in min' er dese here shif'less po' white folks whar ain't got 'nuff ambition fer to wash der face. But, Lawd! he wuss'n dat. De critter 's a downright harf-strainer!"

In the "half-strainer," Unc' Toby

alluded to a class of whites who infested certain sections of the South before the war, and still exist—a miserable, degenerate type upon whom even the negroes look down from a pinnacle of superior caste. "They toil not, neither do they spin"—but thrive.

II

So the foundling grew, and the five little mothers loved him with that passionate, unreasoning love of instinctive motherhood which squanders itself with twofold intensity upon the physical or moral unfortunate. They treated their charge with every courtesy, inviting him to share their play, which he did with half a heart. They fed him nine times a day and found in his appetite a rat-hole leading to a subterranean pit. They carried him about, head downward, his rough flanks squeezed between their chubby arms and crushed against their chubby breasts; and to this he submitted with a meek and unappreciative whine. They gave him a bed in the play-room—a real bed with sheets and pillows—at the side of the big wax, one-eyed dolly, Emmaline; but the dog felt miserable and out of place, preferring to slink away to the head of a flight of dark and drafty stairs, where he stretched himself full length till the master came up and stepped upon him. Then the master would curse aloud, with curses that oozed from the roots of his very soul, and refrain from murder only because of his worship of the motherly little five.

This man, by happy chance, was a wealthy man, and offered seven times seven the value of the cur in exchange for its life-long banishment; but little he knew of the values set by childish love.

The cur advanced to the age of seasoned doghood, a sad-eyed, misfit martyr in the lap of luxury—each day more ugly and in the way of "grown-ups" hurrying feet, each day more sorrowful because of a mystic yearning which he could not understand. If a "grown-up" called him, he would come without delay, obeying for the reason that he feared to disobey. At the word of command his cringing mien assumed an air of guilt; he sank upon his mangy

stomach, to cower and creep toward the outheld hand, quivering beneath a kindly pat, as he might have flinched beneath a blow.

Yet the children loved him still—adored him—though his slinking nature seemed one long and everlasting lie. They christened him Sultan, in that same delicious incongruity of innocence with which they gave the gentle name of Julia to a battle-scarred and most immoral rooster.

Mister Julia hated Sultan, because, perhaps, of mental superiority, and seldom lost an opportunity of attacking the enemy from the rear, to follow the whimpering brute in squawking fury beyond the confines of the chicken-yard. Upon such occasions, so frequent, so mortifying to the spirit and the flesh, Sultan retired to the center of a chilly duck-pond, choosing, perforce, between the lesser of two evils.

If one is possessed of a sense of humor and has never seen a rooster chase a dog, then, indeed, has he missed a sparkling page of comedy, although, from the view-point of the dog himself, the situation harbors not a single smile.

The cur had another enemy, an earnest one, in the person of Tootsy Tim, a wrinkle-nosed, wrinkle-necked, candy-surfeited, patrician pug. Tootsy loathed Sultan, and refused pointblank to accept him on common terms. Why? Because Sultan was a pariah to the very bone, a commoner—a nigger-dog—and none knew better than the fat, aristocratic Tootsy Tim.

To be snubbed in public by a logy-minded pug is the ebb-tide mark of canine degradation; yet Sultan bore the insult placidly and gave no sign. At times, when the sleek aristocrat went out for a waddling stroll, the cur would follow wistfully in his wake—a groom, a servitor, content with a lackey's place. This Tootsy allowed, with an air of proud unconsciousness; but if Sultan came too close upon his heels, he would turn in a travesty of rage and nip the trespasser in his tenderest spots, while the nigger-dog would accept the bites as his palsied pride accepted any other form of fate.

Now, another cur would have fallen upon that pug and eaten him then and

there; but Sultan, although he was several times the other's size, would curve his tail in a still more abject line and make for home as fast as his long, weak legs could carry him. And then, from some shadowy vantage point, he would wait to be trod upon, and look reproach unutterable on him who committed the accidental cruelty.

What human mind may fathom the elemental workings of a dog's intelligence? Or is it elemental, after all? Do dogs not reason, drawing a sharp dividing line between effect and cause? Instinct, intuition—call it what you will—results point always to an underlying, active brain. This brain develops in accordance with its birthright and its opportunity for growth; yet much is learned by accident where mortal masters may not teach by arts. Experience, our mother-teacher, forever dins into the ears of man and beast her grim, relentless law of retaliation. If we trifle with one of nature's vital forces, that force will surely turn and nip us, even as Tootsy Tim nipped Sultan in his tenderest spots.

Now assuming that Sultan's instinct told him this, then why did he not leave Merrallieu, to seek environment more suited to his caste? It was easy to walk through the open gates and hunt till he found a resting-place; yet even the human power of reasoning must have a basis of comparison. Had Sultan come to Merrallieu as a half-grown dog, with memories of some other life, then well, indeed, he might have pined for the fruits of his earliest desires. But the cur had been nursed from puppyhood in comfort and in lazy ease; therefore, the strange, vague yearning in his heart was a yearning born of direct inheritance—a something mixed in his coarse, plebeian blood—that something which stirred by night, by day, and made his lot of luxury a curse.

On the other hand, where instinct failed to inspire the wisdom of emigration, it might, at least, have taught the dog that to sprawl in a gloomy passageway is a breeder of calamity. And yet among dogs there are those, perchance, who, like unto certain "grown-ups," live in such meek expectancy of woe that they lack the moral energy to leap

aside when the heel of trouble grinds into their necks. So Sultan stayed on at Merrallieu, was trod upon, and suffered in forlorn passivity—a trembling watcher, waiting for some swift, predestined cataclysm.

He never barked, in the manner of other dogs, but had in its place a long-drawn, piteous wail, which he loosed in the stillest hours of night without apparent rime or reason; yet it had its cause. It was a curious note—a call, a dog-prayer, stealing away on the wings of darkness to the father of all dogs and men—a cry for liberty from an untaught heart that panted for the ways of peace. And the prayer was answered.

III

ONE morning the cur stole out through the open carriage-gate, attracted by a scent. Some huckster, on his homeward way, had dropped a fish, which now lay rotting on the hot, brown road, and Sultan reveled in a new-found joy; he sniffed it, rolled upon it, anointing his person with its delicate perfume.

So engrossed was he that he failed to mark the advent of one Finias Landrum, a colored gentleman possessing a stove-polish complexion and other attributes belonging to his race. Finias came upon the cur in stealth, and promptly stole him—not because he wanted the dog, yet it seemed a crying shame to leave a thing which Providence had pushed directly in his path. This, no doubt, was very wrong of Mr. Landrum; but he chanced to be a poor, unfortunate, benighted black on whom the beams of Northern enlightenment had not yet fallen. Otherwise he would never have stolen something—which was worthless.

At any rate, the negro tied a rope about his victim's neck and journeyed swiftly down the road, with many a sneaking, backward glance. Sultan was at first astonished—vastly so. He spread out all four legs and slid; but finding presently that walking was a process far less painful to his throat, he walked. This, in a measure, proved intelligence; yet what did it mean when the captor turned into a cross-road with quickened pace and the cur went trotting meekly after him on a slackened rope?

At length the two arrived at the Landrum residence, a crooked, disreputable shanty perched on the lip of a railroad cut. It had but a single room, wherein dwelt the senior thieves and three little black apprentices, together with a fowl or two and a one-eyed kitchen cat. The house was built of rough, uneven boards, being patched and roofed with sheets of rusted tin—sheets, no doubt, which Providence had pushed in the Landrums's path. In front the railroad ran in a sweeping curve; at the rear stretched fields of pale, unfruitful soil, with a distant line of shriveled trees and swampy vegetation. A God-forgotten spot, whereon in summer the sun poured down in roasting fury; where in winter the north winds shrieked across a stretch of stubble corn, and a weak-kneed calf would huddle for warmth against a wagon-tongue.

As for Sultan, the Landrums took away his majestic title, rechristened him Enus, and tied him with a piece of bale-wire to a corner of the pig-pen, where they fed him at uncertain intervals on viands which were shocking, even to a cur.

For a space the dog was most unhappy, sleeping by night on a bed of oozy muck, pining by day for the voices of the motherly little five and the rolling murmur of the muddy James. Besides, his nine square meals were reduced to one, a state which begets a sense of loneliness in any walk of life. At Merrallieu he had seemed to watch for brutal blows which never fell, and now he got them, a full, rich quota, and thrived on the raw barbarity.

A week went by. No longer was he tied with bale-wire to the pig-pen, but wandered at will within and without his negro master's shack; still cringing, but in a less degree than formerly; still meek, yet assuming a faint, sly dash of arrogance, fawning for favor, though wagging his body rather than his tail.

One day when the food supply was lean, and the cur-dog's begging was rewarded by a thrashing of unusual thoroughness, he ran away. Straight across field and swamp he went, as straight as the crow flies, till he came at last to the gates of Merrallieu. In

the dusty road he sat and looked across the undulating lawn to the stately mansion nestling among the trees. On the south wind floated the notes of childish song and the shrill, sweet chime of a baby's laugh. The roll of the river blended with the noise of cawing crows, and the tall oaks swayed and whispered to the listening pines. On the south wind, too, came the scent of nine square meals, but the suggestion was marred by the barking of Tootsy Tim and the clarion call of Mister Julia from the chicken-yard.

They pained him, these scents and voices of a yesterday—tugged at his hollow insides, and dragged at that pounding something which lives in the breast of every dog; yet Enus sat uncertain in the dusty road.

Anon he would cringe toward the gate; anon his ugly ears would cock and his keen gaze shift at the echoed rumble of a railroad train. From the depths of Merrallieu came the tinkling call of a dinner-bell, and Enus rose up and passed through the open gates. Boldly he went at first, compelled by an aching emptiness, yet losing courage at every step, till at last he paused, turned tail, and slunk away. In the road he paused again, looked backward for an instant more, then whined and plunged into the swamp.

IV

As straight as the crow flies Enus laid his course, swiftly, panting in the summer heat, till he came to the railroad cut and the home of his heart's desire. No more did he wander back to Merrallieu, but basked all day in the broiling sun, snapping at flies, or rolling upon the earth on common terms with the three black, greasy children who shared his sports.

One day Enus barked—actually barked! It startled him at first, this strange, new power which heretofore had belonged to other dogs. He barked at a train of freight-cars, resenting its clattering rush around the curve; then, marveling, he barked and barked till the red caboose had clattered out of sight.

Vain of a new accomplishment, the cur now waxed facetious, chasing the

pigs and the chickens, worrying at a toil-worn, spavined horse that hobbled about the fields and nipping his swollen hocks.

A young mule grazed at times in this selfsame field, but be it known that Enus never worried at these especial hocks; wherein he displayed an order of intelligence which smacked of a perfect understanding of nature's retaliatory laws.

However, the mule came seldom on the scene, and in no wise dimmed the cur dog's light of joy. So Enus dwelt in peace—in peace with his big black master, who beat him horribly from time to time—in peace with the three little unkempt mothers, who choked him in crude affection or pulled at his mangy tail. What matters an empty stomach if the heart be full?

In this world, praise God! there are rare, good men and women whose hearts go out to the dumb and unenlightened beast, and some of these may grieve, per-

chance, because of the nigger-dog; yet think! Where happiness is the first and foremost duty of mankind, there also lives a law for the lesser animal, and the cur-dog proved its truth. Where in Merrallieu poor Sultan cringed to the hand of gentleness, or in the darkness howled a prayer of yearning to the god of dogs, here now in the negro's filthy shack proud Enus came into his own.

Was the cur to blame for his downward path, when he might have climbed on a tortuous, hateful grade? Not so. As the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, so fell the cur-dog beneath that grim affliction of inheritance. The ghost-voice of a parent calling from afar to his son! A clamorous, compelling voice that dinned its message in plebeian ears!

Why pine at Merrallieu in groveling unrest when a dog may dance on the lip of a railroad cut and bark his hoarse defiance at a white man passing by?

THE BETROTHAL

SHE felt the beating of her heart,
And bent to hear the words he said,
Unconscious of the subtle art
That dyed her soft, round cheeks so red;
Then strove to check her answering smile,
and turned away her pretty head.

She long had guessed he loved her well.
Her happy dreaming held no fear.
But when he sought his love to tell
She drew aside and would not hear,
Because the sure but secret signs of love,
unplighted, were so dear.

Yet sometimes when her fancies stirred,
Like half-fledged birdlings in their nest,
She felt their wings spread as she heard
A babe coo on its mother's breast,
And, leaning out from what she knew, she
longed to hear and know the rest.

Thus listening, half in tender doubt
And half in deep and strange delight,
She felt the threads wind in and out
That bound their lives with potent might,
Yet dared not lift her drooping eyes, lest
she should meet his eager sight.

How long a time ere she could speak
One little word, so low, so shy!
Then sudden on her dimpled cheek
The tide of love rose full and high.
The first kiss lingered on her lips—the old
times were forever by.

Curtis May

THE QUEENS OF TO-MORROW

BY VANCE THOMPSON

PATIENT PRINCESSES WHO STAND IN THE WINGS OF "HIS MAJESTY'S THEATER," CONNING THEIR LINES AND WAITING FOR THE SUPREME MOMENT OF LIMELIGHT AND THE CENTER OF THE STAGE

ROYALTY'S place in the world is curious—one can hardly call it tragic. Canute, the king, sits on his throne; and the tide of democracy—a great, cold flood with tumultuous outriders of foam and noise—rises higher and always higher, covering over the gilt slippers and chilling the royal ankles; and the tide advances. Timid and wise, old Canute moves his throne back and hides it in a palace; and he says:

"Surely the tide will not rise so high as this—why, this is the palace of constitutional monarchy! Here, surely, I am safe! Daily I will show myself at the window; robed in purple and ermine, I will make the gestures of one who reigns. At stated hours a phonograph shall proclaim my love for the people. What else do you want? What more can I do? Leave me at least dry stockings and the purple and ermine; for, after all, I am really the king, don't you know?—Canute, son of Sweyn."

All this may be pathetic; it is not tragic.

Fortunately—or life would be very dull—there is always a part of humanity that rows desperately against the tide. It is its melancholy crab-destiny to go backward. And so to-day a little fragment of the social world is darkly and firmly loyal to Canute. The poor, poor king! (It is a fact in natural history that the crab is a sentimentalist!)

Round all the thrones the little cohort of the faithful stands, obstinate and beautiful in its loyalty—exquisite in decorum. It applauds the gestures which are of one who reigns. It sheds

tears when the phonograph—at stated hours—utters the kingly words, "I love my people!" It kisses majesty's large, white hand. But when majesty walks abroad—or rides out in a gilt coach, with postilions in amaranthine waistcoats—it stands at street-corners and cheers splendidly.

THE PAGEANTS OF THE COURTS

Fortunately, I say; for if all the world were sane and cold and democratic, life would indeed be dull. And for my part—though I lack the sweet, sentimental crustacean soul and shed no tears for Canute—I love the games and pageants of the courts. They are so prettily stage-managed. With such a glorious dignity majesty holds himself erect, throws out his huge chest, across which slants the blue or crimson ribbon of an order, extends toward loyal lips the big, white hand; and with such serenity majesty's queen poses in her rigid robes—white, cold, and impersonal; and then—this is the best part of the play—the old diplomatists, with stiff knees and supple spines, bowing low over their white-plumed, three-cornered hats; and the old generals, their monstrous floating bodies corded up in tunics, crimson or white; and the old duchesses in jade and silk and lace, with faces yellow and lean and virile, or with overfed faces, the cheeks laced with purple veins of Burgundy; and, above all, the young girls, timid and rosy and exquisite, exhibiting white and humble shoulders to our lord the king—oh, a charming play of hopes and ambitions and love! More than anything else,

love—for, mark you, there is a curious kind of love that goes out to royalty, something vague and hereditary—like the instincts of a dog—something sweet and

this performance is given in all the courts of Europe—at His Majesty's Theater.

Now and then a new actor appears in the title-rôle, and the "first night"



VICTORIA MARY, PRINCESS OF WALES

From a photograph by Downey, London

abasing, like the sentimentality of a crab. And in one and all of these folk—in the old diplomatists and the fat and shining generals, in the old duchesses cuirassed in jade, in the tremulous young girls—this dim and humble love for royalty stirs and glows. With occasional changes in the leading rôles

is a notable occasion. Year after year the understudies wait in the wings and one whispers to the other: "Do you expect to go on to-night? No? Well, patience, and study your part. Do you know your lines?" And softly to themselves they repeat, "We love our people."



MARIA THERESA, OF AUSTRIA-ESTE, WIFE OF
PRINCE LUDWIG, WHO IS SON OF PRINCE
LUITPOLD, THE PRESENT REGENT
OF BAVARIA

Would you care to visit His Majesty's Theater and—instead of crowding into the pit or exposing yourself in a box—loiter for a while in the wings, where the understudies wait, conning their lines and fitting on their gilt crowns?

Demure little princesses—old and young, but all patient—waiting for the supreme moment of the limelight and the center of the stage!

MADE IN GERMANY

Some time ago the world discovered that royalty—if it is to wear well—must be made in Germany. The market went away from Scotland long ago; and the French make of king has been found far too fragile for use in these strenuous days. So on every throne in western Europe you find a king of the good capable German kind. He may call himself Alfonso, or Carol, or Konstantinos—the names are mere local compliments; royalty is German. Even the Bernadottes, in far-away Sweden, have kept the throne only by submerging their French blood in the blood of ducal Germany. So, naturally enough, one's attention goes first to the great court, imperial and royal, of Berlin.

His Majesty Wilhelm II is young as monarchs go. He was born in 1859; he may reign for many a day. It is not to be supposed that the royal understudies, waiting in the wings, ever speculate as to the length of time they are to be kept without. They are free, of course, from all ignoble ambitions and the base passions that disturb ordinary humanity; that is what makes them royal. Yet the diplomatic stage-managers study the future. They are greatly concerned about his majesty's



MARIE GABRIELE, WIFE OF PRINCE RUPPRECHT
OF BAVARIA, WHO IS HEIR, IN THE SECOND
DEGREE, TO OTTO'S THRONE

From a photograph by Baumann, Munich

health. A little while ago the Kaiser had a sore throat, and the courtiers recalled, painfully, how his father had died at San Remo.

saw them romping on the Riviera two years ago witnessed as pretty an idyl as heart could wish.

She was the Princess Cecilia of



MARIA JOSEPHA, WIFE OF THE LATE ARCHDUKE OTTO, YOUNGER BROTHER OF FRANZ FERDINAND, THE HEIR APPARENT OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY—SINCE FRANZ FERDINAND HAD CONTRACTED A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE, MARIA JOSEPHA, UNTIL HER RECENT WIDOWHOOD, WAS EXPECTED SOME DAY TO ASSUME THE DUTIES OF EMPRESS

From a photograph by Fietner, Vienna

The crown prince—when he does come to the throne—will take with him the wild girl he courted in Florence. Their wooing was singularly open and candid. That is the German way. Those who

Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the daughter of that lawless grand duchess, Anastasia, whom the Czar exiled from Russian territory. Only the other day a family council was held in order to find some

way of keeping this turbulent royal lady in order. The Kaiser would not have her at the wedding. And from all this you may gather that the education of the crown princess was not conventional. She was a wild and joyous girl. But court life at Berlin is a monstrous ma-

Once the Kaiser and the Kaiserin had taken their places on the dais where the two thrones are, and the royal princesses and princes stood near them in a group. The presentations began—long, long files of loyal and utterly crustacean folk. Time went by, and the little crown prin-



SOPHIA, WIFE OF KONSTANTINOS, DUKE OF SPARTA,
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE

From a photograph by Bohringer, Athens

chine of formalism. The little princess, caught in the wheels, has been squeezed and pulled and polished into uniform propriety.

Now and then—they tell the story in Berlin—a little of the old unconventionality breaks through the new decorum. At all the court functions, it is forbidden for any one to sit down. Her Majesty the Empress Augusta Victoria is imperative on this point; and when, as happens now and again, one function succeeds another—the presentations are many and a court ball follows—the strain is anything but light.

cess fidgeted in her stiff robe. Her high-heeled slippers caused her such infinite discomfort that finally—in the house of Hohenzollern—she kicked them off under her long train and stood in stocking-feet. It was a *skandal* of which the *hofdames* of Berlin speak yet with bated breath and upgoing eyebrows.

The house of Austria is queenless. The Emperor Franz Josef represents all that is left of royalty in that strange Hapsburg family, and he is very, very old. The younger brood of archdukes has a kind of rebellious contempt for

the musty glory of the Hapsburgs. More than one of them has deserted his rank and hid himself in democracy. The heir apparent, Franz Ferdinand, showed that kind of anarchic courage in renouncing the throne to marry a pretty Countess Chotek of his choice. By a final arrangement it was determined that he should succeed to the throne, but that neither she nor her children should be taken into the royal family.

IN THE MORGANATIC TWILIGHT

Even when the old Kaiser dies and her husband mounts the oldest throne in Europe, she will still wait without in



MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, WIFE OF PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF, DUKE OF SCANIA, WHO WILL SOME DAY REIGN IN SWEDEN

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris



VICTORIA, WIFE OF PRINCE GUSTAF, THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm

the morganatic twilight—or slip timidly up royalty's back-staircase. It has been supposed that the duties and dignities of empress would some day be laid upon the Archduchess Maria Josepha, the wife of Prince Otto, the younger brother of the heir apparent, but the recent death of her husband alters her future. She has made ready to reign, an equivocal queen. Indeed, already she has held court. It is to her that presentations have been made—when some kindly ambassador has sent in an "application" on behalf of his pretty countrywomen. On these occasions the *débutante* is taken to the *grande maitresse de la cour*; then she is led up to royalty.

"Will your imperial highness deign graciously to accept the presentation of Miss Van-so-and-so, of New York?"

A deep and reverent courtesy; perhaps the archduchess speaks a gracious word—but does not give her hand to be kissed. Blushing and content, Miss Van-so-and-so backs away, kicking her



ALEXANDRINE, WIFE OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK

From a photograph by Henschkel, Schwerin

train with a pink slipper; and the make-believe empress, unsmiling, nods.

THE MERRY HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH

But of all the German courts the homeliest and most charming is that of Bavaria. They of the house of Wittelsbach are simple, merry folk, loving music and horses and babies and the other good things of life. Their blood is gay—with a tendency toward madness now and again. (Otto, the king, has long been insane.) The old regent, Luitpold, is a good-natured, dogged old man. It would do you good to hear his subjects talk of him, as he goes pottering about the streets of Munich, staring into the shop-windows. They are proud of him in every way.

The regent's son and successor is that Prince Ludwig who was born in 1845—one of eleven children. His wife, she who will come to the throne ere long—for Luitpold is very old—is Maria Theresa, archduchess of Austria-Este. Her life passes quietly in the homely court of Munich. The princess whom you see oftenest, driving in an open

landau or sitting in a box at the opera, while the music-mad prince, Ludwig Ferdinand, leads the orchestra, is the Bavarian Duchess Marie Gabriele. She is the bride whom the folk of Munich toast in huge glasses of beer. Six years ago she married Rupprecht, who is heir, in the second degree, to mad Otto's throne. And Munich loves her well—seeing in her all that is wifely, motherly, and royal.

There is no court so wholly delightful as that of Denmark. There is none easier to win a way to. The Danish rulers have always had a broad sense of hospitality. And any young man of good birth and tolerable fortune—as he makes the *grand tour*—may get himself presented. He may even find himself a guest at the royal table, for King Frederik keeps up the hospitable customs of his house.

The dinner is usually at six o'clock. A few moments earlier the princes—notably the Crown Prince Christian and his young wife Alexandrine—assemble in the little salon. The hour strikes; a lackey in red opens the fold-



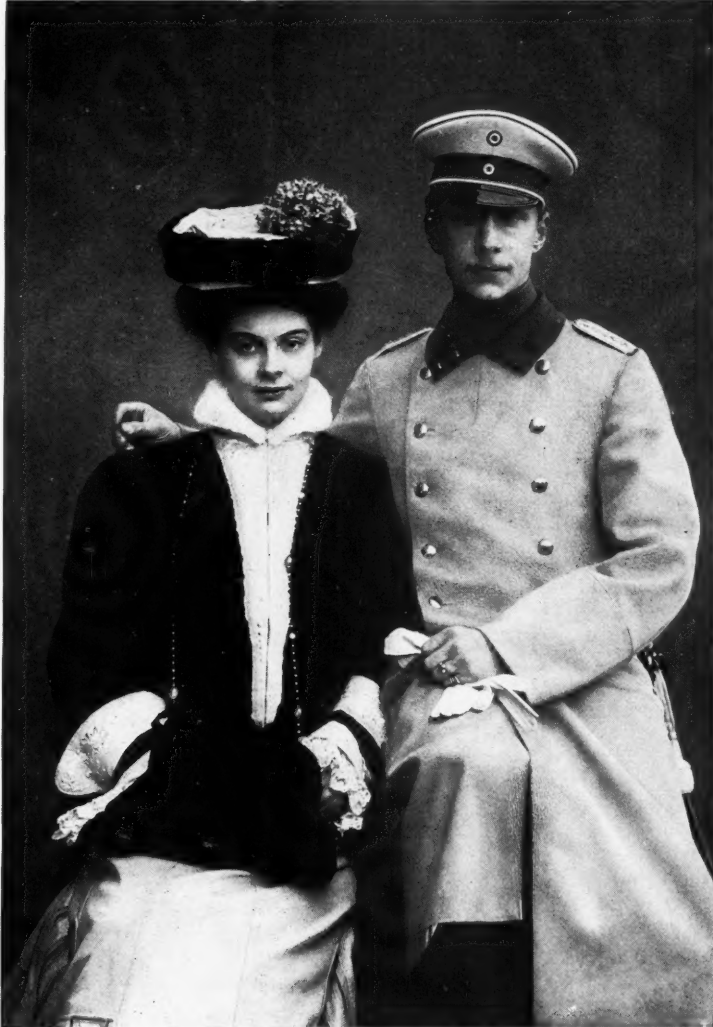
ELISABETH, WIFE OF PRINCE ALBERT, THE
BELGIAN HEIR PRESUMPTIVE

From a photograph by Guesquin, Biarritz

ing-doors and the new king and his Swedish queen, followed by the royal family, enter the great salon, where you—being a young man of good birth and

the women. The grand marshal points out to the guests their places at table. The *fourrier* announces dinner.

The king takes his seat at the head



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY

From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin

tolerable fortune—stand among the guests.

In a corner two officers of the guard make the military salute, touching their hirsute caps; the king motions them to uncover. Then the king speaks a word to the men, while the queen talks to

of the table, the queen on his right; opposite him is the grand marshal, with the two officers of the guard beside him. There are notable guests this evening—the Prince Aribert of Anhalt and Prince Jean d'Orléans, whose sister is married to the king's brother Waldemar; also

the young man of tolerable fortune. To them the king drinks a glass of champagne; they rise, bow, empty their glasses, and sit again. No water is drunk; indeed, it is a discourtesy to of-

preceded by the grand marshal, goes to the salon; there the guests file by him, and his majesty shakes hands and says, "Velbekommen!" The men go to the smoking-room. At nine o'clock tea is



MARIE, WIFE OF PRINCE FERDINAND, CROWN PRINCE OF RUMANIA

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest

fer the *carafe* to the lady at your side. The dinner is wholly French. During the entire service the *fourrier*, his cocked hat under his arm, trots round the table, supervising the lackeys. Behind the king stands his huntsman in dark green, hunting-knife in belt, spurs on his boots.

When the dinner is over, the king,

served in the queen's salon. Royalty and its guests sit at little tables and play cards. The stake is usually small: twenty-five *öres* a chip. At eleven o'clock a Danish supper—beer, soup, curds, rhubarb, jelly, sandwiches of raw meat, cheese. Quite simply royalty says good night and goes to bed; the young man of good birth and tolerable

fortune goes away—at the gates the palace guards salute. He has a clear memory of the crown prince—a tall, youngish man of powerful physique, wearing a uniform of captain of the guards. Prince Christian is handsome in his big, soldierly way—mustached, with close-clipped hair parted in the middle, steady eyes, a long nose, and long chin.

ALEXANDRINE OF DENMARK

The Danes are the politest people in the world—they and the Swedes. When Prince Christian brought home his young bride, in 1898, they welcomed him with immense enthusiasm. They did not know much about the little Duchess of Mecklenburg—Alexandrine, who was to be their queen; but she talked to them so prettily in Danish and said with so sincere an air, "I love the people," that the Danes immediately included her in their love for the royal family.

She was born on Christmas Eve, in the year 1879. It goes without saying that all princesses are beautiful—it is a consequence of being royal. The young man of good birth and tolerable fortune who sat at table with her cast many a side glance at "Denmark's joy." What he saw was thin, white shoulders rising from a lacy, yellowish bodice, a small brown head, and a droll little face, over which hovered a perpetual smile. The eyes she looked at her husband with were roguish and bright. This young woman has already provided an heir to the throne in the person of little Prince Christian Frederik; he is seven years old.

Over in Sweden the crown seems safely settled on the House of Bernadotte: the king has four sons, and the crown prince, Gustaf, has three. Court life is pretty, pompous, a trifle theatrical; you should see the old king—this descendant of Bernadotte, the soldier of fortune, and Désirée Clary, the shop-girl of Marseilles—open the session of parliament, the royal mantle on his shoulders, crown on head, scepter in hand, surrounded by his sons as royally clad. The crown prince, a cold, unpopular man, is supposed to be very conservative and a true believer in the "divine right of kings." It was his

high-handed administration of Norway that brought about, more than anything else, the secession.

His wife, the queen to be, is the Princess Victoria of Baden—on her mother's side a cousin of the German Emperor. At first the marriage was very popular in Sweden. The loyal Swedes saw in it a reunion with the ancient royal family which, in the person of Gustaf IV, was driven from Sweden in 1798. (The princess, in fact, descends from this unhappy king.) They welcomed her with such kindly names as the "Daughter of Vasa"—"Our Swedish Princess." But Princess Victoria did not live up to their historical fiction. She is, in mind and manners, all German; willingly enough she passes her time anywhere but in Sweden; her winters she spends in the south of Europe. Her Swedish title—until she reigns as Queen Victoria—is Duchess of Wermland.

MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT

However, the blithe Swedes have found another idol. Their affections—as they are a fond people—center in the young English princess, Margaret of Connaught, whose husband—Prince Gustaf Adolf, Duke of Scania—will come to the throne some day. Indeed, it is pleasant to know that the queens of the future who seem to have the surest hold on the love of their states are English princesses. The Princess Gustaf Adolf is wholly and charmingly English. Moreover, it is worthy of remark that these princesses, more than any others, have found a way of making love-matches. Even Princess Ena found a way of combining romance and royalty.

The dear little German princesses (from the time they emerge from the nursery they look motherly) are so weighed upon by the *hausgesetz* that they have lost all individuality. It is hard to tell one from the other. They are less human beings than mechanical dolls of royalty, making perfectly proper gestures and speaking in nice voices—"We love the people"—when a spring is pressed. The English princesses, on the other hand, have ways and wills of their own. Surely the

prettiest of them is Marie, Princess of Rumania. In fact, she is more than pretty; she is at once stately and beautiful—and very winsome. A daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—he who was once Duke of Edinburgh—she is King Edward's niece; through her mother, who was the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, she is a cousin of the Czar. She is only thirty to-day; at sixteen she was married to Ferdinand, crown prince of Rumania.

If you have ever taken an interest in the gossip of courts you remember this young man's adventure in love, which might have figured in comic opera. Prince Ferdinand is the nephew of King Carol I of Rumania. "Carmen Sylva," the sentimental and simple-hearted queen, had a maid of honor, Helena Vacaresco. They used to sit together in the twilight at a table which tipped and turned and rapped out messages. One night they were informed that their ghostly advisers had arranged a marriage between the maid of honor and the prince; and they wept with joy in each other's arms.

It was to be the pretty comic opera of "King Cophetua and the beggar-lass" all over again. Carol, the king, did not see it in that way; the naughty maid of honor, with her ghosts and her ambitions, was banished from court; the young prince was sent abroad. Penitent, perhaps love-sick, he went to Sigmaringen. It was there he met Marie of Edinburgh. Need I tell you how her beauty—Hanoverian, if not wholly English—and the grace of her sixteen years made him forget the exiled maid of honor? He married the white girl and took her to Bucharest, the city of white walls and red roofs and of sixty church-domes.

Princess Marie of Rumania—in these days when she does not reign—rides furiously in the Carpathian forests or sits on a little stool and paints landscapes. She is vivacious and gay; she loves to dance and sing. Sometimes she plays with her four children—the eldest, Prince Carol, is a notable lad of thirteen. Her summer house is the gilded and oriental chateau of Sinaia; in the winter she dwells in the great palace of Bucharest, which is somber in a

feudal German way—with tall chimneys and carved wood from Munich, grotesque gnomes and Teutonic gods; and in thoughtful moments she looks musingly at the royal crown of diamonds and rubies which once was the crown of Josephine, Empress of the French.

THE CROWN PRINCESSES OF BELGIUM AND OF GREECE

The future queens of Belgium and of Greece are German. In Belgium there is a slim, fair Bavarian duchess, Elisabeth, who will ascend the throne with her husband, Albert, the nephew of the present king. Six years ago she was married in Munich and brought to Brussels in state. The Belgians are very fond of this sweet-mannered princess. For a long time there has been little court life in the capital city—the old king is too busy with his speculations and his travels. When once again there is a "Queen of the Belgians" all this will be changed. The Princess Elisabeth is thirty years old; of her sons, the elder is Prince Leopold. Life for her goes by like a little stream of water, peaceful and clear. Once she said: "I am like happy nations—I have no history."

The house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg reigns in Greece—for not even the sons of the Palicares could do without a German overlord. That courageous warrior, Konstantinos, Duke of Sparta, is crown prince. He found a wife in the Prussian Princess Sophia, who was born in 1870. The royal marriage was celebrated according to the rites of the Greek Church—little princesses marry religions as well as thrones—in 1889, in Athens.

What should be the history of a Prussian princess?

Schooled into feminine docility, trained in the way of pomp, two duties lie before her: she must provide heirs for the throne and assure the people now and then that she loves them and has wholly forgotten that she is of another race. And the Duchess of Sparta has endowed Greece with a line of royal sons—Prince Geórgios at the head—and has long ceased to remember that she, too, is not a child of the Palicares.

After all, for the English-speaking

world there is only one princess. She bears the ancient title of Princess of Wales—a title which one good woman made honorable. Victoria Mary, Princess of Teck, was born in 1867, in Marlborough House. Her first betrothal was to the Duke of Clarence. Upon his death her hand was given to the new heir, who is to-day Prince of Wales. The wedding took place in the Chapel Royal, in 1893. A long line of little royal children has already come to her—Edward Albert, Albert Frederick, Victoria Alexandra, Henry, George, John; and they of the English court will tell you that she is a good wife and a good mother. Perhaps this hardly suffices to make her notable—in England there are many good wives and good mothers—but loyalty must have some basis for its enthusiasm.

The public life of the Princess of

Wales is related day by day in the loyal newspapers—minor function succeeds minor function, and she passes from charity ball to town hall and from hospital to *crèche*. It was her royal progress through India that gave her the strongest illusion of sovereignty. That was a journey of oriental magnificence. For three months the princely procession traversed the land—from city to city, from pageant to pageant. The barbaric East scattered millions of gold that They Who Are to Reign might feel all the fervor of black and brown and yellow loyalty. And everywhere the three hundred millions cheered royalty as it passed. And the Princess of Wales, amazed and happy, cried: "Oh, how wonderful it is! Quick, quick—give me my camera!"

And deftly, lovingly, she snapshotted Loyalty.

BALLADE OF THE GOLDEN FIELDS

THEY lay beneath the morning sky
 With opal dews bediamonded,
 As fair as ever mortal eye
 Beheld in Arcady outspread;
 Their fragrance was as attar shed
 In gardens where the roses creep—
 The hopes of Youth so fleetly fled—
 The golden fields we did not reap.

They stretched, what time the noon was high,
 And heavens were flawless overhead,
 And winds to low winds made reply,
 'Twixt hills where peace and plenty wed;
 They showed bright blossoms blue and red,
 And promised windrows dense and deep—
 Hale Manhood's dreams forever fled—
 The golden fields we did not reap.

They gleamed, while twilight hours slipped by,
 By pensive vesper music led,
 Faint-haloed by the sunset's dye,
 Touched by the first star's silver thread;
 Illusive as some shining shred
 Of spray upon a mountain steep—
 Old Age's visions vanished—
 The golden fields we did not reap.

ENVOY

Prince, we review them with a sigh
 As we draw nigh the bourn of Sleep,
 Each dear lost opportunity—
 The golden fields we did not reap.

Clinton Scollard

LIGHT VERSE

CHIVALROUS HUGH

"THE moon," I sighed, "is very fair to-night."

Hugh looked at me, his brows a trifle bent.

"You'd like the moon? I'll get it for you now!"

And off he went.

Sadly I sat me down upon the porch,
In solitude disconsolate, but soon
All breathless up the garden walk came
Hugh,
Toting the moon.

He handed it to me with ardent smile,
Saying: "I found it near the planet Mars.
Now, won't you let me go and get you,
please,
Handfuls of stars?"

Isn't that like a man? The silly things
Think that we value most the things they
do;
I do not like the moon one-half so much
As I like Hugh.

Elizabeth C. Webb

A SONG OF PANAMA

"CHUFF! chuff! chuff!" An' a moun-
tain-bluff

Is moved by the shovel's song;

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is
rough

A liftin' the landscape along!

We are ants upon a mountain, but we're
leavin' of our dent,

An' our teeth-marks bitin' scenery they will
show the way we went;

We're a liftin' half creation, an' we're
chargin' it around,

Just to suit our playful purpose when we're
diggin' in the ground.

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is
rough,

An' the way to the sea is long;

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' the engines puff
In tune to the shovel's song!

We're a shiftin' miles like inches, an' we
grab a forest here

Just to switch it over yonder so's to leave
an angle clear;

We're a pushin' leagues o' swamps aside
so's we can hurry by—

An' if we had to do it we would probably
switch the sky!

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, it's hard
enough

When you're changin' a job gone wrong;

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' there's no rebuff
To the shovel a singin' its song!

You hears it in the mornin' an' you hears
it late at night—

It's our battery keepin' action with support
o' dynamite;

Oh, you gets it for your dinner, an' the
scenery skips along—

In a movin' panorama to the chargin' shov-
el's song!

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' it grabs the
scruff

O' a hill an' boosts it along;

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is
rough,

But it gives to the shovel's song!

This is a fight that's fightin', an' the battle's
to the death;

There ain't no stoppin' here to rest or even
catch your breath;

You ain't no noble hero, an' you leave no
gallant name—

You're a fightin' Nature's army, an' it ain't
no easy game!

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is
rough,

An' the way to the end is long;

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' the engines puff
As we lift the landscape along!

Alfred Damon Runyon

LUCINDA

I THOUGHT Lucinda's little hand
The fairest one in all the land.

She knew it.

She let me hold it for a while,

And then she, with a knowing smile,

Withdrew it.

I thought Lucinda's shapely waist
Exactly suited to my taste.
She knew it.
But when I told her of this fact,
She would, with what I might call "tact,"
Pooh-pooh it.

I thought Lucinda's ruby lip
The sweetest place whereon to sip.
She knew it.
And yet—I don't know how she could—
She never, never, never would
Go through it.

Lucinda made me feel so bad—
In fact, she almost drove me mad.
She knew it.
I thought of life I would be rid!
I'd drown myself! Of course, I did
Not do it.

Harold Susman

DOLLY'S TEA-GOWN

DOLLY has a tea-gown,
Soft, and sweet, and blue.
Dolly says it's "simply dear"—
Tell you, I do, too!

I got out my check-book,
Nearly had a fit;
Dolly cooed: "Just thirty-two;
That's not much, is it?"

Dolly bought some slippers,
Frenchy, two-inch heel,
Pair of blue silk stockings,
Blue they made me feel.

All this new blue finery,
Very soft and nice,
Comes and nestles close, and I
Don't begrudge the price.

Irene du Vernet

A CHANGE OF SUBJECT

WE took an auto ride one day,
My lover bold and I,
And swiftly o'er the country roads
We joyfully did fly.

I'd no idea machines would let
One sentimental be—
You should have heard the things Tom said
Sub rosa then to me!

The air was sweet with country scents;
It was a glorious ride—
Then—miles from help, the motor stopped—
Some trouble underside.

I'd no idea machines would make
A man such passion feel,
But, oh, you should have heard the things
Tom said *sub automobile!*
Blanche Elizabeth Wade

HANDICAPPED

NEVER so sweet my love to me,
Never so kind is Fate,
As when, her trusting hands in mine,
My darling tries to skate.

Her lips are berries in the snow,
Her laughter music sweet;
The crackling courses echo far,
And winter winds repeat.

The frost has given her cheek a rose—
The wooing frost, and I;
And sunbeams of a far-off June
Are shining in her eye.

But never once she lifts her face,
Never a glance she throws—
"Look up," I plead. "I can't," she sighs;
"I have to watch my toes!"

Aloysius Coll

PHYLLIS OF BEACON STREET

WHEN Strephon first in Boston Phyl-
lis met
His heart on having her was straightway
set.
One glance beyond those lustrous specs
of hers
Was, as of old, the glance that deeply stirs,
And gives the soul that sudden twinge di-
vine,
Creating the resolve "She shall be mine!"
His suit progressed till one fair summer's
day
They wandered down a leafy forest way.
Green were the trees, and blue the skies
above,
And e'en the birds sang cheerily of love;
And then the lad proposed. She said—not
"yes"—
But, blushing deeply—"I—I acquiesce."

And then there dawned a day of purest joy—
'Twas bliss for Phyllis fair; bliss for the
boy.
New vistas opened on their path that day
Of happiness too great for words to say;
And Strephon found as Phyllis said, sedate,
"Tis fond affection makes the sphere gy-
rate."

John Kendrick Bangs

THE MORN OF THE MIGHTY TREMBLING

BY CATALINA PÁEZ

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

DOÑA DOMINGA passed out into the courtyard and stood among her flowers. The cloying fragrance of night-jasmine still lingered in the *patio*, for the morning was young, Doña Dominga being of those who arise while it is yet dark, to order the affairs of the household. Her husband and children still slept in the *galería* beyond, and even the *patio* drowsed. A scarlet-throated cardinal tilted sleepily upon the thorny limb of an acacia, beneath which Cariño, the white Angora, was curled up, a slumbering ball of fluff; Lorito sat napping upon his perch with the sleepy dignity of a green-waistcoated statesman; and a lame heron, uncertainly balanced upon one foot, dozed beside the fountain.

But Doña Dominga, like Aurora, brought awakening. The cardinal stretched his scarlet throat and burst into a matin song; Cariño unrolled, stretched, purred, and rubbed caressingly against Doña Dominga's beaded slippers; Lorito zigzagged down from his perch, proclaiming that he was a "royal parrot; for Spain, and not for Portugal"; the lame heron hopped painfully across the mosaic walk; and above, in the *alto*, a blind creaked on its hinges.

Doña Dominga started and looked up at a shuttered window, and for a moment the dawn's pink glow seemed reflected on her cheeks, its young light in her eyes. Then she turned her head away, and her face was once more pallid with the sallow heat-pallor of the tropics, and her eyes became once more the dull eyes of many sleepless nights beside little cradles, and many scalding tears over little graves.

She stooped and patted Cariño's silky fur, chirped to the cardinal and the lame heron, and lifted Lorito to her shoulder, where he gossiped gravely in his discordant monotone, while she brought water in a calabash and sprinkled her drooping garden. It was necessary for her to make many trips to and from the huge water-cask in the *corral*, for the parched flowers drank thirstily, and the fountain stood dry as the drought, the marble dolphins rising from its dusty bed with wide mouths appealingly agape toward an inexorable heaven which smiled blue and cloudless above them.

Doña Dominga looked up and out over the low, red roofs of stifling Carácas, vainly searching that blue and burning sky for token of rain. No sign of a cloud anywhere; only, slowly rising beyond the Silla, a great red sun, in whose rays all things dried and shriveled.

"God have mercy on the coffee crop!" murmured Doña Dominga, and her fingers caught at her rosary. She was a devout woman, renowned for her piety and virtue even in Carácas, where virtuous women are many.

And while Doña Dominga prayed the shutters were noiselessly slanted in the *alto* above, where lodged her husband's brother. For fifteen years he had dwelt apart from the family, in the little aerie he had persisted in erecting above the *comedor*, despite protests and entreaties from his brother.

"Only madmen and the Americans of the North roost in the air like condors," maintained Don Alejandro. "Here in Carácas, wise people reflect

upon the earth-tremblings, and keep close to Mother Earth. For my part, a one-story dwelling with three-foot walls of stout cement is good enough for me. Come, brother, keep to thy old room next the *sala*. The house is large enough for us all, even though I do bring home a wife."

But the younger brother shook his head and went on with his building.

"A fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in his neighbor's," he answered, smiling. "In the *alto* I can see, and hear, and be alone."

Whereupon Don Alejandro desisted from argument, but he often glanced dubiously at the little second-story room that rose behind the *patio*.

"May the Lord deliver us from *temblores*!" he said to his bride. "That *alto* would collapse like a house of cards! But turn not so white; the rest of the house is stout and strong, and has withstood many a trembler. Thou wilt be as safe here as under thy father's roof. Only that *loco*, my brother, need worry—but I fear thou art ill!"

"It is nothing," she answered faintly. "The heat, perhaps. I will lie down for a little. No, dear, I am better alone. And draw the Venetian lower, please. I like it better so."

But when he had left her she lay staring wide-eyed at the welcome darkness, her fingers tense about her rosary, while over and over she murmured:

"No tremblers, O God! Send Thou no tremblers!"

And so, for fifteen years the husband's brother lodged apart in the *alto*, and saw, and heard, and was alone. And for fifteen years he noiselessly slanted his shutters when Doña Dominga came out into the *patio*. But this was perceived by no one except the cardinal, tilting aloft on the spiky limb of an acacia. Now he swayed lightly upon his twig and twittered a little love-song to his lady-love, who hid among the fragrant orange puffballs below him.

II

DOÑA DOMINGA roused herself, and picking up her calabash, went on with her morning ministration, pruning dead leaves from a mimosa, reproping an orchid, and culling December roses for

the oratory. Presently María Juana clattered sleepily down the walk, requesting *reales* for the *lechero* who waited outside with his cow, and more *reales* for the *panadero*, who soon would appear with his bread-laden *burro*. And had Misia Dominga's dreams been pleasant? And might the blessings of Heaven attend her all day!

Then the children came running out to receive each a morning kiss and blessing, and Doña Dominga retied Anita's sash, and straightened Ricardo's collar, and wound a fresh bandage about Manuel Antonio's cut finger. In the midst of this Don Alejandro's voice arose from the *galería*, demanding information concerning his cuff-buttons, and why, in the name of many things, didn't his wife train her children to be quiet and her servants to bring him hot water, and was he going to get any coffee that morning, or wasn't he? Whereupon, in some miraculous fashion, Doña Dominga produced cuff-buttons, and quiet, and hot water—all on the instant—and sweetened her husband's coffee, if not his temper, while she watched María Juana apportion chocolate and rolls and guava jelly among the children.

Not until Don Alejandro had departed, fussing, for his ministry, and the children had been sent to their school, did she remember that she herself had eaten nothing. But the coffee had grown cold and the butter had turned to oil, and María Juana was afar, bargaining volubly with the *panadero*. Doña Dominga pushed away cup and plate and went back to her flowers. At the same instant her husband's brother came down his winding stairway and out into the *patio*.

She held out her hand with a smile, and he raised it to his lips, which he barely touched to the tips of her fingers.

"At your feet, *mi señora*," he said. "I trust that you have slept well."

"Very," she answered. "And you?"

"The same," he responded gravely.

Their voices betrayed as much emotion as a schoolboy chanting his catechism; their faces as much expression as the countenance of a French doll. He bowed once more above her hand.

"I have the honor to beg your orders, *mi señora*. Have you any commands?"

"Not any this morning," she told him. Whereupon he returned to his *alto*, while she faltered and turned away. Was it the fierce, hot sunshine that caused her to droop like her flowers, and drop the gourd from her shaking hands, and clutch at the beads of her rosary?

III

THUS had things gone for fifteen years with Doña Dominga and her husband's brother. Morning and evening for fifteen years she gave him her hand to kiss, and listened to his stereotyped greeting, which she acknowledged in phrases equally stereotyped. Morning and evening for fifteen years she sat beside him at the table and served his coffee, and mixed his salad, and helped him to *sancocho* and *frijoles*. Morning and evening for fifteen years she watched him go to and from his study in the *alto*. And that was all.

All! all! she told herself. All, except her children, and her church, and her duty. Once she had included "husband," but for many years now the "duty" clause had covered him and his shortcomings. "All!" she said, but failed to reckon in one mighty factor. Doña Dominga had overlooked remembrance. And like the slighted fairy in the legend, it retaliated by casting about her an evil spell; and the spell was created in its own image, so that Doña Dominga was haunted perpetually by remembrance.

For fifteen years she had wrestled with this shadow as Jacob wrestled with the angel, for to remember was sin, and Doña Dominga was a virtuous woman. And a virtuous woman is not supposed to worship her husband's brother.

It was dead, she many times persuaded herself, that brief, wild passion of her girlhood; dead and buried on the day of her marriage—a marriage arranged by her parents before she left the convent, as all proper and respectable marriages were arranged in the good old days when society was as yet uncorrupted by newfangled notions from the America of the North. At the convent it had seemed a very grand and splendid thing to have a ring and to embroider fine linen for one's trousseau instead of for the altar. It had been still

more grand and splendid to go home to a round of unaccustomed gaieties, to have one's hair go up and one's skirts go down, to be addressed as "*señorita*," and on Wednesdays and Sundays to sit in the *sala* between *mamá* and a courtly *caballero* who paid her many compliments and assured her of his undying devotion—through *mamá*, of course.

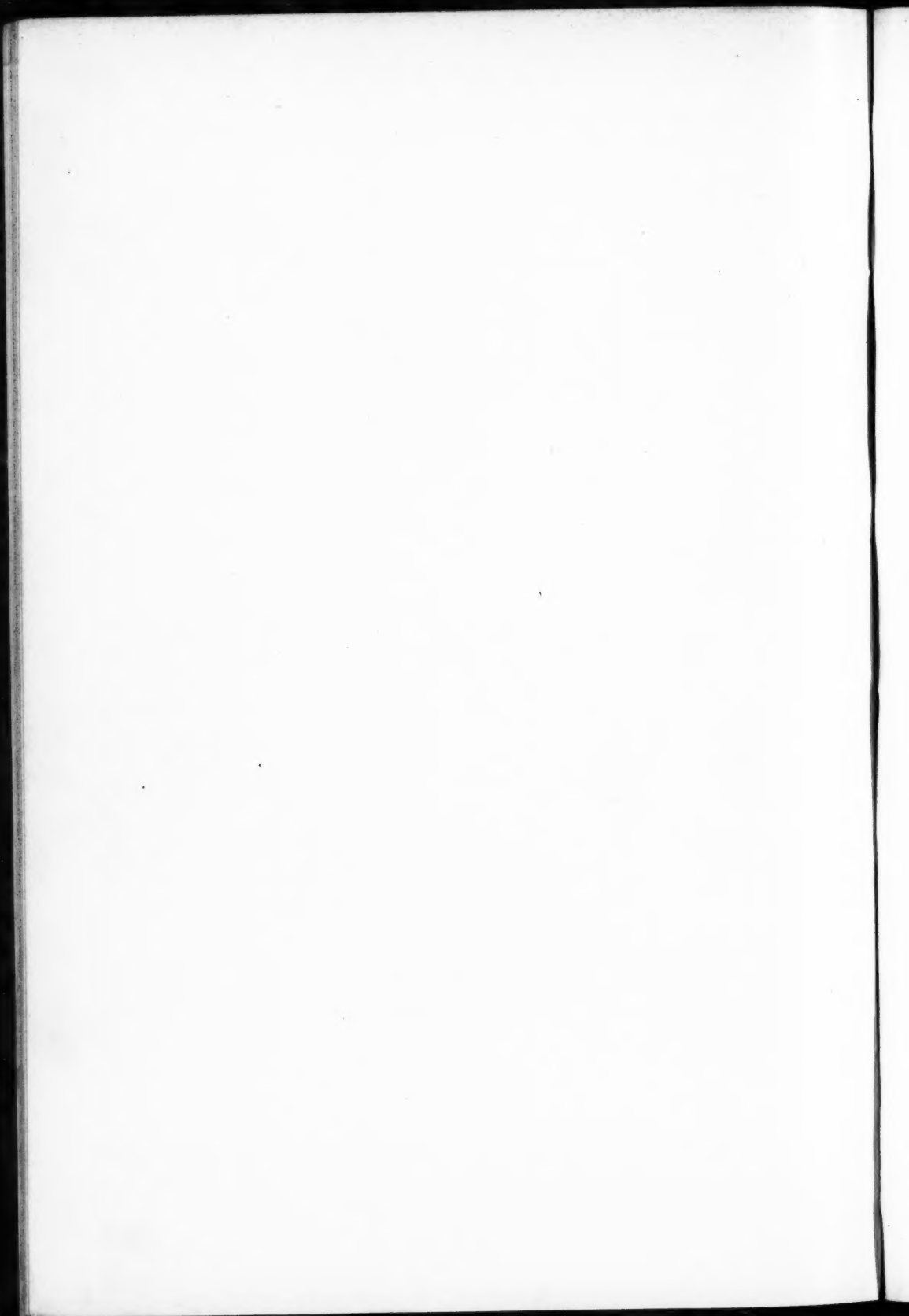
Then came the time when Alejandro was sent upon a mission into the interior. Three months he would be away, and on his return he was to claim his bride. In the meantime, but one thing worried him: his younger brother, a youth of eighteen, still at his studies, would be left alone with the servants in the big house their parents had bequeathed them. And what more natural than that Doña Elvira, Dominga's mother, should take the lonely youth under her maternal wing and adopt him into her own flock?

"In the class with our Paquito at the college," she said to her daughter, "and almost of the family, one might say, and thy father his *padrino* to boot. I shall offer him the house." Which she did accordingly, and he learned to come and go as one of the family.

With men, even with her fiancé—her *novio*—Dominga might not associate unchaperoned; but this was a boy, a mere child, and she a grown woman of sixteen years completed, and affianced to his brother in the bargain. What harm for them to chatter nonsense in the corridor, to pelt each other with roses in the *patio*, to dance *joropos* to the twanging of Paquito's guitar? And so these two young things passed days and weeks together, and learned to share their pleasures and their perplexities, their simple little joys and their foolish little sorrows. The weeks deepened into a month, and they learned to look each for the other's coming, and grieve each at the other's going, and their hearts beat and fluttered in a strange new way. Then she found herself starting and blushing, all over nothing, and sometimes she wanted to laugh, and sometimes she wanted to cry, without any particular reason; and he felt his blood turn to fire if her skirt brushed his chair, and when the wind blew a strand of her hair across his throat it was like a rope that strangled him.



THUS HAD THINGS GONE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WITH DOÑA DOMINGA
AND HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER



The months became two and three, and Doña Elvira—poor, blind woman!—never suspected the thing that had come to pass. Nor did they, in their innocence, realize what ailed them.

The climax came simply, as such things usually do. They sat together on the edge of the fountain, feeding cake to the goldfish. It was bright moonlight—the brilliant tropical moonlight that seems merely silvered sunshine; and the two were caught in its meshes as though in a magic seine. As she crumbled the last bit of cake and drew in her hand her fingers brushed his, resting upon the ledge. In an instant his hand had closed about hers with a grip that hurt her, and the next moment he had crushed her in his arms.

That night she sought her mother and knelt beside her, frightened and trembling.

"Mother," she whispered, "I cannot marry Alejandro. I do not love him."

Doña Elvira stroked her hair consolingly.

"Do not afflict thyself, *querida*," she said placidly. "Love will come, as it comes to all good wives. But first thou must marry Alejandro."

They said a pathetic little good-by beside the fountain on the eve of her marriage to Alejandro. It never occurred to either of them that there could be any other way, for he was loyal to his brother and she to her parents.

"Love will come," thought Dominga when they sent her to the altar. "Love will come now," she whispered weakly to her first baby. "Love *must* come to comfort me," she wailed above a tiny grave. Then, as the years went on, she prayed that she might learn to love her husband; then she prayed that she might not learn to hate him. And all these years her husband's brother came and went from his *alto*—silent, courteous, calm. Did he also reflect, she wondered, behind the veil which they had drawn between them? Was he also stalked by remembrance? In fifteen years there had been no rift in the veil; his quiet courtesy never wavered.

Was it, then, the fierce, hot sunshine that caused her to droop like her flowers, and drop the gourd from her shaking

hands, and clutch at the beads of her rosary?

IV

SHE leaned heavily against the hand-rail of the winding stairway, when suddenly it seemed to quiver. The ground shook beneath her feet, then heaved and undulated, and she felt herself hurled headlong. She heard distant church-bells toll in their shaken towers; she heard the marble dolphins crash into the fountain; she heard the rushing of many feet, the clamor of many voices; and then from above her she heard an ominous cracking. She struggled to her feet in a wild, unreasoning terror.

"My God!" she cried. "The *alto*!"

The ground still heaved and undulated, but she staggered to the winding stairway and reeled up the shaking steps toward the *alto*. She knew not why she was going, nor what she hoped to accomplish. *He* was there, that was all!—there in mortal danger, menaced by quivering walls and creaking timbers!"

"Like a house of cards," she repeated automatically. "'Collapse like a house of cards!'"

Half-way up she met him coming down. His face was white, but when he saw her he blanched to his lips.

"Dominga," he cried, "what are you doing here?" then caught her in his arms and ran with her down the quivering stairway, and drew her into the doorway of the oratory. "The beams of the doors and windows stand, even though all else fall," they tell you in Carácas.

There came another shock and a deafening detonation. The *alto* trembled, shivered, and toppled over into the *patio*.

Doña Dominga sank weakly against her companion. Her head drooped to his shoulder, and she broke into a wild sobbing. He drew her close within his arms, then suddenly rained hot kisses upon her lips.

"Though life must forever part us," he cried, "here in the valley of the shadow not even death shall take thee from me! Art thou afraid, *querida*?"

She twined her rosary about his neck.

"Nay," she answered, "I fear not, for thou art with me and I love thee—love thee!"

An ivory crucifix, torn from the wall, was hurled through space and shattered at her feet. Doña Domingo shuddered, and glanced at the quaking walls; they shivered, but stood firm.

Suddenly all grew calm and silent, The earth subsided, the roaring ceased, the houses rested steady.

"It is over," said the husband's brother.

The house-door opened, and in from the *patio* came the sound of wailing voices.

"*Mamáita!* Oh, *mamáita!* Come to us! We are frightened!"

Doña Dominga started, and passed her hand across her forehead. Her eyes wandered dreamily, half seeing, until they rested upon the face of the mourn-

ing Christ, which gazed up from the floor upon her. Then Doña Dominga pushed back her husband's brother.

"Yes," she said, "it is over."

His hand reached out appealingly, but it rested midway, caught in a something which hung from his neck, and his struggling fingers closed upon the pearls of her rosary.

"Amen!" said the husband's brother.

He bowed over her hand, with the old formal salute, "Your servant always, *mi señora.*"

With his hand on the door-knob, he stood aside, and Doña Dominga passed out into the courtyard and stood among her children. Then the husband's brother withdrew into the shadows, and the door closed between them.

THE SAND SWALLOWS OF MINNEAPOLIS

WHITE cliff and rolling river,
And over them only the sky;
Thus has the Master-giver
Housed them and let them fly.
Age upon eon follows,
Races and forests fall;
Still nest the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

I, that am young, a dreaming,
And you, that are centuries old,
Both know the swift wings gleaming—
I and Père Louis, the bold!
Fleeing the red foe's pyres,
Two hundred years ago,
Found he these soaring choirs
Where now wide cities grow.

Hail to ye, winged warders!
In your carven watch-towers high;
Be ye, perchance, recorders
Of that hero-world gone by?
Oh, for those storied pages,
Tales of my sword-won land,
That ye hold through the changing ages
In your caves of the snow-white sand.

White breast and brown wings swerving,
And under them ever the roar
Of brown Mississippi, curving
Adown his cliff-locked shore.
Bard after warrior follows,
Yet never to bard shall fall
The lore of the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

Chester Firkins

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

X—PITTSBURGH (*Continued*)

The Social and Business Life of the Pittsburghers—The Scanty Beginnings of Civic Improvement—From the Murk of the City to the Sunshine of the Suburbs—
The History of the City from the Time When It Was
"Shannopin's Town" Down to the Present Day

PITTSBURGH has about one hundred shirt-sleeve millionaires and a very few silk-hat ones. Without a single exception, the steel kings and coal barons of to-day were the barefooted boys of yesterday. In this respect no other city is as genuinely republican, as thoroughly American, as Pittsburgh. Its motto might be "From rags to riches"; and its name should be spelled —Pittsburgh. It is a region where even yet "all men are born free and equal"—where the ladder of opportunity has rungs that reach to the bottom. It is a land of money; but more, it is a land where the average man has received a squarer deal in the game of life than he would have got anywhere else—where the prizes are not bequeathed from strong fathers to feeble sons, but carried off by the "fittest" in each contest.

Pittsburghers have no pedigree. They want none. They are themselves a generation of ancestors. The few aristocratic landowning families are being bought out by the iron and steel men. No "gentlemen" emigrated to western Pennsylvania. From first to last, it was settled by plain, ordinary people, who had nothing to help them

except their own efforts. Among the earlier iron kings not one had a college education. Christopher Zug and Curtis G. Hussey—two stately figures—were the sons of poor farmers. Thomas M. Howe and Joshua Rhodes were grocery-boys. Aaron French and John J. Torley were child workers in iron-mills. There is not one conspicuous exception to this rule. The greater greatness of Greater Pittsburgh is in the fact that it has been created by the rank and file of the human race. It is the extraordinary achievement of ordinary men.

Until twenty years ago, the bulk of the Pittsburghers were Scottish-Irish, English, and Welsh. To-day there are in Pittsburgh and Allegheny about eighty thousand Germans, forty thousand Italians, fifty-five thousand Poles, thirty-five thousand Huns and Slavs, fifteen thousand Jews, two thousand Greeks, and two thousand Assyrians, besides a number of negroes. You may hear thirty languages on the streets. Out of every nine inhabitants, four are foreign-born. So it is a community with little national prejudice. If a man is efficient, it makes little difference whether or not he speaks broken English, or uses bad grammar, or wears

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town clothes and a soiled collar. Under such a smoke-cloud no one can be clean. In such a labyrinth of workshops no one can be a dandy. And among so many dialects every man sees the folly of claiming superiority for his own.

AN INCONSPICUOUS MILLIONAIRE

In Pittsburgh, all that is gold does not glitter. The thick-jawed workman who sits beside you in the street-car may be the chief of five thousand men. In business hours, at least, it is difficult to tell the average millionaire from his janitor. It is said that once upon a time one of these ordinary-looking Titans of industry entered a New York jewelry store. The clerks first ignored him, supposing him to be a rural sightseer. When he asked to see some silver plate he was turned over to a young salesman, who indifferently pointed out some of the cheapest goods.

"Show me your best," said the rough-looking old man.

The cynical clerk placed before him several pieces of the most artistic silverware that the hand of a silversmith can fashion, and then smote him with the price, expecting it to be a finishing blow. "This is twenty-seven hundred dollars," he said. "This is thirty-five hundred dollars, and that is five thousand dollars."

"I'll take them all," quietly said the unglowed, unshaven customer. "Now show me some larger pieces."

The clerk gasped, then deferentially brought to notice the finest treasures of the show-case. The old Pittsburgher added piece to piece, until his bill was sixty-five thousand dollars. Writing out a check for the full amount, he handed it, with his address, to the astonished salesman, walked out of the store, and—hailed a street-car.

"Is this check all right?" asked the clerk of the cashier.

"All right?" exclaimed the cashier. "Why, that's Lockhart, of Pittsburgh! His signature would be good in this store for fifty million dollars."

Still more recently, one of Pittsburgh's inconspicuous millionaires of steel was arrested at night outside his own door by a policeman who mistook him for a burglar. In spite of his

threats and protests, he was thrown into a cell with two common drunks and left unidentified until morning. Several of Pittsburgh's wealthiest men have not grown out of the frugal habits which they formed in previous days of poverty. Of one—a bank president—it is said that his usual meal at noon consists of a five-cent glass of beer and the cheese and pretzels of the free-lunch counter.

But in the last half dozen years Pittsburgh has become more than a workshop. It is now in process of growing into a real city, with homes instead of shelters, avenues instead of roads, and air instead of smoke. At present, enough of the old remains to contrast strikingly with the new. It is a city of heavens and hells, of green hills and smudgy valleys, magnificent parks and narrow alleys, resplendent palaces and grimy hovels. The business section, crammed and glutted with wealth, is still hedged in by slums where the struggle of trade is for pennies. For the student of social conditions, Pittsburgh is an impressive study in black and white.

IN DEFENSE OF SMOKE

The wealthy Pittsburgher has developed to the point where he demands every possible luxury for his home, but as yet he has no wish to spend his business hours in cleanly and beautiful surroundings. He is even somewhat boastful of the smoke.

"Smoke means business," he says complacently, taking a cinder out of his eye. Narrow, badly paved streets run in front of banks that are bursting with the wealth of kings. The millionaire Pittsburgher makes no protest. He does not even think of any as he splashes through the mud-holes. If his streets were ladders he would run up and down without a murmur. He is busy. As long as he is picking up millions, what matter if he finds them in the dirt?

Industrial and financial Pittsburgh has no trees, no parks, no statues, no fountains. Its only work of art is the superb stained-glass window in the main entrance of the Frick Building. In the arid yards of the furnaces and steel-mills there is no room for a blade of grass. And in the dingy laborer's cottages there are a hundred thousand be-

draggled women, fighting a desperate but hopeless battle against dirt and smoke. Truly, to paraphrase Kipling, if work and murk be the price of millions, Pittsburgh has paid it in full.

The city has always its pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. A yellow haze hangs over the region, as though reflecting the gold-making that is going on below. Floating rivers of dense black smoke flow from hundreds of chimneys and flood the streets between the sky-scrappers. At night the scene is one of lurid grandeur—a continuous fire festival. Looking from one of the cliffs that tower over the city, it seems as though a miniature sky, inverted, lay below, with here and there the blaze of a comet or the flash of a meteor.

Until 1898, Pittsburgh had practically no stock exchange. There was an idle group of a hundred brokers, who had paid a hundred dollars apiece for their seats. They had no building, and little business. Then the launching of three local stocks—a street-railway merger, Crucible Steel, and Westinghouse Air-Brake—boomed the sale of stocks up to two million six hundred and fourteen thousand shares a year. About the same number were sold in 1899, and in 1900 the sales were nearly doubled. In the notable year of 1901 the Steel Trust excitement sent the sales up to almost five and a half millions.

The stock exchange took in thirty new members, at ten thousand dollars apiece, and used the three hundred thousand dollars in the erection of a handsome building in the heart of the banking district. Strangely enough, it stands on the exact spot where the local branch of the United States Bank once stood, before it was struck by the lightning of Andrew Jackson's anger.

It is said that "shoemakers' children are worst shod," and this proverb may well be applied to Pittsburgh in the matter of iron and steel. For years after the sky-scraper age had begun in Chicago and New York, there were no high buildings breaking the sky-line in any part of western Pennsylvania. The Carnegie Building was the first tall steel-frame building in Pittsburgh. It was more than a nine days' wonder.

Every one regarded it with the keenest curiosity. Public opinion finally agreed that it was being erected as an advertisement of the Carnegie Steel Company—a freakish notion from the brain of the "flighty" little Scotsman. The steel for a thousand lake and ocean steamships was made in Pittsburgh; yet the boats upon its own rivers are of the old-fashioned, wooden, stern-wheel type—necessarily so, say the river men, because of the shallowness of the rivers. Pittsburgh stands ready to furnish to other cities floating docks of steel, but along its own water-front there are practically no docks at all—nothing but anchored barges of wood. In nothing but the one item of bridges is Pittsburgh more opulent in the uses of iron and steel than other cities of equal size.

PITTSBURGH AND THE RAILROADS

"The weakest link in Pittsburgh's greatness is the railroad," said Willis L. King, one of its steel millionaires. The Pennsylvania Railroad may be said to be its best friend and also its worst enemy. Pittsburgh can neither get along with it nor without it. For over fifty years—ever since the first engine that crawled across the Alleghenies was welcomed with joy—there has been a bitter war between the railroad corporation and the citizens.

When the Carnegie family traveled along, inch by inch, from New York to Pittsburgh, in 1848, it was a two weeks' journey, by way of Buffalo and Lake Erie. To-day it takes nine hours. Passengers fall asleep in the one city and awake in the other. But there has never been a time, either in the earlier or in the later days, when Pittsburgh was satisfied with its transportation facilities. It fought with the wagoners in 1820 until they cut the trip to Philadelphia from twenty-five to fifteen days. It hurraed for the canal that was finished in 1829, and soon afterward called it "the old State robber," and waged war on the officialdom that mismanaged it. And although the railroads have been spending money like water to satisfy the city's demands, they find themselves unable to silence the call for more cars and lower rates.

There is room in the Pittsburgh rail-

road yards for sixty thousand cars. There is a one-hundred-mile belt line around the manufacturing region. The tracks in the yards would reach from New York to Buffalo. Of passenger-trains, there are a thousand in and out of Pittsburgh every week-day. In the last six years four railroads have paid out in Pittsburgh, for all purposes, more than a quarter of a billion dollars. George Gould has lately spent twenty-five million dollars to give the district a competing line to the West, and is spending an equal amount for spurs and terminals. He is also about to give it a short line to the sea, making Baltimore its seaport. Yet the insatiable Pittsburghers cry for more. If they were makers of jewelry or watch-springs, the item of transportation would be insignificant. But as they are sellers of the heaviest and bulkiest of commodities, the question of cheap freightage is a "paramount issue."

THE PROBLEM OF WATERWAYS

At present the river traffic consists mainly of coal-barges. A single steamer has been known to guide fifty barges to New Orleans, every barge loaded with a thousand tons. For a boat of any size the Ohio River is not navigable up to Pittsburgh for more than one-fifth of the year. Consequently, two big waterway projects have recently been launched—a ship-canal north to Erie and the canalization of the Ohio River south to Cairo. The latter project has been taken in hand by Congress, and a Congressional committee has been escorted along the thousand-mile route by enthusiastic Pittsburghers, welcomed at every stop by the screeching of whistles and the cheering of swarthy workmen.

Pittsburgh has done little for itself in the improvement of its rivers. It has lacked the civic enterprise to do for the Ohio what Glasgow did for the Clyde. Within recent years it has not spent more than one dollar on its rivers for every one thousand five hundred dollars spent there by the nation. In such matters of social self-help it is still a novice.

But the city that has mastered the problem of production in so short a

time will not, in the end, be balked by the difficulty of transportation. By the time that the boys who are now in its public schools become citizens, Pittsburgh hopes to be sending its steel rails and beams and billets to San Francisco without unloading, by way of the Ohio River and the Panama Canal; and to the ports of Europe, by way of canal to Lake Erie. To-day almost every manufacturing site along the Ohio for a hundred miles below Pittsburgh has been secured, and it is probable that before twenty years have passed the river will be fenced with smoking workshops, with Pittsburgh at one end and Wheeling at the other. The era of steam-boating will begin again, with more than the glory of ante-bellum days.

THE PALACES IN THE SUBURBS

Suburban Pittsburgh—a region little known to outsiders—is a chaos of magnificence. Its mansions are veritable museums of all that is costly and unique. The art stores of New York, Paris, London, Vienna, and Berlin have been ransacked to furnish them. Many of the masterpieces of European artists hang on their walls. Liveried servitors, silent and automatic, wait for orders. All that money can buy is in the palaces of these men who, with scarcely an exception, were born and reared in the three-roomed cottages of the poor. Mr. Carnegie's phrase, "Triumphant Democracy," has a very definite and vivid meaning to those who drive from end to end of Highland Avenue or reconnoiter the aristocratic fastnesses of Sewickley.

Best of all, these palaces are also homes, with very few exceptions. These iron and steel barons married for love. Not one married a fortune. With Mr. Carnegie as the one exception, they married in the days of their poverty—when they had nothing to offer but ambition and affection. William E. Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and Julian Kennedy, Pittsburgh's most eminent engineer, both married schoolmates. H. C. Frick and Thomas M. Carnegie selected the daughters of iron-makers. Henry W. Oliver, who left over forty millions to his widow, married her in her father's house—a dingy little wooden cottage. A. R. Pea-

cock, J. G. A. Leishman, and W. L. Abbott were clerks when they were married; Homer J. Lindsay and Henry P. Bope were stenographers; F. T. F. Lovejoy and W. C. McCausland were bookkeepers; and A. R. Hunt was a roller.

Highest of all the Pittsburgh heavens is Sewickley Heights. Twelve miles down the Ohio River lies the select village of Sewickley, in which all vulgar street-cars are forbidden; and along the high slope behind it, looking as though they were the boxes of a vast opera-house, stands an array of stately homes. All are built after the fashion of baronial castles, with imposing entrances and winding roadways from gate to house. Fortunes have been spent in landscape gardening, some of the designs being "fearfully and wonderfully made." Hills have been hollowed into valleys, and valleys have been heaped into hills. Most of the owners of this smokeless, slumless Eden are steel millionaires. It was founded by the late B. F. Jones, who built, not only a mansion for himself, but also one apiece for his three daughters. To-day, among his neighbors are Mrs. Henry W. Oliver, W. H. Singer, Mr. Scaife, and Mr. Snyder—all owners of iron and steel fortunes.

THE EXCLUSIVE INNER CIRCLE

Pittsburgh has its exclusive inner circle which cannot be opened at once by a golden key. To enter it is not exactly a question of millions, nor of lineage. It is mainly a matter of social fitness, from the standpoint of those who have already attained the heights. On its roll are the names of the Painters, Nimicks, Howes, Joneses, and possibly a few others whose money was made in iron and steel in previous generations; but the names of the self-made steel kings of to-day are not written there. The latter meet together in Social Circle Number Two, and have the privilege of associating with the members of Number One only on semi-public occasions.

Three titled foreigners—two counts and an earl—have captured Pittsburgh heiresses and become the city's most distinguished social curios. Another ten-million-dollar heiress supplied it with

a romance last year by rejecting an Italian count and marrying a fortuneless lawyer who had been her sweetheart ever since their childhood days. The young heiress had been engaged to the count, but when arrangements were begun for the marriage he destroyed its poetry by demanding that all his debts be paid, and that he receive fifty thousand dollars cash down and an income of ten thousand dollars a year. The indignant young lady, being an energetic Pittsburgher, at once turned him adrift and selected a bridegroom who loved her for herself alone. The international marriage which has probably pleased Pittsburgh most was that of Sir George Howard Darwin, eldest son of Charles Darwin, to Miss Du Puy, whose father was a steel-maker of the pre-Carnegiean period.

INDUSTRY AND ART IN PITTSBURGH

In the matter of art and letters, Pittsburgh has little to offer. It is too young, too busy, too breathless. It buys books, but does not write them; pictures, but does not paint them; music, but does not compose it. Its appreciation of art and literature at present is mainly in the sense of ownership—nothing more. To expect Pittsburghers to be artistic is to expect too much. As well might we censure a locomotive because it cannot climb a tree. The Pittsburgh mind interprets everything in terms of tonnage and production. One of the steel kings, for instance, was recently talking of the weird light, like the Alpine glow, that is seen in the Pittsburgh sky at night.

"Yes, sir, it's fine," said he. "No artist can paint it. They have often tried, but they fail every time. Why, they don't even know the chemistry of it!"

Pittsburgh has had one great songwriter—Stephen C. Foster, author of "Old Folks at Home"—and one poet—Richard Realf. It has secured such eminent musicians as Victor Herbert, Emil Paur, and the late Frederic Archer. So far as education is concerned, it is the land of the public school. It has no great university, and no colleges except half a dozen small theological institutions. The average Pittsburgher has been self-taught and self-trained. He owes little or nothing

to the halls of learning. Mr. Carnegie has recently done his best to remedy this defect in technical training by building an immense group of schools which will cost ten millions at least, and "as much more as they need," he says, "to make them the best in the world."

POLITICAL PITTSBURGH

In the management of its public affairs, Pittsburgh has been a failure. The men of steel have been merely men of clay in the hands of the bosses. From richest to poorest, there has been little or no public spirit. Every one is for himself, and no one is for the city, with a few heroic exceptions. Two of the richest citizens died within the last few years and left not a dollar to the city in which they had accumulated from forty to fifty million dollars apiece. Of the twenty-five steel bridges that cross its rivers, the city owns four, and pays toll to go over the rest. Its street-car company, capitalized at eighty-four million dollars and earning a gross income of eight million dollars, grudgingly pays a tax of twenty thousand dollars a year on its cars. The company secured a charter good for a thousand years, and might have obtained it just as easily had it been drawn for all eternity. Half a billion flows into Pittsburgh's private purses every year, yet as a city it is fourteen million dollars in debt. Its workmen fill ten thousand freight-cars a day, yet it lives from hand to mouth, as though it were a settlement of South Sea Islanders.

To-day Pittsburgh is content, for two reasons: first, because political conditions are much better than formerly; and, second, because the philanthropy of a few individuals has provided some of those civic necessities which its public officials failed to supply. Mrs. Schenley has given a park; Henry Phipps has given conservatories; and Andrew Carnegie is lavishing twenty-five millions or more upon libraries, technical schools, an art gallery, and a museum. Twelve years ago there were poorer buildings, muddier streets, and blacker smoke-clouds. Forty years ago there was a boss whose custom it was to shoot, horsewhip, or blind with red

pepper any minions of the law who opposed him. Therefore, the boss rule of to-day seems to the average citizen to be gentle and enlightened compared with what his father endured.

But in many ways there is coming a Higher Pittsburgh, as well as a Greater. The hot-blast of good citizenship has never been as strong as it is to-day, and political life is slowly but surely being refined. The Chamber of Commerce is showing the value of team-play in civic matters. Moral standards are being raised. In short, Pittsburgh is ripe and ready for leadership along higher lines. Let the right man appear—a man of intellectual and spiritual force—and he will find a rank and file well worthy of his genius.

THE BEGINNINGS OF PITTSBURGH

Pittsburgh had a late start in the iron trade. The Lynn iron-workers were making pots, sickles, and fire-engines for a century before the Pittsburgh region was discovered. Céloron de Bienville was the first white man on the spot. In 1749 he took possession of the district in the name of the French king. To prove his claim, he nailed to a tree a sheet-iron plate bearing the royal *fleur-de-lis*.

"It is the most beautiful village I have seen," he writes—a description which will seem incredible to Pittsburghers. Where to-day the twelfth ward of the murky city stands there was then a cluster of Indian wigwams under the trees. "Shannopin's Town," as it was called, was noted among the Indians for its picturesque beauty. When Bienville found it, it was ruled by a vigorous old squaw named Aliquippa.

Four years afterward, a young officer in the British service—Adjutant George Washington—was sent to make investigations around Shannopin's Town. He was tactful enough to gain the friendship of Queen Aliquippa by presenting her with a bottle of whisky; but he had several hairbreadth escapes dodging the French and the hostile Indians. An old Scotch blacksmith, John Frazier, who had become popular among the Indians by mending their guns, took a fancy to the young adjutant and pulled him out of two or three scrapes.

No spot in America is richer in historic associations than the Pittsburgh region. It was here that Washington began his career. The first important action of the French and Indian War was fought at Pittsburgh, then known as Fort Duquesne. It was here, where now the blast-furnaces and rolling-mills are massed most thickly, that General Braddock was defeated in 1755. That battle first suggested to the mind of Washington the superiority of colonial troops over the wrongly drilled British regulars.

When visiting the Krupp iron and steel works in Germany—an immense plant that gives employment to forty-eight thousand men—the writer was shown a tiny wooden cabin, strangely located in the center of one of the great machine-shops. In this little house the original Krupp lived for years and ate the black bread of poverty, until his genius as a steel-maker was recognized and rewarded. It was his wish that the little cabin should be preserved, as a perpetual reminder of his early struggles. "May this memorial prevent us from despising small things and preserve us from vanity," he wrote above the door-post.

And Pittsburgh preserves a similar memento of its earlier days—the little blockhouse which was built as a refuge from the Indians. Overtopped by skyscrapers, girt about by street-car lines, and smudged by the smoke of a hundred furnaces and rolling-mills, the sturdy little fort remains to remind the city of its babyhood.

WHISKY FIRST BOOMED PITTSBURGH

It was not iron that first boomed Pittsburgh. It was whisky. For a generation after the British had driven out the French, Pittsburgh remained a frontier trading-post—nothing more. A little handful of Scottish and Irish settlers made a poor living by swapping liquor for furs with the Indians. There were three ironsmiths in the village—Thomas Wylie, who made edge-tools "of all kinds"; William Dunning, who turned out scythes and sickles, and George McGunnege, who proclaimed himself a maker of scalping-knives and tomahawks. It was noted for "all sorts of

wickedness." Even after it had grown large enough to have four lawyers it had no church and no preacher. "This place will never be very considerable," said a writer of that time.

Then came the Whisky Rebellion. Thousands of settlers in western Pennsylvania refused to pay the Federal tax of seven cents a gallon on whisky, defied the local authorities, raised a seven-star flag, and threatened secession. Whisky was at that time an article of universal use. It was often employed as money, a gallon being valued at a shilling. The tax, therefore, was regarded as an intolerable oppression, and for a time the "whisky boys" carried everything before them.

President Washington foresaw the danger to the Union. He called for thirteen thousand soldiers, got them, and rushed them to Pittsburgh. At once the rioters put away their guns, the leaders fled; and law and order won a bloodless victory.

When the army was disbanded many of the soldiers remained in Pittsburgh, and so transformed the village into a town. The rebellion had called general attention to Pittsburgh, the army had beaten a road across the mountains, and from this time the community began to grow and prosper.

If we may believe the fervid descriptions of its residents, it was still a place of beauty. "This is one of the most beautiful regions in the world," wrote H. M. Brackenridge, one of its lawyers. "It resembles the Vale of Cashmere—the Garden of Eden—or Paradise itself. Here there is the prospect of extensive hills and dales, whence the fragrant air brings odors of a thousand flowers and plants upon its balmy wings."

Two crystal springs bubbled up where the Frick Building now stands and rippled down through flowery fields to the river. A bower of green shrubs was built here, and on moonlit evenings the young people gathered to sing and dance and woo. There was no smoke, no steel, no sky-scraper, no billion-dollar trust.

But whatever its natural beauties may have been, Pittsburgh was by no means a paradise. It could scarcely be called a civilized community a century ago.

Only the most reckless and daring men in the colonies would venture so far into the perilous western wilderness. The town resembled a mining-camp much more than an organized settlement. Although the land had been bought from the Indians for ten thousand dollars and a barrel of whisky, there were still as many Indians as white men in the muddy streets.

Law was whatever the wrath of the citizens demanded. For mild offenses—laziness, cowardice, slander, and so forth—the offender was “hated out” of the town. For serious offenses—theft, wife-beating, or cheating at cards—he was fined, whipped, seated in the stocks, put in the pillory, branded, or deprived of his ears. Prisoners were jailed before trial, not after, as the jail was a small one-roomed lob cabin, often packed like a bait-can with negroes, Indians, and whites—men and women.

According to a savage custom, every Pittsburgher had the right to throw one stone at the face of the man who stood imprisoned in the pillory. One particularly obnoxious lawbreaker mentioned in the records of 1782 was whipped, exposed in the pillory, deprived of his right ear, and branded on the forehead.

THE SPORTS OF FORMER DAYS

The favorite outdoor sport was horse-racing; the favorite indoor game was billiards. The day of the races was a general festival. All work was stopped. Dozens of booths were built around the race-track. Indians and whites, parents and children, horses and dogs, were all alike in a passion of excitement. Between the races, old fiddlers rasped to groups of dancers, and sharpers played card tricks for the experience of newcomers. Dennis Loughy, the blind poet, was always to be heard hoarsely chanting his famous epic:

Come, jintlemen, jintlemen, all,
Gin'ral Sinclair shall raymimbered be;
For he lost thirteen thousand min all,
In the Western Tari-to-ree.

Such was the childhood of Pittsburgh. The first discovery of iron ore was recorded in 1780 by a surveyor named Colonel William Crawford, who was

burned at the stake two years later by the Indians of Sandusky. Coal was found in 1784, on top of the high cliff opposite the blockhouse. The mine-owner, who was also the miner, tied up the coal in rawhides, half a bushel in a package, rolled it down the cliff, and paddled it across the river in his canoe.

The first iron-makers had no machinery worthy of the name. The famous tilt-hammer, which was regarded as a wondrous labor-saving device, was so simple that the mind of a Siberian Koriak might have produced it. It was nothing more than a long-handled fifty-pound hammer balanced on a post in such a way that it teetered up and down with the movement of a water-wheel. A few enterprising ironmasters increased the weight of the hammer-head, and when at last a four-hundred-pound hammer was put in place, operated by a monster water-wheel, it was regarded as the eighth wonder of the world. If it were possible to restore to life the proud possessor of that “mighty” tilt-hammer, and to place him by the side of the huge hydraulic press in the Bethlehem armor-plate shop, which exerts a pressure of fourteen thousand tons, it would doubtless be impossible to convince him that he was once more upon the earth, and not upon some lordlier planet.

“Everybody drank whisky in those pioneer times,” says Father A. A. Lambing, one of Pittsburgh's historians. “There was better whisky then for thirty-five cents a gallon than you can buy now for five dollars. Many a time, when I was a boy, have I been sent to the grocery store to trade a hatful of eggs for a half gallon of whisky for the men in the iron-works.”

The hammerman, or “shingler,” was the king bee of the forge. When he was drunk, the others had to quit work, which caused endless quarreling. Squabbles and fist-fights were all in the day's work. Almost every improvement brought on a strike. When the hot blast was first used, the puddlers rebelled, claiming that it made the iron harder to work. When “squeezers” were invented, they tried to break the machinery. They balked at every step of progress made in the rolling-mill, and

mutinied constantly against the pioneer steel-makers.

Both masters and men were superstitious. For centuries the development of steel-making was blocked by the general belief that some magic fluid was necessary to the making of good steel. "The mystery lies in the liquor they quench it in," said Colonel William Byrd in 1732. Numerous quacks had pills and "salts" for sale, guaranteed to transform pig iron into the best Damascus steel. One of these "steel doctors" was loud in the recommendation of raw potatoes for the refinement of iron. Others added soot, or leather, or burned horse-hoof to the molten metal. Chemistry was unknown.

The highest wages and salaries paid in the early iron business would mean pauperism in the Pittsburgh of to-day. There is scarcely a newsboy in the Smoky City who does not make more money than the first furnacemen and forgemen of Virginia and Massachusetts. From twenty to forty cents was considered a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work" when James I was king. For a while, in Massachusetts, employers were prohibited by law from paying more than twenty-eight cents a day and board.

THE LOW WAGES OF THE PAST

The first working-man in America to get a dollar a day was John Marshall, of the iron-making town of Braintree, Massachusetts. He was probably the first wage-worker in the world to climb to such a height of earning-power. In the year 1700 he stood at the head of the laboring masses of all countries. Unaided by any organization, relying wholly upon the fact that he was the best mechanic in the county, Marshall compelled the employers of his day to compete for his services and pay him his price.

Most of the early ironmasters paid the lowest possible wages, and often grumbled bitterly because their men demanded anything more than a steady job. "I wish there were more iron-works in the country," said Colonel Spotswood, "for then the employers could consult as to how to manage their workmen, and reduce their wages to what is just and reasonable." The aver-

age iron-worker at this time received about forty cents a day, seldom paid in cash.

Richard Leader, who came from Ireland to manage the first Lynn iron-works, received five hundred dollars a year and a free house. Leader was the Schwab of the seventeenth century—a competent, forceful manager, but at that time the golden age of steel was not even a dream. Up to the year 1750, the highest wage paid by any ironmaster was eighty-four cents a day, which was the rate demanded by a highly skilled Cornish mason brought over to build a furnace. An average iron-works could be bought for about fifteen thousand dollars or less.

Baron Stiegel, the best-loved employer in Pennsylvania, paid his most expensive men two hundred dollars a year, with a free house and free firewood. To the Pittsburgh roller, who often earns two hundred dollars in three weeks, such an amount seems beggary; but at the time, it was thought to be ruinously large. All European iron-workers received less, so that it was cheaper to import pig iron than to make it.

When the Western States began to open up, ten years after the Revolution, wages rose. In the frontier towns there was a great demand for blacksmiths. Any laborer who knew iron from beeswax could set up a little shop of his own. One desperate ironmaster advertised that he would give twelve dollars a month, board, lodging, and whisky every day, to a furnaceman. The owner of a negro slave usually received eighty dollars a year for his labor.

In an old account-book of the Hanover furnace I find that James Down is charged with six dollars, "paid him to git married." To masters and men alike, a dollar was as big as a cart-wheel. Few talked of thousands—none of millions. Silver was hard to get, and gold was as rare as diamonds. Finance was on a copper basis, so far as the wage-workers were concerned. When copper money depreciated, in 1789, thousands of laborers were kept for weeks on the verge of starvation.

High wages and fabulous profits were

absolutely unknown, in the iron and steel trade, in any part of the world, until the Carnegie régime. It was Pittsburgh that led the way. Even David Thomas, after he had achieved fame as an able ironmaster, accepted the position of superintendent of the Crane Iron Works, at Catsauqua, Pennsylvania, in 1839, for a salary of less than twenty dollars a week. For every new furnace that he built and operated he received a raise of five dollars a week. The fear of dying rich was an unknown terror to the pioneer iron-makers of America. The masters, for the most part, were struggling with debt, and the laborers with raggedness and hunger.

In fact, while many of the early ironmasters were men of unusual force and ability, the American iron trade remained feeble and flickering until long after the Revolutionary War. The obstacles were too great to be overcome, even by such giants as Joseph Jenks, the Leonards, Governor Spotswood, John England, Baron Hasenclever, and Squire Faesch. Manufactured products made in America were not as popular as those made in England, and there was a general opinion, plainly shared by Jefferson, that America was to remain an agricultural country.

An encouragement to American manufactures was given by President Washington in the signing of the first tariff law, but it was ineffective. The first popular demand for American goods came in 1808, when it became known that the little republic had paid one hundred and thirty-eight million dollars in one year to European merchants and manufacturers. "What will become of a nation that cannot make its own socks?" asked the editors and the orators. "Why should all the knives and forks in the country come from Sheffield?" "Why should all the cloth come from Yorkshire?"

Prizes were offered for the best set of American buckhorn-handled knives. A "great industrial parade" was held at Baltimore. Soldiers were dressed in Virginian cloth. Stock companies were formed to build factories and forges. Henry Clay eloquently moved a resolution in the Legislature that every member of it be compelled to wear clothes

made in America—a suggestion that became law in Virginia, Ohio, Vermont, and North Carolina. This step was opposed by many public men, Clay being obliged to fight a duel because of his prominence in the movement.

The total capital invested in the iron business at that time was estimated at seventeen million dollars—a good beginning when we remember that the whole republic had a population barely equal to that now possessed by Pennsylvania. When Washington became President the annual output of iron was worth about half a million dollars only. Pennsylvania had become the leading iron-making State, with an equipment of fourteen small furnaces and thirty-four forges.

WHEN IRON-MAKING BEGAN

The iron-making of Pittsburgh began with a tragedy. A gay, fox-hunting Frenchman, named Peter Marmie, who had been the secretary of Lafayette, went into partnership with an Englishman named Turnbull and built the Alliance furnace—the first west of the Alleghenies. For five years they made iron; but Peter Marmie was not a business man. At the call of the bugle and the baying of the hounds he rushed off to the hunt and forgot his creditors. He had a short business career, and a merry one. The shock of bankruptcy deranged his mind. Before the furnace went out of blast, Marmie called his hounds around him, flung them one by one into its blazing depths, and then, with a wild halloo, sprang headlong after them.

The first furnace inside the town limits of Pittsburgh was built by a German, George Anshutz. It was a small furnace, and failed, partly for lack of ore, and partly because the "Whisky Boys" burned a thousand cords of wood belonging to Anshutz. Close after him came William Porter, Joseph McClurg, and Count de Beelen, an enterprising and capable French nobleman. Of these three, McClurg did the largest business, and won the distinction of having made the first iron-trade fortune in western Pennsylvania. Joseph McClurg was the first rich Pittsburgh iron-master—the forerunner of a thousand millionaires.

By 1810, Pittsburgh was the busiest town in the Ohio Valley. It was the center of western immigration and trade. Everything and everybody going west from Philadelphia went by way of Pittsburgh. During the seven summer months, its unpaved main street was thronged with motley caravans of pioneers.

A rushing business in canoes, skiffs, bateaux, arks, barges, and keel-boats was carried on at the water-front. None of these emigrant-boats ever came back. They were broken up at the journey's end to furnish doors and windows for the little log-cabin homes of the settlers. It was in Pittsburgh that the father and mother of Ulysses S. Grant bought the clumsy barge in which they floated down the Ohio River to Mount Pleasant.

When the war of 1812 broke out, Pittsburgh was the proud possessor of its first rolling-mill. It must be confessed that this mill rolled nothing but sheet iron, but it had "a most powerful seventy-horse-power engine, and a rolling-mill, tilt-hammer, and slitting-mill, all under the same roof," which made its proprietor, a Scottish-Irishman named Christopher Cowan, the foremost ironman in the county. About this time two Welshmen, the Lewis brothers, were coming across the ocean as stowaways. They made their way to Pittsburgh, and became the first rollers of bar iron in this country. A son of one of these men, who assisted his father in the rolling of the first bar, died in Pittsburgh only twenty-three years since—a striking evidence of our industrial youthfulness.

In the same year that the first bar of iron was rolled—1816—Pittsburgh was made a city. Not for nine years can the Smoky City celebrate its centennial. It began with a population of seven thousand, under the leadership of Mayor Ebenezer Denny, who had begun his business career, like Andrew Carnegie, as a messenger-boy. Its manufacturing business had risen to one million eight hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars a year. In all its shops there were over a thousand workmen, who averaged from eight to nine dollars a week. There had been no bankruptcy for three years, and the iron trade was booming.

One skilled steel-worker, Abner Updegraff, had actually made a penknife as good as any made in England—a feat which surprised and encouraged the young city. A few optimists went so far as to prophesy that the day would come when Pittsburgh would not be obliged to import iron from Great Britain and pay two hundred dollars a ton for it.

PITTSBURGH AS A PORT

Unknown to the rest of the world, Pittsburgh had even become a ship-building city. Several years afterward, a Pittsburgh ship, sailing into Genoa, was held up by the officer of the port. "What's this?" said he, glaring suspiciously at the ship's papers. "You say you come from Pittsburgh? There is no such port. Five hundred miles inland? Impossible! There is some deception! There is some piracy behind these papers!" A map was produced, and with the influence of the American consul, the officer of the port was at last convinced that there was something new under the American sun.

The new business of floating coal down the river in barges brought more trade to Pittsburgh, and gave many of its future magnates a chance to begin their careers. The coal-boat men were a jolly, adventurous crew, equally ready for a wreck or a dog-fight. Their wit was shown in the inscriptions on their boats, generally at the expense of the cooks. "Three precious souls and one cook," said one. "Beauty and the Beast; Beauty missed the boat, but the cook's aboard," said another. A third bore the comparison, which delighted the onlookers at the docks: "Capacity of boat one hundred and twenty tons; capacity of cook, two quarts."

As the shops and factories increased, Pittsburgh became more and more a city of wage-workers. Its working men, too, became noted for their spirit of sturdy independence. Mrs. Ann Royall, who visited the city in 1828, went so far in her admiration of them as to say: "The workmen of Pittsburgh are sober, polite, and gentlemanly. They are, as a body, the only gentlemen in the city. Their faces are as black as coal; but this disguise cannot conceal their noble mien and manly deportment."

In 1835, Samuel Pettigrew, the working men's candidate for mayor, was elected on the platform, "Two dollars a day and roast beef." In the same year, in a dingy, red-tiled cottage in the little Scottish village of Dunfermline, a tiny baby boy was born into the family of a poor weaver to whom "two dollars a day and roast beef" would have been a dream of affluence. But at that time the baby knew nothing about Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh knew nothing about the baby.

For sixty years Pittsburgh made iron. Then came steel. There was little or no steel made in Pittsburgh or in any other American city until 1861, when the Morrill tariff shut out the English steel and gave our steel-makers a start. The firm of Hussey, Wells & Co., of Pittsburgh, was the first to break down the prejudice that existed against American steel. Close on their heels came such men as Schoenberger, Spang, Chalfant, Singer, Nimick, Gregory, and Park. These were the "fathers" of the Pittsburgh steel business. They were men of the old school—simple, rugged, conservative; content with a progress that was slow and sure. Few of them made millions, and none grew rich quickly.

Most of these men disapproved of the new Bessemer process and of the Carnegie system of business. They were stunned by the speed—the machinery—the millions—the immense operations. Carnegie's giant furnaces and vast steel-mills overwhelmed their little old-fashioned shops. He—the reckless young

Scottish plunger—was borrowing every cent he could get and staking it all on steel. And while the "fathers" stood shaking their heads and prophesying disasters the Carnegian flood rose and submerged them. In the twinkling of an eye, so it seemed, their achievements became ancient history, and in the world of steel-makers all things were new.

Then, in 1901, came the Organization of Pittsburgh. The forming of the steel trust made it the most thoroughly organized and efficient industrial center in any country. In no other workshop of the human race is there so little of the waste and friction of competition, or so abundant and fluent a supply of capital. It is now fortified against industrial depressions. It has developed beyond the uncertainties of individual ownership. And the almost incredible story of its wealth is being carried to all quarters of the earth.

"It is the central place, and always will be," said H. C. Frick. "The steel trade will concentrate there more and more. It is my opinion that the whole organization of the United States Steel Corporation ought to be in Pittsburgh."

After a three months' study of Pittsburgh, I have found no sign of industrial decay. There is **no** lagging—no looking toward the past—no decrease in energy and improvements. Back of its iron and steel business there is the irresistible push of two billions of capital. And in its offices and mills are the veterans who still hold the steel-making championship of the world.

WINTER NIGHT

How beautiful the silent winter night!
 The Dipper of the stars brims in the north;
 Orion to his hunting, faring forth,
 Goes up the sky with belt of flaming light.
 The hills and valleys all with snow are white—
 Oh, white as though the soul of April kind
 Came back an angel on the wand'ring wind,
 And dropped a world-wide feather in its flight!
 Ah! long ago the glow of sunset fled;
 Yet does its splendor with the stars abide
 Immortal, though the shades are dark beneath;
 And long has summer's rosy self been dead,
 Yet does her glowing beauty, purified,
 Triumphant live in winter's world of death!

Edward Wilbur Mason

HENRY B. IRVING

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

A GREAT ACTOR'S SON WHO MAKES NO USE OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS PARENTAGE, BUT PREFERS TO BE JUDGED SOLELY ON HIS OWN MERITS—HIS VARIED CLAIMS TO POPULAR RECOGNITION

THE talented son of an illustrious sire. Saying this one does not quite say all that can be said of Henry Irving's eldest boy, now at the age when his father first began to hear the echoes of his voice in the halls of fame. For Henry B. Irving, now on his first American tour, has not only achieved much already, but possesses the temperament, the physique, and—yes, the levelness of head that promise much larger achievements in the future. For all the use he makes of his illustrious parentage, it might be supposed that he had walked on to the stage from the marts of trade. His printing reads "H. B.," and not "Henry B.," Irving, and he has felt poignantly the hurt of the impression, existing in some quarters, that he was using certain of his father's plays with the idea of instituting a comparison in the acting.

He never, as a matter of fact, appeared with Sir Henry, and he is using four dramas in his father's repertory simply as a matter of filial duty.

"These plays," he explained to me—"The Bells," "Louis the Eleventh," "Charles the First," and "The Lyons Mail"—by the terms of my father's will, must either be sold outright or kept in my repertory, and the estate is, I hope, best served by the plan I have adopted."

The mere fact that he decided to open in New York with Stephen Phillips's

"Paolo and Francesca," a new addition to his own list, should have been sufficient evidence that he was quite content to stand on his own feet.

Like many another player on either side of the Atlantic, it was young Irving's first intention to take up the law. His father was not at all anxious to have him become an actor. While at Oxford, however, he participated in the theatricals given by the students of New College, and was so successful that when he was graduated in 1891 he went to John Hare, at that time manager of the London Garrick, and sought a position in his company. Here, then, he made his first appearance on the professional stage, as *Lord Beaufoy* in Robertson's "School." Later, he was seen at the Comedy in "The Fool's Paradise," and played the name part in Robert Buchanan's "Dick Sheridan."

THE LURE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Between "The Fool's Paradise" and "Sheridan," however, he went back to his law studies, progressing so far as to be called to the bar; but the lure of the footlights once again ensnared him, and this time retained its hold. An American paper of the period contained this paragraph on his work:

Mr. Irving's son, H. B. Irving, has been making a success in London in the part of *Richard Sheridan*. It is said that, while young and inexperienced, there is a piquant

EDITOR'S NOTE—Previous articles in this series on players of prominence have been published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* as follows: Maude Adams, August, 1905; John Drew, February, 1906; Eleanor Robson, March; Mrs. Leslie Carter, May; Fritzi Scheff, June; Margaret Anglin, July; Blanche Bates, August; Maxine Elliott, September; Mary Mannering, October; Ethel Barrymore, November; Edward H. Sothorn, December.

charm in all he does. He is a rather handsome boy.

This charge of inexperience rankled in young Irving's mind. He saw no way to refute it by remaining in London, where long runs are the chief desideratum of the managers. Enticing as is the long run, for young actors there is no growth in it, so, after an experience as *De Valreas* in "Frou-Frou," young Irving turned his back on the West End and its slippered ease and enlisted in the Ben Greet organization, which traveled about the provinces presenting Shakespeare and other strong theatrical diet for which the capital does not evince so eager an appetite.

In this company young Irving played in "She Stoops to Conquer" and the Sheridan comedies, and even essayed *Hamlet*, and *Othello* to the *Iago* of his brother. Here, also, he met Dorothea Baird, destined to be London's first *Trilby* and to become Mrs. H. B. Irving, in 1896. This schooling in versatility fitted young Irving, before his return to London, to take a post under George Alexander at the St. James's, where he appeared as *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the young lover in "The Princess and the Butterfly," and the cynical villain *Loftus Roupell* in "The Tree of Knowledge." This last-named rôle first placed him among the known quantities in London stageland, and caused Charles Frohman to secure him for his company at the Duke of York's. Here he created the title part of the butler in "The Admirable Crichton" (played in New York afterward by William Gillette), and was the means of giving the play its three-hundred-night run over there.

IRVING'S APPEARANCE IN HAMLET

Following "The Admirable Crichton," Irving created the leading rôle in Pinero's "Letty," done in New York by William Faversham, and then broke away from the modern repertory, and at the Adelphi, on April 4, 1905, made his first appearance in the West End as *Hamlet*. He had never seen his father in the part, and in this connection one of the critics remarked:

It was touching to note, on Tuesday,

when "Harry" Irving made an unquestionable popular success as the *Prince* at the Adelphi, how, by his general appearance, by certain tones of the voice, by characteristically quick and hurried movements—particularly in moments of passion—and by some of his attitudes, and even details of business, he reminded some of the memorable *Hamlet* that caused one of the theatrical sensations of the seventies. The son may not possess the wonderful personal magnetism of the father, or his imaginative appreciation of all the poetry in this tragedy, but still there is sufficient family resemblance between the two assumptions of *Hamlet* to render a visit to the Adelphi imperative on all who cherish the memory of Henry Irving's delineation of the rôle.

Summing up, this same London reviewer declared:

Naturally falling short of his father's great study, Mr. H. B. Irving's *Hamlet* may nevertheless be ranked respectfully with most latter-day expositions of the part, the list, it may be recalled, including those of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Tree, and Wilson Barrett. Fechter's is too far back to be brought into comparison, and those of Barry Sullivan and Edwin Booth were more of the old school.

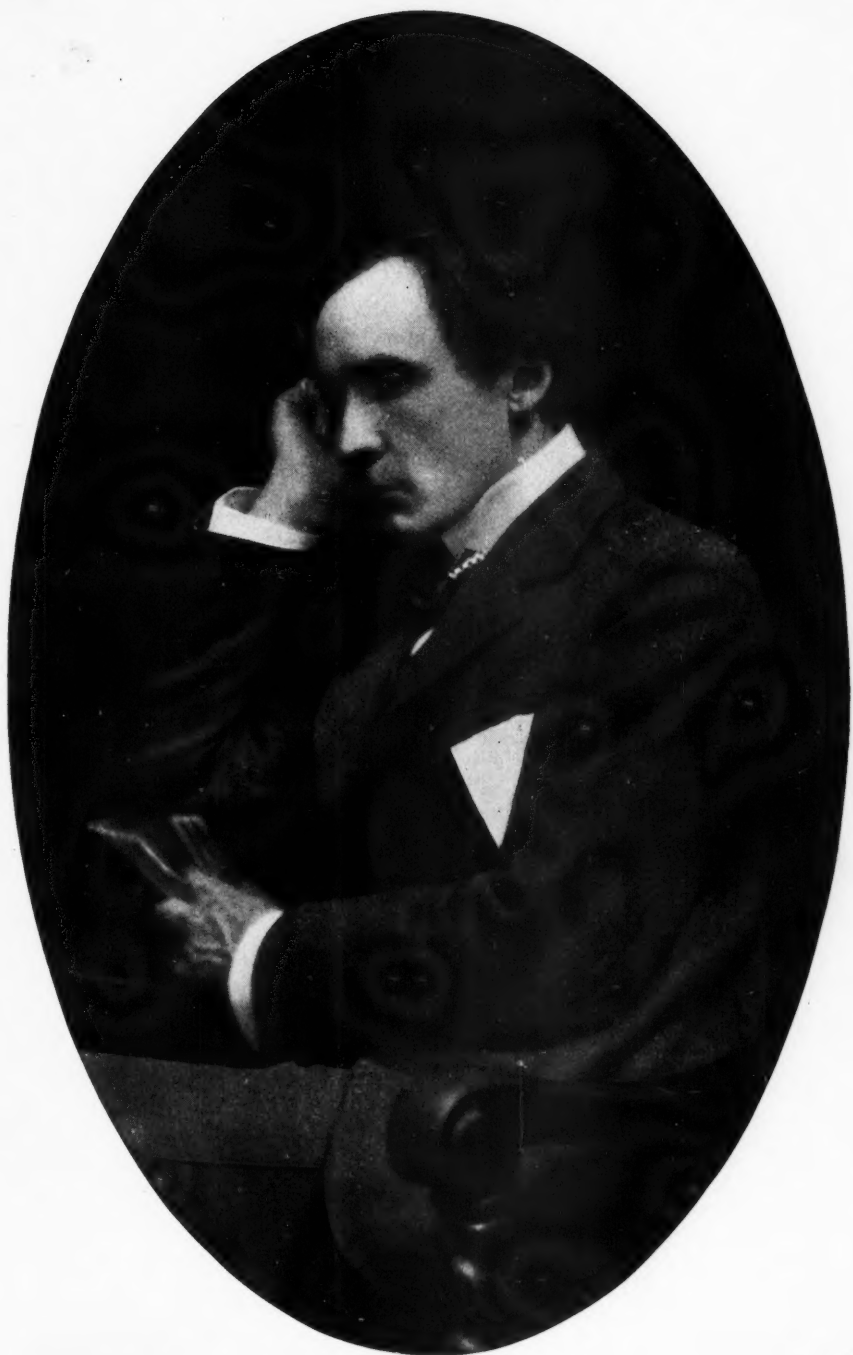
Another critic affirmed:

The new *Hamlet* is a most lovable person. An affectionate disposition turned awry by tragic events is the key-note of Mr. Irving's impersonation. Of all the celebrated *Hamlets* that the stage has ever seen—and the accounts of famous *Hamlets* are most exact—that of Mr. Irving is most calculated to impress by reason of this development on the part of the actor.

SHAKESPEARE FOR STAGE PURPOSES

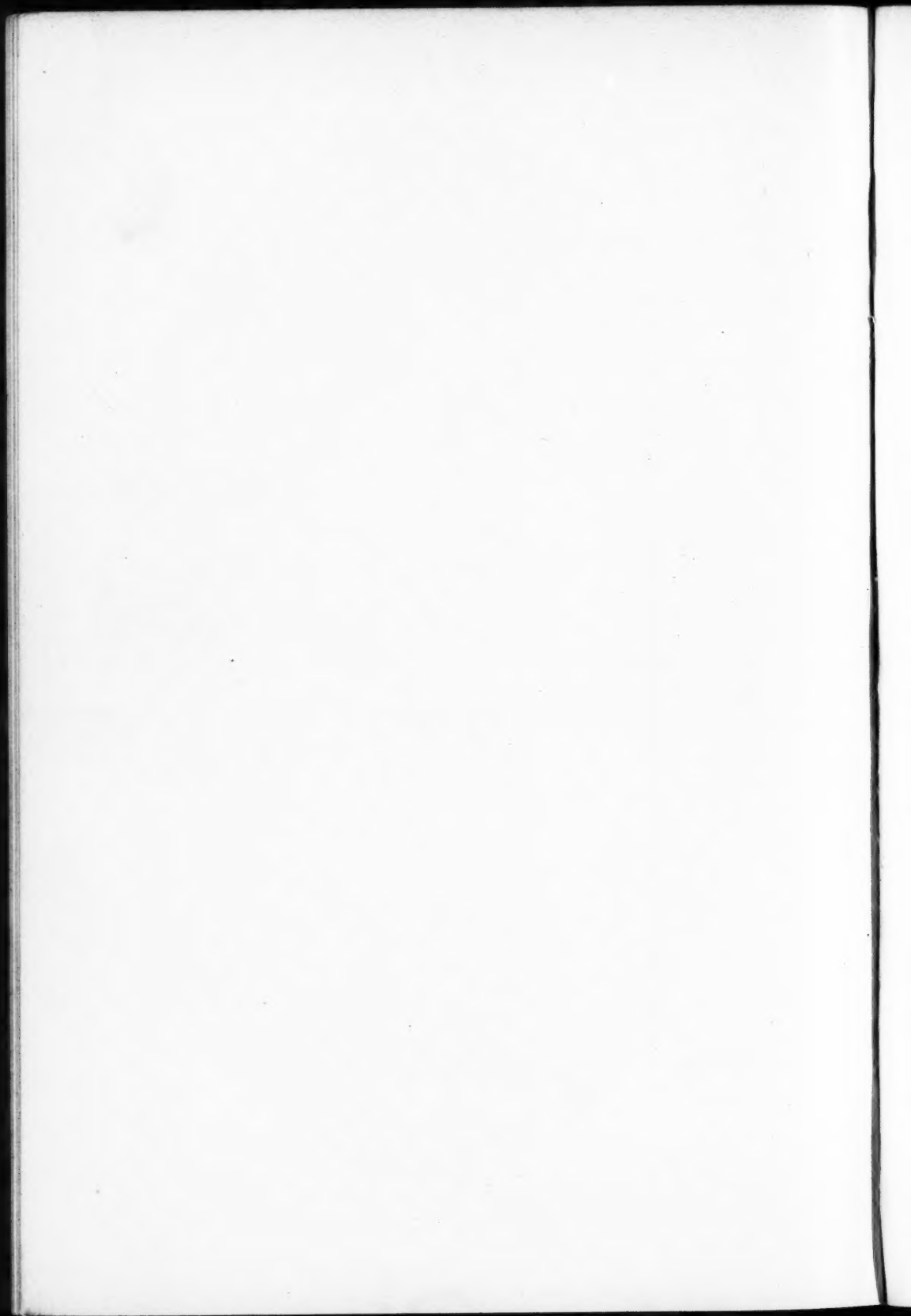
With regard to the popularity of Shakespeare for stage purposes, Mr. Irving expressed his views as follows:

"I think that it is advisable to use him in connection with other offerings of the legitimate order. The great trouble is in getting a cast capable of acting Shakespeare. The players of today are not less skilful than those of the past, but they have no chance either to learn how to interpret the master or to keep in practise after learning. The average man or woman who elects to follow a career behind the footlights usually has to live by it, and how many theaters out of the twenty-one in London's West End, think you, lean toward



HENRY B. IRVING

From his latest photograph by Hall, New York



anything but musical comedy or the long run? Just two, and those only at intervals; and we have no longer Ben Greet to fall back upon in the provinces, he having brought his company over to America."

Of young Mr. Irving (he is thirty-six) in "The Lyons Mail," a representative offering from Sir Henry's repertory, a leading New York reviewer observed:

There is no longer much room for reasonable doubt that he has inherited a considerable share of his father's fine acting instinct and ability—it is a little too soon to talk about genius yet—or that he is capable of great development. He is no mere copyist, although in voice, intonation, facial expression, attitude, and gesture he frequently offers a faithful, if somewhat faint, image of his sire. In the case of a personality so striking it is not surprising that the physical traits inherited from it should be clearly marked. But the intelligence of the younger man is as individual as it is bright.

IRVING'S VARIED INTERESTS

H. B. Irving has no mannerisms, and, off the stage, is utterly unaffected in his ways and apparently quite devoid of egotism. In fact, the only trace about him of the artistic temperament is a tendency, while he is talking, to rise, walk about the room for a moment or two, and then seat himself again. He has a strong bent toward literature, and is the author of several books. The

latest, a volume of essays, has just been published in London, under the title "Occasional Papers," all with a strong bearing on the drama, as may be gleaned from heads like "The Actor's Status," "Mr. Cibber's Apology," and "Our Old Actors."

Mr. Irving's mother is the daughter of Surgeon-General Daniel James O'Callaghan, of the Bengal army. For years she lived quietly in a little house in the heart of London with her two sons. The elder was called Henry Brodribb, after his father, Brodribb being the name to which Sir Henry was born. Irving was at first merely a *nom de théâtre*. The younger son, Laurence, has written a few plays, notably "Peter the Great," which his father produced in 1898. He is also an actor, being now with Gerald du Maurier as the burglar *Crawshaw* in "Raffles," at the London Comedy.

Dorothea Baird accompanies her husband as joint star on the American tour. She has made a distinct hit in the name part of "Mauricette," translated from the French by H. B. Irving himself. In the same piece, as *Dautran*, the profligate hero, Mr. Irving has scored heavily. The Irvings remain in America until spring, when it is quite possible that Mr. Irving will have a theater of his own in London, alternating after that between the West End and "the States."

AT ANCHOR

WE'RE anchored at last, my heart and I,
And rock at peace 'neath a star-lit sky.
Ah! never a thought of a danger past,
Nor ever a fear of careening mast,
Can mar our comfort as waves lap by,
For now we're anchored, my heart and I.

Oh, dark was the voyage, grim the blast,
And threat'ning the billows racing past!
Hope's star was quenched, Faith's compass lost,
Alone on a menacing sea we tossed,
While anon in the tempest Death drew nigh—
But now we're anchored, my heart and I.

The country of Love lies fast before;
What matters to us our broken oar?
The wreckage and wo of the voyage past,
Love's mariner comes to his own at last.
And so we pray as we quiet lie,
God keep us anchored, my heart and I.

Grace June Jones

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

THE Rev. Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission in New York, is found dead, and his friend, David Aldrich, is summoned to take charge of his personal affairs. From the dead man's private papers David discovers that Morton, to silence a blackmailing woman, Lillian Drew, has taken five thousand dollars from a charity fund, and that his death was probably suicide.

A revelation of Morton's weakness would be likely to undo his work in building St. Christopher's into a power for good, so David determines to keep the defalcation secret at any cost. He forces Lillian Drew to surrender a package of letters from Morton, and then frightens her into leaving the city. When Mr. Haddon, treasurer of the mission, finds that the five thousand dollars is missing, he shows suspicion of David. Helen Chambers, daughter of Alexander Chambers, a rich banker, is present. David loves her, but rather than disclose Morton's secret he declares that he himself took the money.

David passes four years in prison. After his release he rents a room near St. Christopher's. A visit to the mission enables him, unrecognized, to learn that his sacrifice has not been in vain so far as Morton's memory is concerned. By other means he discovers that Helen Chambers is still unmarried. He meets strange neighbors—drunken old Jimmy Morgan and his curiously keen daughter, Kate, who calls on David and worms out of him the fact that he has been in prison. She evidently thinks no less of him because of his supposed criminal career.

After many discouragements David secures a humble position in a small department store. Kate Morgan, in the meantime, reveals to him that she is herself a professional thief. She laughs at his avowals that he intends to live honestly, and even invites him to join her in a "job." She accepts his refusal as a well-meant but futile postponement of a necessary return to crime as the only means of supporting himself. Her sinister point of view seems the stronger when the department-store proprietor, learning that David has been in prison, discharges him. The discouraging search for work begins again.

One evening, returning from a walk, David surprises a young thief in his room. The youngster, whose name is Tom, was taking David's overcoat, with the intention of pawning it. Eliciting a confession of this purpose, David makes Tom guide him to a pawn-shop, where they secure a loan on the overcoat. They return to David's room laden with food, and enjoy the first square meal either of them has had in some time. David takes Tom in as a comrade.

Soon afterward David falls ill. Tom, who has promised to be honest, returns to the room one evening with the announcement that he has secured a job, and thereafter he keeps David supplied with comforts. But Tom has merely gone back to his stealing, and one afternoon he is caught trying to take a young woman's money near St. Christopher's Mission. The young woman, who proves to be Miss Chambers, listens to his plea that he has a sick brother dependent upon him, and forces him to take her to his home, where she recognizes, in the sick brother, David Aldrich, who awakes from a feverish sleep and whispers her name in wonderment at her presence.

IX (continued)

MISS CHAMBERS swallowed chokingly—then her voice came out. It strained at steadiness, yet it halted and quavered. "I came with a boy. He tried to steal my bag—and I caught him. He told me he had stolen

to keep a sick brother from starving. I came to see whether his story was true."

The explanation of her presence hardly reached his mind. There was only one thing, the dizzy impossible fact—she was before him! His body was chill, fire; his mind was chaos—joy and fear and the pangs of love.

* Copyright, 1906, by Leroy Scott, New York

The silence continued for several moments. "You have been sick long?" she asked.

He took control of himself by a supreme effort. "For two weeks. It's nothing—just the grippe."

"The boy told me for three months."

"That's just an invention of Tom's."

For a moment there was a touch of wondering doubt in her face—perhaps doubt as to who really was the inventor of the "three months" and of "the brother."

Again there was silence. "Is there anything at all that I can do for you?" she asked.

He shook his head. If there was one person before all others from whom he could not accept a service, that person was the woman he loved and who, beneath her courteous control, despised him, placed him without the pale of her kind.

He saw that she believed him guilty. He had always known she believed him so, yet he had not half foremeasured the pain the eye-knowledge of it would give him. He longed to tell her the truth, as he had often longed before, and as he often would again; but he dared not, for to tell one person was to endanger, perhaps destroy, all the good of his act. Besides, even if he were to tell, who would believe him? She? No. She would believe, as the rest of the world would believe, that his statement was a dastardly attempt to whiten himself by blackening the memory of his own friend, one of God's finest spirits.

She regarded him abstractedly for several minutes, as though her mind was searching far-away problems and far-away possibilities. Then her eyes wandered about the poor room. Her gaze returned to his thin, fevered face, and she came from her abstraction with a start. "You are certain I can do nothing?"

"Nothing," he said.

She rose. "I must be going. Pardon me for being insistent, but—" she hesitated, red with embarrassment, then forced herself to go on—"the boy said that—that you had—nothing. Are you sure I cannot do some little thing for you?"

At this moment David forgot that he was penniless—forgot that there was no work for him when he should leave his bed; that probably he could find none; remembered only how he loved this woman, and how low he was in her eyes.

"The boy was not telling the truth," he said. "We have plenty. There is nothing—thank you."

His wide, yearning eyes took in every one of her last motions and expressions. He did not know when, if ever, he would see her again.

There was a sharp knock at the door. She held out her hand to him. He was not expecting this, but he laid his wasted hand tremblingly within it.

"Good-by," she said.

Impulsively his soul reached out for some shred of her regard. "I'm trying to live honest now!" he burst out, in subdued agony.

She regarded him an instant. "I'm glad of it," she said quietly—but there was no ring of belief in her words.

The sharp knock sounded once more.

"Good-by," she repeated.

"Good-by," he said in a dry whisper.

She turned toward the door, his love-hungry eyes gathering in the last of her. Yes, he was utterly beyond the pale.

X

BEFORE Miss Chambers's hand reached the knob, the door gently opened, pushing her to one side. Kate Morgan's head slipped cautiously in, and was followed at once by the rest of her body when she saw that David was awake. "I didn't hear an answer, so I thought you must be sleeping," she said. "I looked in to see if I couldn't do something."

The same instant her eyes fell upon Helen Chambers. "Oh!" she said sharply, and her glance, as quick as a snapshot camera, took in every detail of Helen's appearance, and, besides, read her character and her approximate position in the world. "I thought you were alone," she said to David.

"Miss Chambers was just going," he returned. He heavily introduced the two. Kate acknowledged the introduction with a little bow and a "pleased to meet you," and turned upon David a rapid, suspicious look, which demanded,

"How do you come to know a woman of this kind?"

"As Mr. Aldrich said, I was just going," Miss Chambers remarked, reaching again for the door-knob. "So I wish you good afternoon."

Had David's wits been about him, he would have seen the flash of sudden purpose in Kate's face. "Is there nothing I can do?" she asked quickly.

"Nothing," he returned.

She looked toward Miss Chambers, her manner hesitant, with a touch of humility—the manner of one who is presuming greatly and knows she is presumptuous. Had David been observant at this instant, he would have understood a thing he had often wondered over—how this aggressive little personality could hold positions where servility was the first requisite. "I was just going out, too," she said with a little appealing smile. "If you don't mind, I'll—I'll walk with you."

Miss Chambers could not do other than acquiesce, and Kate hurried out of the room with, "I'll put on my hat and meet you in the hall in just a second."

Miss Chambers looked again upon David, and again he felt, beneath her perfect courtesy, an infinite sorrowful disdain. "Good-by once more," she said; and the next instant the door had closed upon her.

David gazed at the door in wide-eyed stupor—and gazed—and gazed. He had hardly moved, when, half an hour later, a knock at his door was followed at once by the entrance of Kate Morgan. The humble bearing of her exit was gone. She was her usual sharp, free-and-easy self, and she had a keen little air of success.

"That Miss Chambers is one of the swells, ain't she?" she asked, dropping into the chair and crossing her knees.

David admitted that she was.

"I sized her up that way the first second. I walked with her to a church-looking place, and told her a lot about myself—a maid, out of work and looking for a job, you know." She gave David a sly wink. "She didn't say much herself, and didn't seem to hear all I said. She's got some kind of a club, and said perhaps later I might care to join. And she promised to see

if some of her friends didn't need a maid." Her keen little smile of triumph returned, and she added softly, "Jobs in swell houses ain't so easy to pick up."

"See here!" said David sharply, "are you planning a trick on one of Miss Chambers's friends?"

Instantly her face was guileless. "Oh, she'll forget all about me," she said easily. "But see here yourself! How do you happen to know a woman of her sort? She told me how Tom brought her up here"—she smiled at memory of the story—"but you must have known her before?"

David had foreseen the question, and his wits had made ready an answer—for to bare to Kate's inquisitive mind the truth of his one-time friendship with Miss Chambers, this for a score of reasons he could not do. "She's one of these philanthropic women. She's interested in all sorts of queer people. I'm one of them. She's tried to reform me."

If Kate discredited his explanation, she did not show her suspicion. She went on to question him about Miss Chambers and his acquaintance with her, and it strained his invention to return plausible answers. He prayed that she would go, or stop; and when Tom crept fearfully in a few minutes later, his arms full of bundles, the boy's appearance was as an answer to his prayer. She turned upon Tom and began quizzing and joking him about his recent adventure; but the boy, hardly answering her, kept his eyes fixed in guilty apprehension upon David.

Presently, to the relief of David, but not of Tom, she went out. Tom stared at David from near the window where he had stood all the while, pulsing with fear of the upbraiding, and perhaps something worse, that he knew was coming. David looked back at him through narrow eyes that twitched at their corners.

"Tom," he said, with a queer choking of the voice, "you lied to me about the job."

"Yes," the boy returned in a whisper.

"And you lied to me about Miss Morgan lending you money?"

"Yes."

"And you've been stealing all this time."

"Yes. But——"

David's thin right hand stretched across the flowered comforter. Tom came forward in slow wonderment and took it. David's other arm slipped about his shoulders and drew Tom down upon the bed.

"It was wrong; but, boy, what a heart you've got!" he said huskily.

A tremor ran through Tom's body, as though sobs were coming. Then the body stiffened, as though sobs were being fought down.

"Is dat all you're goin' to say?" asked a gruff, wondering whisper.

David's arm tightened. "What a heart you've got!"

The thin body quivered again, and again stiffened. But the eruption was not to be controlled. Sharp sobs exploded, then by a tense effort were subdued. Tom struggled up, and David saw a scowling face, tightly clenched against the emotion that makes you lose caste to show. The boy's look was a defiant declaration of his manhood.

Suddenly another sob broke forth. His emotion was out—his manhood gone. He turned abruptly. "A-a-ha, hell, pard!" he whispered fiercely, tremulously, then snatched his hat and rushed out.

All the rest of the afternoon, and all during the time Tom, who slipped back a little later, was shamefacedly busy with the dinner, and all during the evening, David thought only of—Helen Chambers. He was dizzily weak; collapse had quickly followed the climactic excitement of speaking to her.

Her visit had brought him no hope, no encouragement; if anything, an even blacker despair. Before, he had only guessed how thoroughly she must despise him—her disdain had been but a vague quantity in his imagination. Now her scorn had been before his own eyes. And he had seen its wideness, its deepness, even though the merest trifle of it showed upon the surface of her courtesy. A warm spring, though amid the serenity of overhanging leaves and of an embracing flower-set lawn, is full token of vast molten depths beneath the earth's controlled face. He did not feel resentful

toward her. Knowing only what she knew, she could not regard him other than she did.

Twice he had caught a look of doubt upon her face—once when he had spoken of his three-months' illness as being an invention of Tom's, and again when he had declared to her that he was trying to live honestly. The looks now recurred to him. They puzzled him. He strained long at their meaning; and then it entered him like a plunging knife, and he gasped with the sudden pain.

She believed that the invention was *his*, that his honesty was a lie, that he was the master of Tom's thefts!

XI

THAT night Tom confessed that he had privately saved a few dollars from his money; and from the Morgans' flat he brought David's overcoat and several of the other articles they had pawned. David's conscience demanded that the savings should not be used, and he wondered what right they had to their own property, redeemed with stolen money. But need conquered ethics. A day or two later the landlady demanded her rent, giving choice between payment and the street; the money went to her. Hunger pressed them; the redeemed articles began to return one by one to the pawnshop.

In a few days the grippe left David, and though still weak, he began to creep about the streets, looking for work. He believed success impossible—and immediately success came.

The great stores were enlisting armies of temporary employees for the holiday season, and as at this time there are not enough first-class men and women to fill the ranks, they were accepting the second-class and the third and the tenth, examining no one closely. David heard of this chance, and, quailing at heart and expecting nothing, joined the line of applicants at one of the department stores.

"What experience?" demanded the superintendent when David reached his desk.

"None," said David.

The superintendent glanced him over and saw that his face was good.

"Work for nine a week?"

"Yes."

He scratched on a slip of paper and handed it to David.

"Start in at once in the check-room."

David reeled away from the desk. That evening he and Tom celebrated the advent of the impossible by eating twenty cents' worth of food, and his excited hope, fearful, daring, kept sleep from his eyes all night. He knew he was only a temporary man, but his hope reasoned that if he gave exceptional satisfaction he might be retained after the great post-Christmas discharge. If retained permanently, he might work his way up in the store; and if he could remain only a few months at least, he would then be able to say, when seeking a new place and asked for his record: "I worked last for Sumner & Co. I refer you to them." His hope told him that this position might prove the foothold he sought.

Toward the end of his fourth day here a woman for whom he had just laid upon the counter several packages she had checked two or three hours before declared that a small parcel containing gloves was missing. Weary and exasperated from her day among the jostling shoppers, she berated David in a loud, angry voice. He suggested that possibly she had not checked the parcel, that she might have checked it in some other store, that perhaps she had ordered it delivered and had forgotten it, that possibly she had dropped it.

Nothing of the kind! She knew what she'd done with it! They'd been careless and given it to some other woman!

David, still very courteous, suggested that possibly it had been picked up and taken to the lost-and-found desk. She might inquire there.

She would not! She had left it here! She had been robbed!

She was departing ragefully, but David followed her, and by using his best persuasion, secured her grudging consent to wait till he himself should inquire at the lost-and-found desk. A few minutes later he returned with the package. She could say nothing more, for on the wrapper was the stamp of the desk and the hour the parcel had been turned in. She made a curt apology—it came hard, but still it was an apology—and went out.

David had his reward. The head of his department, attracted by the woman's angry voice, had drawn near and looked on unseen. He now came forward. "That was well done, Aldrich," he said. "I couldn't have handled her better myself."

David grew warm. Yes, this place might prove his foothold!

A similar thought came to one of the other four men in the check-room. This man, a regular employee, had recently been reprovved several times for negligence and discourtesy, and he knew that his hold on his place was precarious. The fear now struck him that at the great discharge he might be sent away and this new man Aldrich be kept.

His wits set to work. He now remembered that David had evaded questions about his past. Perhaps in it there was something that would change his chief's opinion. That night he followed David, warmed by his strengthened hope, from the store, and made inquiries in David's tenement. Just a poor man who had been having a hard time—this was all he could learn. He hung around the tenement, and presently David came down and walked away. He followed. After several blocks David stopped before St. Christopher's Mission and gazed across the street at it. The shadowing man wondered. Then the thought sprang up that in there they might know something about this man Aldrich.

He entered.

The next morning David was summoned to the superintendent's office. He was still aglow from the commendation of yesterday. But the superintendent's face struck him cold. "Are you the David Aldrich who stole five thousand dollars from St. Christopher's Mission?" the superintendent asked quietly.

For a minute David could not speak. His foothold—lost! Again the abyss.

"I am," he said. But here was a man different from the former employer who had discharged him. Here a plea might be effective. "I am," he repeated. And then he went on desperately: "But whatever I may have done, I'm honest now. If a man does you a wrong and is sorry do you not forgive him? I have done a wrong. I am sorry, too. I do not ask forgiveness. All I ask is a

chance—any sort of a chance. A chance to earn my living! A chance to remain honest!"

"I have not acted hastily," the superintendent returned. "I have called up the mission and confirmed a report I had from another source. I know your whole story. Your pay is in the envelope. That is all."

David went out, dizzily falling, falling, falling into depths he felt were hopeless. And as he fell, in the sickened swirl of his mind one sudden thought stood forth, sharp, ironic: It was St. Christopher's that had pushed him from his foothold, that had sent him plunging back into the abyss!

Once more began the search for work. But now fewer men were needed; there was time to question. He tramped on and on, looking always for a man who would not question, and always he was rebuffed—his clothes growing shabbier and shabbier, his shoes growing thinner, his little money wasting away—footsore, heartsore, gripped by despair.

During these black days he saw little of Tom. David did not want to talk, did not want to box, there were no meals; so the boy came home only to sleep. David was certain Tom was stealing again, but he had not the heart to speak a single reproving word. One can hardly seek to convert a thief to honesty when starvation is the only inducement to be offered for reform.

Since Helen Chambers's call David had now and then had a faint hope that he might in some way hear from her. But no word came. He understood. She scorned him for the deed of four years ago. She believed he was now regularly practising theft, and was directing the thefts and lies of a boy. Her sympathy, her instinct to aid, might impel her to establish friendly relations with a repentant thief, but never with such a thief as she considered him.

On his recovery David had resumed his Wednesday evening visits to his accustomed doorway near St. Christopher's. One night he saw that which poured a new agony into the cup he had thought already overbrimming. When Miss Chambers stepped from the mission a man he had never before seen was beside her—a tall man, of maturity and

dignity. With the instant instinct of the lover he recognized here another lover, and he read in a smiling glance which she turned up as they passed the doorway that this man had her admiration and her confidence.

The next morning—the night had held the cup constantly to his lips—he went to the Astor Library and secured a copy of the *Social Register*. The man's name, as it had come to him across the darkness in Miss Chambers's low, resonant voice, was Allen. There were several Allens in the *Register*, but only one that could possibly be the Allen he had seen the night before. The *Register's* data and deductions therefrom informed David that Mr. Allen was forty, a member of half a dozen clubs, a man of wealth and social standing, and a lawyer of notable achievement.

Just the sort of husband Miss Chambers deserved! David closed the book and crept out.

The evening of the day before he found work in the department store, Kate Morgan had told him that she had just secured a new place. "Did you get it through Miss Chambers?" he had suspiciously demanded.

"No," she had answered, smiling defiantly. At parting she had said with sharp decision, standing at his door: "You've had enough of the honest life. You're going to be with me on this job. Set that down." Without giving him a chance to reply, she had stepped out and quickly closed the door.

He did not see her again till the middle of December, when, one Sunday evening, she knocked, walked in, and promptly sent Tom on an errand.

"I can only stay for two minutes," she said quickly. "This is supposed to be my Sunday off, but one of the maids is sick, so instead of a day I get an hour and a half. Say, it's certainly a swell house. The family is just a man and his mother. Just them two in a house big enough for a town—and think of the way we rub ribs down here! They've got carloads of silver, all of it solid; and the old lady has simply got barrels of jewelry. They're going to have a big blowout on Christmas, so none of the servants get a holiday then. But almost all of them are going to get New

Year's Eve and New Year's Day out. The house will be almost empty New Year's Eve. That's when we'll clean it up."

"You seem to have no doubt that I shall join you," David said dryly.

"None at all!" she answered promptly.

"Well, I certainly shall not."

"You may think you'll not," she returned, undisturbed. "But you will. Anybody but a fool would have come to his senses long ago. You've found you can't get a job. You've got to live. It's steal or starve. Of course, you're going to be in."

"I shall not!" David returned doggedly.

XII

THE days of the second half of the month moved slowly by. David continued walking the streets, occasionally daring to ask for work. His clothes were now so worn and shapeless as of themselves to insure the refusal of any place but that of a laborer. A laborer's place he possibly could have found—for a laborer's character is not questioned, since usually there is opportunity for him to steal no more than the value of a pick and shovel, and the wages left behind would more than cover the loss; but for a laborer's work he had not a laborer's strength. His money was all gone, and everything was in the pawnshop except his overcoat, from which he hardly dared part at this season.

He was forced down—down; finally to those low services by which the dregs of the city's population keep a decrepit life within themselves. The odd jobs about saloons which are usually done for beer-payment he performed under the inspiration of the free-lunch counter. He peeled potatoes in Bowery restaurants where dinners are fifteen cents, his work to pay for a meal; and when the dinner, which he had seen cooked in a filthy kitchen and served in half-washed dishes, was put before him, his stomach so revolted that he often turned from the untasted food and hurried into the street.

He was at the bottom of the abyss. Light, hope, were far above—the walls were smooth and high—his climbing

strength was gone. He could not last much longer; he wondered darkly, fearfully, what would be the end. Yet he had not given up; there was still bitterness, rebellion, in him, and still an automatic, staggering courage.

Three days before New Year's Kate Morgan called again. "I'm home to stay; my father's so sick I had to throw up my job," she said with a wink. She drew a ring of keys from the pocket of her skirt and silently held them before David's eyes; then, with a sharp little smile, she slipped them back, and drew out four sheets of paper, on each of which was a rough diagram of one of the floors of the house, with the doors and stairways marked and the location of the valuables. She explained the plans to him, adding details not charted, and on rising to go home she handed him the sheets that he might familiarize himself with the house.

"But I shall have nothing to do with this," he said desperately, thrusting back the papers.

"Oh, yes, you will," she returned, putting her hands behind her back.

He let the sheets fall to the floor, but she went out without giving them another glance. He looked at the papers, picked them up, stared at them, whitey, and then, in a sort of frenzy, as though he would annihilate temptation, he tore the sheets into a thousand flakes and thrust them into his pocket.

The next morning he set forth with the despairing energy of the man who has a new fear, who has fiercely summoned all his resources for a last struggle. But midwinter is a season when even a skilled man of blameless reputation has difficulty in finding work; for David there was no chance whatever. And then, in his extreme desperation, he determined on a new course—in asking for work he would openly tell his record. Perhaps some one, out of sympathy for the struggle he was making, would give him an opportunity. He had thought of this plan before, but he had put it aside, because, he had reasoned, to avow himself a thief was to murder his chances. But the old course had brought him nothing; the new plan held at least a possibility.

David walked the streets half the day

before he could drive himself to try this plan. At length a superintendent consented to see him and listen to his story and appeal. "I appreciate your frankness," the superintendent replied, not unkindly. "But I am under strict orders on this point; I can only take men of the straightest records. But I hope you'll find something."

David was left without courage to try the plan again that afternoon. The next day he could find no one willing to hear him. In the evening Kate Morgan called again. Everything was in readiness for their venture of the following night, she told him. He declared once more that he would have nothing to do with the affair. But to himself his words sounded only of the lips; and his indignation did not quicken the least trifle when Kate flung a dry laugh into his face.

The following morning, the last day of December, he spurred his spent courage on to another attempt. He at last found a wholesale notion store where a packer was wanted. The head of the packing department was large and powerful, with coarse, man-driving features; but, undeterred by this appearance, David recited his story.

The superintendent stared amazedly at David, and swore. "Well, if you ain't got the nerve!" he roared. "You admit you're a crook, and yet you ask me for a job! What d'you think we're runnin' here?—a reform school? Not on your life! Now, you see if you can't find the door out o' here—and quick!"

David had neither the strength nor the spirit to reply to this man as he had replied to the owner of the department store in One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street. When he reached the open air he walked a few paces, then paused and leaned against the front of a building. He felt an utter exhaustion—there was not another effort in him; he was like a horse, driven to the last ounce of its strength, that lies down in its tracks to die—the whip can only make it quiver, cannot make it rise. He chanced to turn his head, and saw himself in the mirror that backed the show-window—a thin, stooping figure, with a white line of a mouth and a gray, haggard face. He was so numb,

so spiritually spent, that this specter of himself stirred not a single emotion within him.

That evening he swept a saloon and ate of the cheese and corned-beef sandwiches at the free-lunch counter till the bartender ordered him out. Then he wandered aimlessly through the night, warm for December, with no desire to return to the dingy four walls of his unheated room. He remembered in a vague way that this was the night Kate Morgan had set for the robbery; and perhaps his staying from home was due to the unfelt guidance of his conscience. He had no definite thoughts or sensations; only a vast stunning sense of absolute defeat.

A little after eleven o'clock he found himself wandering along the East River, and presently he turned upon a dock and walked toward the water between the rows of trucks, facing each other, their shafts raised supplicatingly to the stars. He seated himself at the end of the dock and, his chin in his two hands, looked out upon the river. Save for the reflections, like luminous, wriggling arms, which the few lights of Brooklyn reached toward him on the water's surface, and save for the turbulent brilliance under the Williamsburg Bridge's great bow of arc-lights, the water, which the tide was dragging wildly out to sea, was as black as blindness.

He gazed forth into the darkness, forth upon the swirling water—dully, without thought, in the flat stupor of unrising defeat. Presently a bell began to send down the hour from a neighboring steeple. Mechanically he counted the strokes. Twelve! The number had no meaning to him at first, but after a moment its significance rushed upon him. This was the New Year! The New Year! And how was he beginning it? Penniless—friendless—without work—with little strength—with no courage—without hope. A happy New Year, indeed!

Suddenly all the bitterness that had been accumulating and smoldering within him through four months burst out volcanically. His passion was not alone in his own behalf; it was in behalf of the thousands of others who had made a similar struggle, and to whom the world

had similarly denied the privilege of honesty. Starved and hopeless! Why? Because he could not work? Because there was no work? Because the world had decided that the moral development of such as he required further punishment? No. Because the rich, powerful world was afraid!—afraid for its dollars! Because if he were taken in, given a chance to live honestly, he might steal a bolt of cloth, or a coat, or a vase, or a saw! There was the reason—the only reason. A bolt of cloth against a human life, begging to live! A coat against a human soul, agonizing to be honest! Cloths and coats mean dollars—mean carriages, and diamonds, and wines. Cloths and coats must be guarded.

But the human life? The human soul?

In his wild rage David rose, turned his back upon the dark river, and shook his fist at the great indifferent city.

XIII

AT one o'clock David, still aflame with bitterness, was entering his room, when a door across the hall opened and Kate Morgan looked out. "Come into my house!" she snapped in a whisper.

David could not see her face, but her voice told him she was angry. He followed her into the parlor—cheap colored prints and actresses' photographs on the walls, a rug of glaring design, red-and-green upholstered furniture that overcrowded the little room. She closed the door, then turned, her eyes blazing, and swore at him.

"A nice time to be getting home! I've been waiting for two hours!"

For a moment he looked at her incomprehendingly. "Oh, you're thinking of that robbery. You needn't have waited. I told you I wouldn't go."

"Drop that bluffing! You know you're in it!"

He started toward the door.

"Where you going?" she demanded.

"To bed."

She seized his arm, stepped between him and the door, and stared wrathfully up at him. She now saw how pale and drawn his face was. Her wrath slowly left her. "You're tired—blue," she said abruptly, but softly.

He nodded. "So I'm going to bed." "Let's chat a minute first," she said, and drew him to the largest of the chairs and pushed him down into it. "And we'll have something to eat, just you and me. I've made dad go to bed. It's all ready. I'll bring it in here."

She moved a little table before him and went out. Could David have seen the look she held upon him through the door he would have been puzzled, perhaps startled. After she had made three trips into the rear of the flat there were upon the table a plate of sandwiches, a dish of olives, a pie, and two cups of coffee, all served with a neatness that was astonishing to David, after the Bowery restaurants.

"Now we'll begin," she said, and sat down on the opposite side of the little table. The food had a wonderful taste to David, and coffee—it was real coffee—warmed his chilled body. For several minutes they ate in silence, then Kate pushed back her chair, lighted a cigarette, and sat regarding him with eyes that grew softer and softer.

When he had finished she leaned suddenly forward and laid a hand on one of his.

"I don't like it for you to look this way, David," she said abruptly.

He started at the touch and at the "David." She saw the start and drew her hand away. "Why shouldn't I call you David? We're good pals, ain't we? I'm tired of this miss and mister business. Call me Kate."

He was still too surprised to make an immediate answer, and she went on softly, "You look very bad!"

The remark brought flooding back to him all the misery and hopelessness of his position, all his rebellion, and he forgot his wonder at her overture.

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked bitterly.

She nodded. "I understand," she said. "The world's got no use for a man that's been a crook. He's got no chance. I've seen a lot of boys come back and swear they'd never touch another job. They tried—some of 'em hard, but none as hard as you. But nobody wanted 'em. What way was open? Only one—to go back to cracking cribs. They all went back." She paused, then

added: "Now, I want to ask you one square question, What's the use trying?"

David was remembering his four months' futile struggle when he involuntarily echoed, "What's the use?"

"Yes, what?" she continued quickly. "The world may not owe you a living, but it owes you the right to live. It owes you that much. If it won't let you live by working, why, you've got to live by stealing. There's no other way."

She went on, but David heard no more. His bitterness, his resentment, were making a fiercer plea. Yes, he had tried! Could any man try harder? And what had he gained? Rebuff, insult, uttermost poverty. There was no use in trying further—none whatever. There was left only the second way—the one road that is always open, that always welcomes the repentant thief whom the world refuses.

Why should he not enter this only road? He had no single friend who would be pained. He had no faintest hope of a future. All that could be lost was lost. The thief's trade promised him the necessities of life. He had offered to pay the world in work for these necessities, but the world had refused his payment. What could he do, then, but take them? Besides, would it not be just treatment of the world—of the world that had destroyed him, of the world that cared more for dollars than for souls—if some of its all-precious wealth were taken from it?

He looked up; his face was tight-set, vindictive; his eyes glittered through their fringed slits. Kate's gaze was fixed, waiting, upon him. "It's time we were starting," she said. "It's almost two."

He breathed deeply, almost convulsively. "Come on," he said.

She reached across and seized his hand. "I knew you'd come in!" she cried triumphantly. "We'll turn a lot of tricks together, you and me!"

He gripped her hand so hard that she gave a little gasp, but he did not answer. For a minute or more they looked silently into each other's faces.

"Come! We must go," she said. "You kept your diagram of the house?"

"No."

She drew some sheets from the front of her flannel waist. "Here's another, then. You may need it." From beneath the red-and-green sofa she took a suitcase, which she threw open. In it were a full set of burglar's tools.

"We really don't need 'em, for I've got keys to almost everything, but we'll take 'em along and twist the locks a bit, so they'll never suspect the job may have been done by some one who'd been in the inside—that is, by me. We'll bring the swag back in the suit-case."

She looked at David, as at a superior artist, for commendation of her plan, but he silently regarded the strange instruments in the bag. She slipped on a pair of rubbers, fastened on a little hat, and had David help her into a short jacket which had large pockets in the lining. David drew on his overcoat, picked up the suit-case, and together they crept down the black stairways and out into the street. She softly chattered all the while, as though fearing lest David, if left to his own thoughts, might withdraw from the venture.

Shortly before three o'clock Kate paused in one of the Seventies near Fifth Avenue, before a flight of broad steps leading up to a broad stoop and a broad entrance.

"Here we are," she whispered. They searched the street in both directions with quick glances. Not a soul was in sight. Then they slipped to the shadowed servants' entrance beneath the stoop, and in less than a minute Kate had unlocked a door of iron grating and a second door of wood, and they were standing in a dark hallway. She opened the grip, handed David a lantern, took one for herself, tied a handkerchief over his face so that all below the eyes was hidden, and masked herself likewise. Then, with a jimmy and a wrench, she hurried away.

Two minutes later she reappeared. She was inspired with the desire to impress David with her skill as a thief, as another woman might be inspired to attract male attention by the display of her beauty.

"I just opened a back window and broke the latch," she whispered. "We'll lock these doors when we go out and they'll think we got in through the win-

dow. Now, come on. But hadn't you better take off your shoes? They're pretty heavy."

David sat down upon a chair, and she turned her lantern's bar of light upon his feet, so that he could better manage the laces. When the shoes came off there were his heels and toes gleaming whitely. In the confusion of strange sensations that had begun to flow in upon him he had forgotten that his stockings were only tops. He quickly shifted his feet out of the embarrassing rays.

"That's all right," said Kate. "There'll be plenty of new ones to-morrow."

They went up a narrow stairway, then a broad one, stealthily following the guidance of the lantern's white finger, pausing breathless at every three or four steps to reach forth with their ears for any possible stir of life—Kate tense and alert with excitement, David giddied by a choking, throbbing, unshaped emotion. After a dozen of these pauses, when to David the rubadub of his heart seemed to resound through the house, Kate led him across deep rugs and through a broad doorway hung with tapestries.

"The drawing-room," she whispered, and slowly sweeping it with her lantern she revealed to him its geography. Then her lantern sought out a curio cabinet, of glass sides and gilded frame, standing in a corner. "That's what we want in here," she said. At her order David set down the suit-case he had carried, and they tiptoed to the cabinet over rugs worth hundreds of dollars a step.

"You get the good things in there. I'll go up-stairs after the old lady's sparklers, and then we'll both go down and get the silver," she whispered, as she unlocked the cabinet with one of her keys. "I'll meet you here in a little while."

A sudden fear of being alone leaped up in David. He clutched Kate's arm and threw the lantern's light into her face. Of the face he only saw a narrow slit between her handkerchief and hat-brim, amid which her eyes gleamed like black diamonds.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "You're trembling."

"It must be my nerves are gone," he whispered, with an effort.

"Oh, you'll be all right when you've been fed up and done another job or two."

He watched her little figure glide out of the room behind its headlight, then he turned to the contemplation of the miniature portraits in gem-set frames, the old hand-painted fans, the heavy old-fashioned locket and earrings and bracelets that lay upon the glass shelves of the cabinet.

He had no distinct thought toward the articles—there was no thought, not even a vague one, in his mind. His throat and lips were dry, his eyes were wide and fixed. His dizzy, unpowering emotion had so increased that he would not have been surprised had he slipped to the floor and spread out like a boneless sea-creature. He was mental and emotional incoherence.

The intention to steal had brought him here. That intention was over an hour old, but since it had been neither fulfilled nor countermanded, it was stored energy; and presently it began to move his will-less members, as the stored energy of a coiled spring sets an automaton at its appointed task. He took from the floor the plunder-bag Kate had given him, and holding the lantern and the edge of the bag's mouth in his left hand he swung open the plate-glass door of the cabinet. His eyes selected a golden bracelet and his hand moved slowly forward and took it up.

Then suddenly his fingers unclosed, the bracelet clicked back upon the glass shelf, and his hand withdrew from the cabinet. The coiled spring of his intention had snapped. The touch of what was another man's had readjusted his confused senses. His blurred feelings became definite, his dumb brain articulate. He saw what he was doing—saw it clearly as a bare act, unjustified by the arguments his bitterness had urged upon him an hour before—saw that he was committing a theft!

A chill swept through him and he sat stiffly upright in his chair and stared at the bracelet he had dropped.

In the mood he had been in an hour or two hours before David would not have drawn back from theft any more

than any other normal starving man, could it have been committed quickly, upon impulse. But the hour that had passed, the deliberation which was surrounding the theft, had given opportunity to his moral being to overthrow the impulse and assert itself. He locked the cabinet door, pocketed the key, and rose. He would leave the house at once.

But as he passed out of the drawing-room it came to him that he could not go away without telling Kate of his purpose. Before him he saw a flight of stairs; she was somewhere above. He stealthily mounted, passed through a doorway, and found himself in a library. He stood a moment with strained ears, but got no sound of her. He must go through the floor, and perhaps through the floor above; but before proceeding further he must get the lay of the house.

He moved noiselessly toward the library table, drawing out the plan of the house Kate had given him. He set the lantern on the table beside a telephone, spread out the sheets, and was sitting down when cautious footfalls sounded without and the next instant a blade of light stabbed the room's darkness.

"Kate?" he whispered.

"Yes."

They came toward each other and each threw a light into the other's masked face.

"I've got the old lady's twinklers," she said. "Where's your swag?"

"I didn't take it," he whispered.

"I've changed my mind. I'm going."

"What!"

"I'm not going to take anything. I'm going away. I came to tell you that."

She drew a step nearer and for a space gazed up into his eyes in amazement. The deep night silence of the great house flooded over them.

"You're in earnest?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I cannot. It was a mistake, my coming."

Her eyes suddenly gleamed like knife points, she trembled with passion, and she plunged her whispered words in up to the hilt.

"So that's the kind of nerve you've got! Oh, what a coward you are! Well, get out! I don't want you!"

She brushed him wrathfully by, and, tensely erect, her free hand clenched, walked out of the room behind the shaft of light.

XIV

HE stood motionless where she had left him, alone amid the great hush. Her words had pierced to the seat of life. He quivered with the pain—deserved pain, he realized, for it was not a noble part to leave a comrade at such a time. But he had made a mistake in coming, and the only way to correct it was to go. He wished she would go with him, but he knew the result of asking her. She would stab him again, and walk away in contempt.

He sighed, set his lantern on the table, and folded and pocketed the plans of the house. As he laid hold of his lantern to start away, he saw on the table in the lantern's ribbon of light three or four letters that had evidently been written during the evening and left to be mailed in the morning. He started, sank to a chair, and gazed fixedly at one of the envelopes. The name on it was "Miss Helen Chambers."

Amid all the sensations that rose within him, his mind instantly made one deduction: Kate Morgan had, after all, secured a place through Miss Chambers, and they were now in the home of one of her friends.

For a minute or more he sat staring at the envelope, his inner self a whirl of sensations. It was almost as if Miss Chambers herself had surprised him in his guilty presence here. Then, across the darkness of the room, there came the faintest of sounds.

He thought it was Kate. "Is that you?" he whispered.

There was no answer; only dead quiet. In sudden fear he sprang up and directed the lantern's pointer of light in the direction whence the sound had come. The white spot fell upon the skirt of a dressing-gown. He jerked the pointer upward. The luminous circle enframed the square-jawed, clean-shaven face of a man—of the man he had seen with Helen Chambers—of Mr. Allen.

Instantly the room was filled with a blinding glare, and David saw Mr. Allen standing in the doorway, his left hand

still on the electric-light key, his right hand holding out a revolver.

"Yes, it's I," said Mr. Allen in a quiet, grim voice. "Suppose you remove your mask and give me the equal pleasure of seeing whom I'm meeting."

There was no disobeying, with a revolver's muzzle staring coldly at him. David drew the handkerchief down and let it fall about his neck.

Mr. Allen gazed a moment at David's face, thin, haggard, yet rare in its fineness. "H'm. A new variety." His gaze shifted till its edge took in the telephone on the table, and there it rested reflectively. Then he remarked, as though completing his thought aloud: "I guess it will be safer for you to do the telephoning. Will you please call up Central, and ask her to give you police headquarters?"

Wild, contrary impulses tugged at David, but man's primal instinct, self-preservation, controlled him the first moment. "I have been near starvation," he said, forcing his words to calmness. "I came here to steal—yes; but when I tried to steal, I could not. I—I did not steal!"

His plea snapped off harshly. Bitterness swept into him in a great wave. The world had driven him here, and he realized with a rush that the world would not forgive him for being here. Besides, he could not ask mercy of Miss Chambers's lover.

Mr. Allen gave an ironic laugh. "I've been hearing that sort of story for fifteen years. There never was a guilty man. Call up Central."

The natural animal hatred of a rival flared up. David looked Mr. Allen defiantly in the face. "If you want Central, call her yourself!" he said slowly.

Mr. Allen was surprised, but his surprise passed immediately under his control. "Of course, you are aware," he said quietly, "that you have the choice between calling up and being shot."

"And you are aware," David returned, "that you have the choice between calling up and shooting."

Mr. Allen was silent a moment. "The killing of a man who enters your house is justified by law," he warned grimly.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

"Are you going to call up?"

"So, then, you are afraid to shoot!" taunted David.

Mr. Allen remained silent. He gazed at David over the pistol-barrel, and David gazed back. Their wills had locked horns, stood braced.

"I'm getting very tired," said David, throwing a leg over a corner of the table. "If you don't shoot soon I'll have to go."

At this instant David saw in the doorway behind Mr. Allen the small figure of Kate Morgan. In her right hand there shone a little pistol, in her left she held a heavy walking-stick.

Mr. Allen broke his silence. "If you make a move toward your pocket while I cross the floor, it'll be your last move."

David's will had conquered, but his exultation did not speak. He was watching Kate Morgan, fascinated. Her pistol rose, then fell, and the pistol and walking-stick exchanged hands. Mr. Allen took the first step toward the telephone. The stick came up, whizzed down upon Mr. Allen's pistol hand. The weapon went flying upon the rug, and Mr. Allen let out a sharp cry and started to whirl around. As the stick struck flesh David sprang forward, and with the skill of his old boxing-days, with all his strength and weight focused in the blow, he drove his fist against Mr. Allen's unguarded chin. Mr. Allen fell limply upon the deep carpet.

"Come on! Out of here!" cried David, seizing Kate's arm.

She jerked away and stood tensely erect, glaring at him. "Go. you coward! I stay here!"

"But you'll get caught!"

"That's my business!" she blazed. "Get out!—I'm going to finish the job."

She whirled about, jerked the handkerchief from her face, thrust it into Allen's mouth, and tied this gag securely in place with a handkerchief which she took from the pocket of Allen's dressing-gown. Then she tied his feet with the dressing-gown's rope girdle, and his hands with one of the silken ropes that held back the hangings in the broad doorway. This done, she sprang to the electric-light key, and the room filled with blackness.

She flashed her lantern on David, who

had stood watching her rapid actions in a sort of fascinated amazement. "Why don't you go? Get out!"

"See here, it's crazy to stay here; you know it. You've got to come with me."

His lantern, which he had taken up, showed a face that darted scorn and rage. "Go with you? I'll die first!" she returned in a low, fierce whisper. And then she added, each word edged with infinite contempt:

"Oh, you poor coward!"

He quivered, but he said quietly. "If you won't go, I'll stay with you."

"Stay with me? You'll not! I won't have you!"

She turned abruptly and left the room. He stood thinking for a space; then he went out and crept down the stairway. As he passed the drawing-room door he saw Kate bending in front of the open curio cabinet. He crept down another flight, and hid himself behind a palm in an angle of the great hall. He strained his ears for trouble, ready to rush upstairs at the first sound. After a time a wand of light was thrust down the stairway. Then came Kate, the suit-case in one hand, feeling her way with the wand like a blind man with a cane. For a moment the searching light pierced through the palm into his face, and David thought he was discovered, but she glided on down the basement stairs. He let several minutes pass; then he, too, slipped out into the street.

Perhaps it was chance, perhaps it was the direction of the subconscious, that led David, in his circuitous homeward

journey, past St. Christopher's Mission. He was walking slowly along, the caution of the first part of his flight forgotten in the mixture of despair and shame that now possessed him, when he waded into pools of colored light that lay upon the sidewalk and the street. He looked up. There, aglow with its inspiration, was the window to the memory of Philip Morton. He involuntarily stepped back a pace or two, and, leaning against a stack of bricks designed for repairs in the mission's basement, alone in the deserted street, he gazed steadfastly at the luminous words.

He had often looked at that tribute, as he had upon the whole mission, with a sense of thankfulness that his life was counting. But now there was no thankfulness within him. Anger began to burn, revolt to rise. That sainted man there was the cause of all his misery, all his degradation. The shame of his trial, the loss of four years in prison, the refusal of work, the insults, the lost strength, the lost character, the ragged clothes, the starving, the uttermost poverty, the uttermost despair—all these rushed upon him in one hot turbulent flood of rebellion. Of all these inflictions that man was directly the cause! And more, that man had made him a thief! And yet that man was worshiped as a saint, while he—he was a starving outcast!

His resentment culminated in a wild impulse. His right hand clutched one of the bricks on which it rested, and he took a step forward. The brick crashed through Morton's glowing name.

(To be continued)

A BOOK OF CELTIC VERSE

THAT was never a book that you brought me and gave to my hand.

'Twas a wind sighing and a wave lifting,
And the sight of a red moon drifting
O'er a far-off land.

That was never a thing of words that you brought and bade me know.

'Twas a bugle blowing, a flame burning,
And the gleam of a swift lance turning
To the flying foe.

That was never a printed rhyme that you brought and bade me see.

'Twas a child's laughter and a bride's sighing,
A saint's faith and a strong man's dying,
That you gave to me.

Theodosia Garrison

JONAS

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

WITH A DRAWING BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

ABBIE LOVEJOY was just turning the last of her freshly scalded pans over on the kitchen stove to dry when a step crunched the frozen snow on the side porch. She heard a knock.

"Thar's Walter now!" said she half aloud, smoothing down her hair with a side-comb and throwing a quick glance into the bit of mirror over the sink. Then she took a glass lamp from the kitchen shelf and went to open the door.

The January wind, snow-laden, gushed into the entry and beat so boisterously down the lamp-chimney that the flame staggered, gasped, and went out. Abbie stood at the open door, her hand on the latch, straining her eyes into the soft winter gloom.

"Good night, miss," said a man's voice.

"Good evenin'?" Abbie answered questioningly. "It's a P. I.!" she thought instantly. Prince Edward Islanders were no rarity in the Plantation.

"You put folks up here?" the man asked.

"Sometimes."

"Any room for me, eh?"

"Well—yes, I guess so. Come in. The snow's blowin' all over my clean floor!" She opened the door a trifle wider.

The man knocked his feet against the scraper and stepped in, closing the door. "I wish't father'd be as careful 'bout not trackin' in!" said Abbie to herself.

They went into the kitchen.

"Here, I've a match—let me light up fer you," volunteered the stranger, as he heard Abbie fumbling in the tin box. Next minute the match fizzed and sputtered high in air, as the man held it

above his head until the brimstone should burn off.

"It gives some the asthmy," he remarked apologetically when the flame had cleared.

"Yes," she assented, letting him relight the lamp. "It don't trouble me none, but father he barks somethin' terrible when he gits a whiff. Father's out—down to the store. He'll be back after a spell. He ain't smart these days. We have to be mighty careful of father, we do."

"Who's *we*?" questioned the man, drawing off his pointed lumberman's cap and laying on the table a parcel neatly wrapped in newspapers. He smiled at her, less with his lips than with his gray eyes. "You an' your mother?"

"No; *we* means just me an' Aunt Luell, I guess. Mother, she's dead—two years ago last November. Aunt Luell's up-stairs now; hear her rockin'? She don't git down very often these days. Won't you set?"

"Thank'ee. Perhaps I'd oughtn't to stop, seeing as you two are alone?"

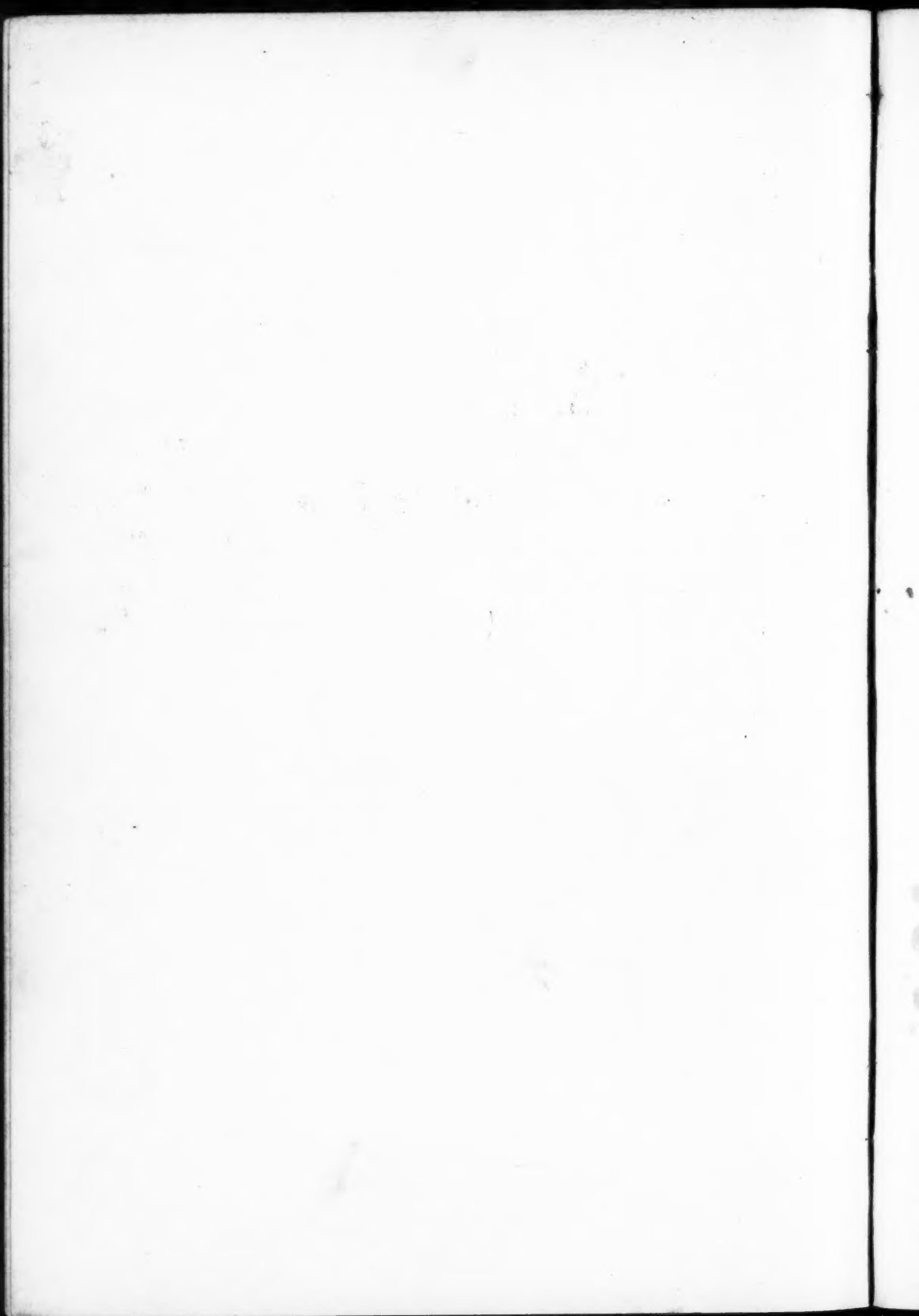
Abbie stared; the idea struck her as novel in a lumber-jack.

"Oh, *that's* all right!" she assured him, wiping off the oilcloth table-cover. "Folks puts up here quite a lot. We're 'bout the only place in the Plantation that'll take 'em in. Hang your duds to dry back of the stove an' I'll fix you some supper. Everythin's cold but the tea. Hope you don't mind?"

"No, no; I'm used to cold grub. I've dinnared out a good many winters. You know what *that* is." He smiled again as he shook off his leather coat and laid his fox-and-geese mittens on the shelf to



"IF 'T WAS OPEN SEASON FOR SHRIMPS, BUCKO MINE, I'D
SPIT YOU LIKE SCAT!"



dry. Then he sat down in a splint-bottom by the stove.

"Jee-ru-salem, but I'm beat!" he sighed, stretching out his moccasined feet and resting his heel-irons on the stove-door.

"Goin' fur?" she led, with the instinctive country curiosity.

"Maybe," he parried.

"Come fur to-day?"

"Well, twenty—thirty miles."

"From beyond Caribou, then?"

"Yes, some beyond."

Abbie shot a quick glance at the man as she set raised bread, cold beans, and blueberry pickles on the table. She poured the boiled tea into a thick cup, then said:

"It's all ready. I don't want to hurry you, but—I'm expectin' somebody to-night, an' I've got to get ready. Draw up an' make long arms. If thar's anythin' else you want, holler."

She set the unshaded lamp on the table in front of him, lit another, said "Excuse me!" and ran briskly up the back stairs. The man watched her go.

"Lord!" he muttered, "she makes me think——" He did not finish, but washed down a mouthful with a swallow of scalding tea. "Eh, lad, but that tea's good, though!" he went on, to himself. His eyes grew red and watery as he looked around the spick and span kitchen. "Not much like Hamlin's Camp! It's grand, ain't it—a *home*?"

When Abbie came down-stairs again, pinked out in her small finery, with her dark hair drawn up in a huge pompadour and a rhinestone brooch glittering at her throat, she found the stranger sitting in a rocker, holding old Mins, the six-toed coon-cat. Mins was purring and the man was smoking a cob pipe. Abbie noted with some wonder that he had stacked his few dishes in the sink.

"If you'll tell me where your towels are," he volunteered, removing his pipe politely, "I'll wash the dishes out. I ain't nothin' else to do, and you're pressed."

"What d'you know about washin' dishes?" she asked, catching a glimpse of her plump face on the fragment of mirror.

"Know about it?" he answered, tamping the ashes down into his pipe

with a blunt forefinger. "Eh, well, the time was when I'd a ho—a job as cookee up at Croteau's—you know Croteau's? Yes, up beyond Eagle Lakes. Wild country? You're right, it is. Wild an' hard. But, I say, were you going out? Don't stop on *my* account."

"No, no, I'm not goin'—some one's comin' to take me sleigh-ridin'. Oughta be here *now*."

He got up, offering her the rocker.

"Here, miss, take this—it's better'n the splint-bottom."

"No, keep your seat. This is all right!"

He insisted, though, and she had to yield, wondering what manner of woodsman he might be. She had seen plenty, but they never stacked their dishes or offered chairs to women-folks. She eyed him with rapidly growing curiosity, and found him good to look at as he sat relaxed, his feet stretched out to the stove. She noted the black hair which clustered, glossy and thick, over his broad forehead, the ruddy face and square chin, the heavy sweater rising and falling with each even breath. He was a big fellow, for sure; she guessed his age at not far from thirty-five. "He'd weigh up over two hundurd," was her mental comment as she considered his arching chest, thick arms, and powerful, gray-stockinged legs, around which the tightly laced moccasins could not be induced to meet. "He must have yarded a power o' spruce to git muscles like *them*!" she added to herself. Then aloud:

"You logged it much?"

"Well, some," he answered guardedly.

"How long you been in the woods?"

"Mm-m, ten or twelve year. I've not missed a drive in eight springs. By the way, what the people do about here?"

"Mostly lumberin'—gittin' out pulp-wood, though some wuks in the pin-mill."

"Where's that?"

"Why, right down the tote-road a piece—Lewis Vann's mill. They make clothes-pins an' pail-handles. You must ha' seen it when you come up the hill here to the house."

"Oh, *that* old shack? Yes, yes! Any chance fer work?"

"Guess so. You might ask old Vann in the mornin', or Walter."

"Walter?"

"Lewis's boy. Runs the store, down here on the road, an' is sort of overseer at the mill. He's my comp'ny, Walt is." She colored a trifle, but went on: "They're always willin' to try a new hand, an' they pay reg'lar, too."

"You board folks here?"

"Well, we ain't boarded none to speak of since mother was took, though we have four or five mealers. Why?"

"I was thinkin' p'r'aps if I struck a job with the mill I might live here, eh?"

She pondered a minute.

"I dunno; you'd have to ask father. He has the say-so here. Auntie and me has to do just as father says. He's gittin' old, these days, an' pernickety, an' wants to run things, so we let him. You're from the Provinces, ain't you?" she concluded irrelevantly.

"How'd you know?" He bent over and knocked the ashes from his pipe into the wood-box.

"Oh, I kin tell!" she answered, with a smile. "I cal'late I kin spot a 'blue-nose' when I hear 'em say three words."

His face darkened.

"Same old thing!" he grumbled. "I hear it everywhere—'blue-nose!' 'her-rin'-choker!' wherever I go. And yet——"

A jangle of bells coming up into the door-yard interrupted him.

"Thar's Walter now!" ejaculated Abbie, jumping up. "Excuse me, please."

She fetched her coat and "tam" from the sitting-room, and in a moment was clad for out-doors. Feet stamped in the entry; then, heralded by a breath of icy air, "father" came in, followed by Walter Vann.

"Hullo, dad! Walt!" said Abbie, "I've been waitin' the *longest* time! What makes you so late?"

"Wednesday night, ain't it?" mumbled Walter around a dead cigar-butt, hat on, hands deep in the pockets of his coon-skin coat. "You'd oughta know by this time when the store keeps open!" He turned his eyes, squinting in the lamp-light, upon the stranger, who had risen and was standing in embarrassed silence by the stove. Walter's

long, thin face looked doubly cadaverous by contrast.

"I stayed to ride up with Walt," old Lovejoy wheezed, unwrapping his crocheted tippet and beating it against his leg to whip the snow off. "Got comp'ny, hey?" And he gave Abbie a sly, wrinkled smile.

"Now, dad!" protested the girl. "He—Mr.—Mr.——"

"Jonas—just plain Jonas—no 'Mister' to it."

"Wants to git lodged, doos he?" The old man finished her sentence. "Well, all right, all right. Run 'long now, gal; take yer drive. Him an' me'll git 'quainted all right. Try an' be back some time 'fore mornin', you an' Walt. An' *don't* freeze yer fingers!"

He chuckled in senile fashion at this oft-repeated innuendo, while Walter, aggressively indifferent, led the way out, with Abbie close behind him.

II

OLD Lewis Vann had never known a better worker at the pin-mill than Jonas "Blue-nose." He was forced to admit it himself, and so was Walter, before the first week was out; even their strong anti-foreign prejudices could not conceal the fact that Jonas was "all thar" when it came to hard, bony work. Jonas was no mechanic, and didn't claim to be. When Vann asked him if he could run a lathe he said "No" quite frankly, but volunteered to take the place of two men in the mill-yard if Lewis would stand for any peaveys he might happen to break. Lewis, pleased by the man's nerve, was for once jostled out of his penny-squeezing methods sufficiently to call it a bargain.

The first day Jonas splintered two peaveys and bent a third; but he rolled up more lumber than any two men in the Plantation could have even looked at. About the middle of the week he got promoted to working with Delrine Cole on the "bolter," where the logs are sawed into two-foot lengths. Delrine, that noon, informed Lewis with some heat that he "wa'n't goin' to bust his back liftin' ag'in no dime-musee freaks," and that Lewis would either have to get a new first-hand or fire "that darn Skish." Old Vann did

neither, but took Jonas discreetly to one side and gave him a hint or two. Jonas thereafter moderated a trifle. When Saturday came his check read for one-twenty-five a day, though he had hired out for a dollar, and tongues began to wag in the Plantation.

Walter said nothing. He was shrewd enough not to voice his sudden, bitter antipathy—the spontaneous animosity which a weakling sometimes feels against a strong man. He knew everybody would call him jealous because the stranger had got boarded at Lovejoys'; so he kept his peace and, for the most part, looked over or through Jonas, but did not see him. Every day the barbed venom sank a little deeper into Walter's heart against this interloper, this foreign wastrel, without name or history, coming from nowhere, silent, strong, unsociable. Even in his stronghold behind the counter at the store he made no comment when all the lumberers and mill-men loafing round the box-stove got into heated arguments about the new hand, discussing him from all standpoints, but most especially from that of who among them could successfully "take holt on him." This theme was "chawed" out in many pounds of "nigger-heel," and with the loud blasphemies of the Aroostook.

Jonas himself paid about as much heed to all this jaw-work as the Maine hills do to their hurrying trout-brooks. He labored steadily, never lay off, saved his pay, shunned the store, and spent all his evenings in the Lovejoy kitchen, smoking or playing cribbage with the asthmatic old man, or poring over the patent-medicine almanacs that hung by colored strings over the mantel. Sometimes Aunt Luell was strong enough to venture down-stairs. At such times they would get up a card-game, Abbie and Jonas against the old folks. Jonas played a poor hand; whist was beyond him, and euchre exhausted all his capabilities. Old Lovejoy visibly blossomed out in the renewed atmosphere of good cheer.

"Gosh! It makes me think of the times 'fore mother was took," he would say, reaching into the pan of apples for a Northern Spy. Abbie, dealing, would smile affectionately at the old man,

while Jonas, perhaps, would tickle knowingly the throat of Mins, who lay luxuriously on his broad knee, sheathing and unsheathing his claws. Once they just missed a "scene" when Walter came to take Abbie to a sociable out at the settlement and found a card-party in full swing, apples and all.

"Ready?" he demanded, stamping his snowy shoes abruptly into the kitchen.

Abbie's face fell; then she burst out laughing.

"I declare to goodness, Walt, if I didn't clean fergit! Wait two minutes—here, take my hand—an' I'll git my duds on!"

As she rose, Walt turned and departed without a word. She ran to the door.

"Walt! Walt-er! Ain't you goin' to wait?" she called; but he only hurried away. She came back, half-pouting, half-laughing.

"Well, I don't keer! If he wants to git mad he c'n *git* mad, an' git over it. I dunno but I'd rather stay here, anyhow, than go to that old opry house an' git all petered out: playin' 'Ketch the Squirrel' an' 'Tucker!' Spades trumps?"

Once or twice Walter, alone with his father in their little room over the store, broached the subject of "firing" the stranger; but old Vann, though he felt no love for a "Briddish subject," had an eagle eye out for dividends and good work. He impressed on Walter some rather sententious advice about never letting any personal (or patriotic) considerations overrule what he called the sixth sense—common sense, dollars and cents—by which token Walter dropped that subject and applied his mind otherwise to the problem.

One day, along toward the end of February, he and Jonas had a passage at arms in the mill-yard, which almost haled Jonas out of his unpopularity, but which soured Walter's grouch into a thick clabber of hatred. Jonas had left the bolter, to help "Shag" Davis and Clem Ling fill the log-car. He was in a hurry for the load, and the two men were, as he said, "slower'n stock-still." So, running down the incline into the yard, he seized a cant-dog and began heaving timber. On him came suddenly

Walter Vann in his official capacity as superintendent, a scaling-rod in hand.

"Here, you herrin'-choker!" he snapped. "What you doin' here? Git outa this!"

Jonas crooked his large hand shell-fashion to his ear.

"Eh?" said he.

"I said, git out! Go back whar you b'long, on the bolter!"

"Louder, please?" asked Jonas.

"Dam' your sass, you——" Walt began, but Jonas laid a moist, broad palm over his mouth. Walter, blue-mad, hit the big fellow a cracking welt over the head. The eyes of Jonas darkened, but his lips only smiled as he caught Walt by the collar and swung him clear of the ground with his left hand, while in his right he brandished the cant-dog, harpoon-fashion.

"If 'twas open season fer shrimps, bucko mine, I'd spit you like *scat*; but I guess the game-warden'd be after me fer takin' shorts, anyway, so——"

He gave a quick flirt, seemingly of the wrist, and Walter landed across the track on a pile of hemlock-bark. Jonas, without another word or look, bent to his task. Walter, white to the gills, scrambled to his feet, dazed. Cat-calls from the mill pursued him as he made off between the log-piles toward the store.

"I won't do nothin' of the kind, young man!" retorted old Lewis, with unusual heat, when Walt, sputtering out his version of the encounter, demanded immediate discharge for Jonas. "Near's I kin see, he was doin' all right. Results is all that counts in money, an' he was gittin' on 'em. You butted in an' got took down a peg, that's all. Now, shet up an' git back to the mill. An' say, one more thing; in future you keep your han's off'n my men, too. You un'-stand? Now, git!"

That same evening Walt and Abbie, coming back from a quarrelsome walk, developed their first out-and-out "scrap."

"If that's all the sense you got, to stick up fer a big, overgrown bully like him, why, the quicker you'n me gits through the better it'll be. See?"

"I think so, too!" she assented, with discomfiting alacrity.

"Now, Abbie, d'ye think you're doin' right?" continued Walter, hedging a trifle. "Here this tramp blows in, less'n two months ago, without no name ner place ner nothin' except a paper bundle an' the clo'es on his back. Won't even talk an' tell 'bout himself! Dad takes him in the mill, an' you put yourself out to board him; an' then, first thing, right off slap-o, he has to show off how strong he is——"

"You don't need no more showin', I cal'late!"

"Abbie!"

"My name's Miss Lovejoy, please! Don't you 'Abbie' me! I know what happened down to the mill this mornin'—hearn tell all 'bout it, and of all the——"

"Wait on, now, wait on! I'm talkin'! This Jonah feller, this here tramp, after showin' off how he's strong as two men, settles himself right to home in your house. He's that reticent he won't mix with nobody, ner even go down to the store, but jest hangs round the house all the time——"

"An' does all the chores!"

"So? Mm-m—well, prob'ly that explains what makes your dad so stuck on him; but hang me if I see why *you*——"

"Why I *what*?"

"Oh, you know! You seem to think he's jest 'bout what the doctor ordered. An' him a P. I., a lumber-jack from Lord knows where!"

"Fiddlesticks! You think 'cause you've ben down to Orrin'ton, at business college, an' wear a cheap enamel pin, you're some one. Well, I'll tell you one thing, you ain't what *he* is, an' that's a *man*!"

"Oh, bug-bite an' moonshine! If he's to your taste, it's nothin' to me! I know what's goin' on—you talk with him, wait on him——"

"I don't! He waits on me, lots!"

"Sort of a hired gal, hey?"

"Gal—yes, I guess you'll think so if he ever takes holt o' you ag'in! Why, he's got an arm on him like—like a giant!"

"So, then, you know the size of his arm, do you? Well, I don't doubt it. I cal'late everybody in the Plantation knows you an' him was out walkin' night 'fore last."

"What?"

"Oh, come now, drop them flaming o' yourn! You know what I mean jest as well as I do. You two lolly-gagged all the way down to Dan Swett's an' back, that's what!"

"Well, now, if that ain't jest the limit! Why—why, he only went along to fetch some carrots back, 'cause he knowed they was too heavy fer me. See here, Walt Vann, you're too all-fired mean to live. You'd oughta be kicked to death by cripples! Oh, my! you—you——"

"Now, Abbie!"

But she ran into the house and banged the door. Walter stood outside for a minute or two, paralyzed, dumb-mad with fury; then suddenly he jumped down from the porch and scuffled off through the snow. As he passed the kitchen window he caught a vision of Jonas and old man Lovejoy smoking peacefully over the cribbage-board.

III

VERY late that night Walter crept in silence down the back-stairs of the store-building, took a lantern, which he left unlighted, and made his way in darkness to the mill-yard. Here he turned off, followed a tortuous path between the log-piles, and came finally to the engine-room door of the mill. Unlocking this, he quickly let himself in; then he lighted his lantern, whereof the globe was carefully shaded, and with the light turned low, crept up-stairs to the saw-room at the front of the mill.

He set the lantern on a pile of strips, so that the glimmering light should fall across the wide belt which drove the bolter, and drew from his pocket a pair of Sampson nippers. Half by feeling, half by sight, he located the triple row of copper rivets where the belt joined, and with the utmost patience went to work at them, one by one, digging the nippers in and snipping off the rivet-heads. He took good care not to cut them all, but left a few here and there to hold the belt temporarily. The rivet-heads, as they came off, he put carefully in his pocket. One, that dropped by accident, he groped for painstakingly in the litter on the floor until he found it.

When he was satisfied that he had cut

enough, he laboriously pushed the rivets out with a wire nail, turned them upside-down, and reinserted them in such a manner that his work should not be manifest before the mill started. Walter was nothing if not ingenious. All this took the better part of an hour, and made his back ache very excessively.

"Thar!" he soliloquized, as he straightened out the "crick" in his spine, "I guess she'll talk some now, when she gits to hummin'! 'Bout the time they run into the first knot, hey? Whip off like blue blazes! *If* it hits him it'll spile his stren'th some fer a spell; an' it *will* hit, too. He stands so; belt flies *so*—can't miss, no way in this world. P'r'aps a P. I. gits ahead of me; p'r'aps he *don't*. We'll see!"

At seven o'clock next morning—a Saturday morning—the old mill tuned up for its symphony of toil. The gang-saws and strippers led off the overture with buzzing shrieks; presently the lathes chimed in, one by one, stamping and chattering; the slotters added their chink-chink-*chink*-chink, and into half a dozen empty barrels the clothespins began to rattle—the snare-drums and castanets of the orchestra. Down in the fire-room old Barney Lapham was shoveling saw-dust to the furnaces by the barrow-load.

"Walk back on 'er, Barney!" Walt commanded. "Hit 'er up hard this mornin'; we ain't gittin' half the work outa this mill she's good fer!" He strolled idly into the engine-room, where the antique Corliss, veteran of two fires and in masterly disrepair, wheezed like the broken-winded jade she was, spinning her useless governor, clattering her loose journals, spurting steam from every packing. He threw the wheel full over; the Corliss fizzed and sputtered, struck a spirited gait. Up-stairs the machinery droned a half-tone higher.

Walt heard the rattle of the crown-wheel as some one threw in the drum to haul the log-car up from the yard. The bolter would start in a minute; already the big saw was beginning to spin with a resonant clangor. Walter climbed expectantly up the crooked stairs to the saw-room.

Yes, there stood Jonas and Delrine, making ready for the first load. Jonas,

looming big in a huge red shirt, worn Chinese-fashion outside his trousers, was just shoving the log home with his cant-dog. Del started the carriage; Walter stood at the stair-head, trying to keep his heart from jumping out of him. The huge saw twinkled with incredible speed; snap! snap! snap!—around the pulley whipped the belt, broad, heavy, sinister. Del pushed the carriage forward.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz! screamed the saw through the birch log, slowing to a sonorous bass, then mounting in a shrill crescendo as it regathered power.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz—slap! The whirling belt smote Jonas like a thunderbolt—flung him all in a heap back over the log-car, where he lay motionless, bleeding.

"Barney! Barney! Shut off! The belt's broke!" yelled Walter down the stairs. He heard feet running from the lathe-room, heard the lathes and slotters jump to perilous speed as the old engine quickened under its sudden release. Then—what's *that*?—a heavy jar shook the mill as something down below gave 'way, hissing, slapping—the main-belt of the factory! The ancient Corliss, now wholly out of hand, leaped forward like a hound unleashed, "racing," racking itself into scrap. A frightful trembling seized the pin-mill; the rickety building danced, swayed, rocked; everything rattled. Out rushed the mill-hands, men, women, boys, everybody, tumbling and thrusting out of doors and windows, everywhere, anywhere away, away from—

Roaring like a siege-gun burst the old fly-wheel. *Crash!* and the engine-room was jack-straws. *Crash!* Ten tons of rusty metal hurtled up through the saw-room like chain-shot through a window-pane. The tortured mill groaned, sagged, swayed; then the whole front crumpled in, staggered down into chaotic match-wood.

Up over the ruin spurted a vast mushroom of dust, which the wind quickly bellied and blew away. Cries and screams mingled with distracted questions, curses, prayers; then, roaring loud above that babel, the safety-valves blew off, *brrrrrrrrr!* booming, droning, like a million angry hives. All up and down

the road people turned out of their houses, bareheaded, staring, stupefied; now, here they came a-running, from the store, from the settlement, from everywhere, yelling, hatless, waving excited arms.

"What is——?" "How'd it hap——?" "Belt busted!" "Engine raced!" "Who's killed?"—"Fly-wheel—mill all gone." "Where's——?" "Every one git out?"—"Say, looky thar—thar's Jonas!" "*Hurt*, ain't he?"—"Where's Walt?"—"Last I seen, he was on the stairs!" "Bet he's—kilt."—"Stand back! Back! Here's Lewis!"

Old Vann, staring-eyed, chalky-faced, ran into the mill-yard; he shook as with a chill; his old bald head wobbled, palsy-like.

"Boy! Boy!" he screamed. "My boy! Walt! Walt!—For God's sake, is he *dead*?"

Jonas thrust through the crowd to him. One eye was closed and blood was oozing down his cheek; his red shirt, torn mostly off, uncovered his powerful chest and strong white arm. He laid a corded hand on Lewis's shoulder with a touch gentle as a woman's.

"Hush, now, keep cool!" he said. "Your boy ain't dead. He's in there, somewhars; I'll get 'im out fer you. Just you keep still—keep *still*!" as the old man tried to break away from him.

"Cant-dogs! *Axes!*" he shouted, turning to the crowd, one hand supporting Lewis. "An' some o' you lads rush water from the brook, in case she starts to burn! Lewis, I tell you, keep right *outa* that! It's no fit place——"

"Jonas! Jonas!"

"Why, Abbie, what you doin' here? Want to see if I'm hurt, you say? Hurt? No, lass, I'm right as can be!" He hunched his shoulder, trying to wipe away the blood, but only smearing it more widely. "I say, *you've* some sense; *you* ain't like these folk here, gone mad. Run to the store and telefoam Doc Stewart up at Rainford Corner; he's better'n *nothin'*! Hurry 'im along—we'll need him bad, maybe!"

Abbie departed, running.

"Now, then," said Jonas to a pale-faced woman in the crowd, "you look out fer Lewis. Don't let him into the mill *nohow*—an' we'll go at it. *Men!*"

his voice flared out over the uproar, "Men! Huskies! Barney an' Walt's somewhars in there, in that mess o' rubbish. We've got to get 'em out!"

IV

OLD Doc Stewart rolled a newspaper clumsily 'round a napkin, for an ether-cone, and handed it to Jonas.

"Hold that over his nose, now," he commanded, pouring in a big dose of the choking drug, "an' we'll get busy here. We can't do nothin' till he's quiet. Not too close, there—let a little air in 'long with the ether, so he won't——"

"I know! I know!" growled Jonas, kneeling at the head of the lounge in Lovejoy's sitting-room, whither he had carried in his arms the broken, groaning thing he had dragged from underneath a jungle of wreckage. "I know; I've took it myself, an', Gawd! but it makes me sick, though!" He shuddered involuntarily. "Hold 'is hands, here, some o' you, so he can't fight it off. No, no!" he interjected to Abbie, "don't you go messin' with this; I'll give the dope myself. *You* better go an' get a drink o' somethin'; you're whiter'n paper."

"Can't I help no way?"

"No—better get right outa here an' keep your dad an' old Vann quiet in the kitchen. This ain't goin' to be no sight for a gerrl."

He looked up at her with his one available eye; she obeyed, and went out unsteadily into the crowded kitchen.

"Shut the door, somebody!" commanded the doctor; and as he was obeyed the clacking voices died to a muffled hum.

Walter, held by four men, was struggling, fighting the ether.

"Soak it to 'im stronger!" suggested Gus Purington, hanging onto Walter's right arm. "Say, I never *did* think Walt was so kinky!"

Doc Stewart poured more ether from his little tin canister. Jonas, careful not to burn the patient with it, held the cone close over the bloated face. Now Walt's struggles began to lessen.

"He's under!" said Stewart at last, raising Walter's eyelid. "Give him a trifle air, now, an' we'll begin. Here, Gus, you hold the basin; Haynes, you pass over things from the table as I

call for 'em." He ripped up Walter's trouser-leg with a sharp knife; grimaced and rubbed his chin when he saw the havoc underneath. As he did so, something fell from Walter's pocket—something small, round, metallic, which rolled under the lounge and spiraled to rest near Jonas's knee. Jonas glanced down, saw the thing, and quietly picked it up. Wonder wrinkled his brows for an instant; then nascent comprehension cleared them. The thing was a belt-rivet head, snipped squarely off—one that Walter had overlooked that morning when he had pitched all the others away into the sawdust pile behind the mill.

"Is the leg broke?" asked Jonas in an even voice, slipping the copper disk into his pocket.

"Yep, square off. I'm goin' to set it, first; then I'll sew up this, an' this, see? Nine or ten stitches apiece. Here, hold that basin nigher, will you? That's right!"

In silence, except for the constrained movements of the dozen spectators and the bubbling breath of Walter, old Stewart set to work. From the kitchen came that steady hum of voices; and down the road they could hear men jabbering excitedly about the mill, could hear the sound of ax-blows. Once in a while Lewis, pacing about in the kitchen, broke out with loud words, but Abbie always quieted him; her father wheezed and choked spasmodically in the clutches of asthma, brought on by excitement and much talking. Long before the doctor's task was done, first one, then another, of the watchers, sickened by the ether-fumes and close air, began making excuses, tiptoeing out. At last only four or five remained, and of them Jonas was the sickest. His bruised head, wrenched shoulder, aching side, the dizzying grip of the ether on his staggered senses—these all bade him begone, now that his task was over; but still he knelt there, his shirt in rags, ready at a word to "soak it to Walt" again if he showed any signs of rousing.

"Total loss?" he heard some one say in the kitchen. "Purt nigh, an' no insurance neither—Lewis ain't never carried none." "Meeracle that Barney wa'n't killed outright—waiged in under the floor when she fell, but no damage

beyend bruises." "Might ha' kilt a dozen ef they hadn't got out jest when they did!" "Say, that Jonas feller, he's got nerve, though!" It was Jim Bowker's voice. "Ef it hadn't 'a' ben fer Jonas, now——!"

"Walt ain't goin' to *die*, is he—not in this house?" groaned old Lovejoy, between two coughing-spells. "Oh, Walt! Walt! You what was a-goin' to marry my Abbie! Lord, Lord, spare 'im!"

"Hush, pa!" The girl's voice sounded almost savage. "Walt ain't goin' to die; Gus here knows. He'll git well, all right. What makes you so spleeny? He'll be out an' 'round 'fore wheelin'-time."

The sitting-room door opened, and Jonas came out. A sort of communal gasp went up; he was not, in fact, seemingly to look upon. He glanced at no one, took no heed of anything, but plowed through the people and went on up the back stairs, clumsily, heavily, to his room. The doctor came into the kitchen; he reeked of ether.

"Go in an' look at 'im," he said to Lewis. "He'll do now, I guess. If he ain't hurt internal, which I hope he ain't, there's nothin' to worrit over; it ain't so much dangerous as painful an' tiresome. Go ahead in, any one that wants to—he won't come to fer an hour yet, mebber more."

The old mill-owner faltered into the sick-room; in one day he had aged years. Others followed him, awed, amazingly polite.

"Where's that Jonas feller?" asked the doctor. "I want to look at him, too—may have to do a leetle fancy-work on his head. Is he here?"

"He's up-stairs," answered Gus. "Hear him travelin' 'round?"

"Jonas! *Jonas!*" called Abbie, up the stairs. "Come down here; the doctor wants a look at you!"

He did not answer; she called again.

"Wait on, down there!" came his voice. "I'm all right! Be down in a minute er two!"

They waited, a strange company, drifting back and forth between the two rooms. Lewis sat close beside the unconscious man, holding his hands, eagerly watching every breath; old Lovejoy hobbled about, still wheezing, rather pleased in a senile manner that his house should

be the center of all the "doin's"; Abbie helped the doctor wash his instruments at the sink; now and then some neighbor came or went, asking or bearing news.

Down into this throng descended Jonas, his tread shaking the stairs. At sight of him silence fell; everybody stared. He had managed to wash his wound and bind it with a clean bandanna; he had put on whole clothes, had "slicked himself up," and seemed ready for a journey. In his hand he held a parcel, freshly wrapped in newspapers.

"Why, Jonas! What—*what*——?"

Jonas walked over to the sink, pumped a dipperful of water, and gulped it at a draught. Then he took down his hat and coat from their peg, put on the coat in silence, and turned up the corduroy collar.

Doc Stewart peered at him keenly from under his ragged brows.

"What you tryin' to do, man?" he asked. "You'd better take that coat off an' lemme have a look at you; that head's got to be patched up a trifle, anyway."

"Thank'ee, doctor," Jonas answered, drying his mouth on the back of his hand. "Thank'ee, but I don't need hemstitchin', not fer *that*. I ain't no time fer it, anyhow. I'm goin' away."

"Goin' a-way?" It was Abbie's voice that questioned.

"Yes, an' straight off, too!" The man looked around defiantly with his unbandaged eye as a confused murmur arose:

"Away—away—Jonas, he's goin' away!" "Why?" "What fer?"

"Where to?" "What! Not goin' to stay with us, after *this*?"

Lewis came jostling out into the kitchen, much agitated. There was something childish, fretful, in the tone with which he asked:

"What's this I hear? You goin' away?"

"Yes, I be."

"Why—why, see here, Jonas, you mus'n't go *now*! Don't you see, we—I want you to stay? You're needed here, man—*needed*, d'you un'stand?"

"Can't help it, sir. I better be movin'."

"What fer?"

Jonas faced him, head up, jaw square and tense.

"Old man," said he, "about the blisfullest thing you've got now is not knowin' one certain pertic'lar thing that I know. *That's* what fer! If you want another reason, leæme tell you. I'm a real, orig'nal, ring-tailed Jonah every place I travel; an' the places has been many. Looky here!" He peeled up his left shirt-sleeve, baring a long, whitish scar. "See these!" His fingers ripped the paper of the parcel. Those who crowded close saw some faded clothes inside; a little braided collar, it seemed, as of a child's jacket. "Say, if I told you all about *these*—but I won't; this ain't no confession. No, no. I don't want yer coin, Lewis! Put it back in yer pocket. You might need it more'n what I shall. I ain't no beggar—yet!"

He hitched the bundle up under his

arm and looked at Abbie, who was leaning against the kitchen table, trying not to cry.

"Good-by, gerrl!" Jonas held out his hand to her. She did not take it, but shivered and hid her face. He did not look at her again; the crowd gave way for him to pass.

"Good-by, Alphin," said he, carefully laying a hand on Lovejoy's shoulder. "My board-money's up-stairs on the shelf in my room. It's paid till Monday night. I won't fergit you, nor the cribbage, neither. Good-by!"

He went out quietly through the door without pausing or looking back, across the yard to the hard-beaten path, his heel-irons biting the ice crisply; down past the ruined mill, past Purington's, away and from their view along the white, unending road that led—whither?

THE RIVER OF STARS

My river flows through glen and glade,
By meadows bright and woodland shade,
In reedy pools and pebbly rills,
With song and laughter from the hills.
Its lower reaches teem with trade,
With cities grim its banks are laid;
The navies of the world may ride
Safe harbored on its ample tide.

A thousand moods my river knows
Of summer suns and winter snows;
Now black with storm, now glistening bright,
Now molten with the sunset light.
But when the fading twilight haze
Its magic hand upon it lays,
And comes the night, no season mars
My river of the myriad stars.

Oh, dream of jewels unsurpassed
Upon its sapphire bosom cast!
The heights, the piers, the ships, the shore
Add to the hoard a countless store;
The glowing wake behind us whirls,
A seething furrow white with pearls;
And every hollow, every wave,
Is Sindbad's vale, Aladdin's cave.

The summer day of sweet content
Upon your sunny hillsides spent,
The winter gray, and autumn gold,
And spring with beauties manifold;
The heat of noon, the cool of dawn,
The glory of the sunset gone,
Time never dims, nor distance mars—
But perfect—night-time and the stars!

Charles Coleman Stoddard

STORIETTES

The Ingrate

MADAME had locked her son in a room. Such a son! Such a mother! Emil Jean Marie Lefebvre wept and was chastised at the age of twenty-one. *Madame la mère*—buxom, irate, huge—was competent to manage any one—even a *gendarme* if need be.

The cause? A miserable—*pouf!*—the scum of a milliner's daughter down the street, she of the hair resembling carrots, and the atrocious freckles. *Mon dieu!* and it would seem the more freckles, the more love.

Bien! Madame would attend to all—first to Emil Jean Marie; afterward to the bold minx; all—all in good time.

Parbleu! What would you? To have a girl come to the house every week—*every week*, attend you!—to collect a bill for a bonnet not yet worn! True, *madame* had possessed it a year; but what then? What with its hues—yellow and pale pink—it was not possible to wear it so soon after the death of *mon-sieur*. For *madame's* husband had died during the year, and so she had continued wearing her old black hat.

Who would expect anything different? A beloved husband in his coffin, the very thought of yellow and pale pink was odious—odious for many days to come. Meanwhile *madame* had been constantly reminded of the price of her unworn bonnet.

Can one never trust the ungrateful children? Ah, the tortures of motherhood! First the agony of the birth; then the rearing of the infant, the fear that it will not live, the continued and eternal vigilance—for what? To have an ingrate of a son answer a summons to the front door every week, like a rabbit run out of its burrow, and fall in love with the daughter of an exorbitant milliner—a daughter presenting a bill—as if she were wound up regular to appear once a week like a mechanical toy!

To think that he should be so unlike his brother Paul Baptiste—Paul Baptiste, who knew not one woman from another except when served by one at his dinner! A fine son; so silent—so honest—so dutiful, who had eclipsed all by wedding one of the *sœurs* Félice. The eldest one it was, Antoinette—she who had always had epileptic fits—so sad!—and only four teeth—but a portion of five hundred francs. Ah, *bon dieu!* there was filial devotion for you—an example for all mothers to admire!

And Emil Jean Marie! Have you not heard, then? He is no longer a son, but an ingrate, an outcast, a pariah! His mother's heart it is broken as well; even the thought of Paul Baptiste and his wife will not console.

It is like this: *Madame* locks Emil Jean Marie in her room. "Never," declares she, "shall you come out until you promise to forget this pauper of a milliner girl, who has not a *sou* to her name. Never—never—never!"

"If all were like you in making payment for what they purchase, it is small wonder that she is a pauper." This atrocity from one's own son!

Then all is quiet.

Presently *madame* goes down-stairs. She strolls in the garden at the side of the house; she becomes calm—then pensive. She plucks flowers, and sniffs in deep breaths of sunshine and air. She reflects that it is as well to punish sons once in a while, as *le bon dieu* knows how men are all born to be lords, and forever ordering women about as soon as they are married.

"It is only during their youth that they are submissive. Men are like kings of beasts," soliloquized *madame*, complacently reviewing her life with the departed *monsieur*. "Ah! he was like unto a noble lion when roaring his desires: 'Blanche, fetch my shoes—Blanche, carry the hamper.'" *Madame* wept.

A footstep sounded; it stopped in front of the house. Doubtless some stu-

pid ox of a huckster. *Madame* paid no heed; she continued her gentle reveries. It was a romantic moment, full of sentiments of the past. Presently, however, *madame* bethought her of her uncooked dinner, and she sauntered around toward the front. Some one was passing by—some one—*madame* screamed.

It was the milliner's daughter—on her head the yellow and pale pink bonnet! *Madame* grasped the stone post for support. The girl bowed.

"Behold me, *madame*. I wear the hat, it is true. I am here, but I return this time with it on my head; and you may also reassure yourself on one point: your son—such a baboon! Do you think I would look at him? La-la-la! I would as soon wed a blue mandril. To him I have made all the blandishments only to endeavor to secure the money owed. To him I promise all my soul, if he will but throw me down the hat from *madame's* room. Now, go and release your *grand bébé*. Who would have him, save the other *sœur* Félice?—pooh!

"As for the promise to meet him at the *Moulin Rouge*—so!—my compliments. I am married since last week; yes, I am married, and to no baboon. And no more will Emil Jean Marie see of me. La-la-la-la-la-la!" And she walked away, swishing her skirts.

What are sons? Ingrates, ingrates—that is, some sons. And never will *madame* forgive the insult put upon her by her Emil Jean Marie. And as for him, he has learned well the lesson that all men should learn, and forever remember, of the valuation of a pretty bonnet and of its price.

Marie Beaumarscheff

The Town of Hobbsville

"WHAT a hideous town!" exclaimed passengers on the Santa Fé express train—from smoking-car to Pullman—as they stopped at Hobbsville.

Hobbsville *was* hideous—physically, mentally, and morally. The one crooked street, lined by adobe and weather-worn wooden houses, denoted mental deficiency on the part of the surveyor and architect; the several saloons and gambling-halls were painful reminders of

moral standards, and the physical ugliness of the town apparent at a glance.

The ugliest and largest house in Hobbsville belonged to Logan Hobbs, founder of the town, owner of the grocery store and the principal saloon, and father of Geraldine Hobbs—the least ugly thing in Hobbsville. The New Mexican sun and dust had conquered a complexion that might have been fair; her chief playmate in childhood had been a burro. Therefore, her manners and bearing were not patrician. Yet in this environment Geraldine Hobbs seemed a Venus, a cameo, a vision of loveliness. Some sentiment, and appreciation of the beautiful—when she had opportunity to exercise that faculty—crude wit, and ambition belonged to her. Both father and mother appreciated that wit and ambition and were proud of Geraldine.

Nearly every one in Hobbsville was interested in the girl; but this interest was not equally divided among the townspeople. Harvey Shoemaker, for example, cared more than all the other citizens for Miss Geraldine. Belle Marie Jackson, daughter of the deputy-sheriff, was in love with Harvey Shoemaker, and naturally deeply interested in "that Hobbs girl"; while poor Sylvia Schenck, the milliner, was quite wrapped up in Geraldine, who had bought more hats than any one else in Hobbsville, and represented an ideal.

When Geraldine Hobbs reached the pretty and impertinent age of twenty she suddenly manifested a great desire to turn her back upon Hobbsville, the hideous, and make a journey of discovery—perchance conquest—into that mysterious and alluring province known as "Back East." Her father and mother thought well of the project. Belle Marie Jackson, for personal reasons, also approved it. Harvey Shoemaker and Miss Schenck opposed it, but their opposition amounted to nothing. It was decided that Geraldine Hobbs, with no chaperon or companion save a well-filled purse, should go to New York. And, with the avowed purpose of studying music, she went.

Hobbsville experienced a peculiar psychological convulsion the day she left. Before the Santa Fé express had borne Geraldine away from the battered

station Hobbsville had been an isolated, provincial little kingdom, sufficient unto itself, and without thought or care of the outside world. After the train departed Hobbsville was linked forever with New York.

On the day following the departure of Miss Hobbs the local news-agent received an order from Mr. Hobbs for a daily New York newspaper; Mrs. Hobbs subscribed for a weekly home and family magazine; Harvey Shoemaker decided to take an Eastern musical periodical; Miss Schenck asked to have a New York fashion paper sent her regularly, and Miss Jackson bought a copy—two months old—of a New York "society journal." The news-agent was puzzled—but thankful. The reincarnation of Hobbsville had begun.

When Miss Geraldine Hobbs arrived in New York she was stunned by the greatness of things and the fact that every one was different from herself and her people. For a week she was dismayed, then the pride of youth came to her rescue. She had come to conquer, and conquer she would. Oddly enough, she did not decide to make New York like Hobbsville, but decided to make herself, as quickly as possible, into a typical New Yorker, and outplay the metropolis at its own game.

The transformation was miraculous. In three months Geraldine looked, thought, walked, talked, and acted like one who had never been west of Rahway, New Jersey. She was a New Yorker from her bobbing picture-hat to her high French heels, and regarded upper Broadway as the center of social life in the town. Her masquerade was masterful, but her model was of the meanest. Six months after her arrival she belonged to a sextette in a Broadway "musical show," and supped after the performance every evening in a garish restaurant, where an orchestra twanged out the "gems" from the piece in which she appeared. After that she never mentioned Hobbsville.

Meanwhile, her former home hustled. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, Mr. Shoemaker, Miss Jackson, and Miss Schenck became, unknown to one another—and, indeed, to themselves—culture-crazed. The rest of the citizens followed suit. The Hobbs

house was transformed into something like a Queen Anne cottage; the hats created by Miss Schenck became less gaudy and more artistic; Miss Jackson had the plots of the hundred best-selling novels of the year at her tongue's end, and Mr. Shoemaker, besides learning the difference between a boor and a gentleman, set himself to studying law. Even a great singer might not despise a successful member of the legal profession, and he applied himself assiduously to his books and briefs.

A year passed, another, a third, and a fourth, yet Miss Hobbs was still an exile from Hobbsville. She wrote that she expected to star in a new musical comedy "next season," and sent home various illustrated "Sunday supplements" containing pictures of herself. Hobbsville gloried in her "success" and longed for her return, but Miss Hobbs wrote that "professional engagements" compelled her to remain in New York.

But at last she could make no more excuses. Her father wrote that unless she returned to Hobbsville to sing at the opening of the new Carnegie library, which he and Mr. Shoemaker had been instrumental in securing for the town, he would immediately stop sending her generous monthly allowance.

The upper Broadway heart of Miss Hobbs was disturbed by this message. She raged in her dressing-room, and said discourteous things about parents and every one in Hobbsville. Later, she sat down and wrote a dutiful letter and assured her father that she would be delighted to go home. Of the allowance she wisely said nothing.

The opening of the library was to be a great event in Hobbsville, and weeks before the occasion Miss Jackson ordered new furbelows from Miss Schenck, and Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Shoemaker selected cloth at the tailor's for evening clothes. The local paper announced that "Miss Hobbs—the most noted child of this country"—would be present and would sing."

On the great night the hall was packed with a well-dressed, well-mannered multitude. Some one whispered that Miss Hobbs had arrived on the evening train and would surely appear. A regent of the State university made an address,

eulogizing Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Hobbs, quoting from the classics, and expressing his high opinion of the culture of Hobbsville. Mr. Hobbs then took the floor. In a crude, honest speech, he "pointed with pride" to everything in the town, the State, and the nation; and it was then that Hobbsville came to an appreciation of itself.

And now was to come "the reappearance in our midst of the fairest flower that the local soil has produced, the brightest gem in the crown of Hobbsville—the great prima donna, Miss Geraldine Hobbs, who has carried the name and the fame of our town to the highest courts of art in the East."

She came upon the platform toggled out in a gown that had once made a "hit" in a Broadway production. Her face wore a pert smile that effectually hid the sneer beneath it. Her eyes swept the audience. "Jays!" she whispered.

Hobbsville applauded mightily, and settled back to hear an aria from one of the Italian operas or some thunderous bit of Wagner. They knew much about these things—but Miss Hobbs did not. The applause pleased her, and she decided to sing her best song. Mincing down the platform with a peculiar kangaroo-like movement, new to Hobbsville, she lifted up her metallic little voice. The words of the song had to do with the affection of a negro barber for a mulatto chambermaid. In the refrain the barber protested:

I love my gal—my yaller Sal;

I know she loves me—I know she do.

Come to me, my honey—I've got de money—

For you're my Sally, an' I'm your Lou!

Hobbsville gazed in silent amazement at Miss Hobbs. At the conclusion a commercial traveler from the East shouted "Great!" and clapped his hands. Miss Hobbs looked down upon the silent audience with surprise. "Such idiots! Didn't they know a good voice when they heard it?" She stormed through the door leading from the platform. Hobbsville was a "jay" town, and always would be. It was a pity to waste a Broadway hit on such hayseeds.

Her effort, however, had been appreciated by the drummer. He met her at

what was—for the occasion—the stage-door, and the two decided that, as they were both going back to "civilization" as soon as possible, they would leave on the morning train.

Hobbsville continues in its pursuit of culture, and is now the prettiest little city in the State. But the woman who unwittingly brought about its reincarnation never speaks of it to her Broadway friends except as "that hideous town."

Randolph Hartley

The Fool Englishman

SAM leaned back and gave a great yawn, throwing up his arms and stretching his legs till the steamer-chair cracked threateningly under his two hundred and twenty pounds.

"Gee!" he said. "I wish something would happen to break the monotony. Couldn't we sight a flock of whales, or run down a fishing-boat, or something?"

We were steadily plowing the Atlantic on the big liner—three Chicago newspaper men bound to New York, after several months' sightseeing in Europe.

"You've got a sort of an it's-a-fine-day-let's-kill-something feeling, I suppose, on account of associating with the English," suggested Tope.

"That's it," replied Sam. "Confound these boats! There's no excitement—between meals."

"Well, with eight meals a day, there isn't much time for anything else."

"I suppose if a man would chew every bite thirty-two times, like Gladstone, he really could eat all the time on shipboard. By the way, isn't it about the hour for the deck-steward to be passing the tea and sandwiches?"

"Half past four," answered Tope, looking at his watch.

We glanced up and down the deck, seeking the deck-steward and his tray. Then we saw the Englishman come out of the smoking-room.

The Englishman was a fresh-faced youth of apparently twenty-five summers. We had become pretty well acquainted with him and liked him hugely. He was the Englishest Englishman we had ever met. He talked in that wavy, London tone of voice, turned up every sentence

at the end like a sled-runner, and displayed the most amazing jumble of ignorant conceptions of the United States that any foreigner ever owned. He had given his name as Algernon Suffolk, and his calling as manufacturer of knives and forks and similar utensils in Birmingham.

"Ah, there's our cutlery friend," said Tope.

"And yonder's the tea coming. Who'd 'a' thought a big, strapping buck like me would be sitting around drinking tea? And craving it, too, by jinks—actually wanting the stuff!"

The Englishman came along and we invited him to join us.

"Charmed!" he replied, and sat down by us. "Do you know, I'm delighted with the prospect of seeing America."

"Great country," said Sam; "greatest ever. What part do you intend visiting?"

"I rather fancy I'll go to Canada first. I've heard of it a great deal, and I've a kinsman—a cousin—there somewhere. Possibly I'll go to New Orleans and Denver, too."

"Why don't you take in those cities on your way to Canada?"

"Indeed! I hadn't thought of that. Can I do that?"

"Easy," answered Sam. "You take the Rockefeller Pipe Line from New York, and get a stop-over at New Orleans and Denver and Long Island. Don't cost any more."

"Yes, it does," said I. "Two dollars more. But then, it's worth it."

"Two dollars," remarked Algernon. "Let me see; that is about eight shillings?"

"About. You don't mind that, do you?"

"Aw, no; a trifle. But couldn't I go by Chicago, where you live?"

"Not on that trip. You must sure come to see us, but you'll have to take another railway. Our town is on the Tehuantepec, Podunk, and Havana Short Line."

"One moment," said Algernon. "Let me put that down in my memoranda. T-e—how do you spell it?"

We spelled it for him.

"Let us know when you're coming and we'll meet you at the depot." We

gave him all our addresses for his notebook.

"Er—that is—you mean the station?"

"Exactly. We call 'em depots in our country—accent on the *de*. You go to asking anybody for the station and they'll think you're looking for a stationery shop."

"Indeed! How extrawn'ry!"

"You'd better travel on our trains mostly in the daytime, too. There are a great many hold-ups at night."

"Hold-ups? What are they?"

"Why, robberies, you know. Masked men hold the train up and rob all the passengers."

"How extrawn'ry! Do they do this often?"

"Oh, tolerably. Some lines have hold-ups every night, but on the Tehuantepec line they don't usually have 'em except Tuesdays and Saturdays."

Algernon's face expressed the most naive surprise.

"Deucedly exciting, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Well, I guess yes," returned Sam. "Something doing about then."

"You wait till you get to Chicago, though," I interrupted.

"That's right," echoed Sam and Tope.

"Is—er—do you have any trouble with the Indians there?" inquired Algernon Suffolk.

"In the summer only," I said. "They get pretty bad in summer. But in winter they mostly keep in the woods, and we are seldom bothered by them."

"And cowboys, don't you know, and all that sort of thing?" asked Algernon.

"Do they come right into the city?"

"In? Well, I should remark! Right south of where I live is a cowboy boarding-house. You stop at the Auditorium, and almost any fine afternoon you can see them chasing a pack of Indians or a herd of long-horned Texas steers down Michigan Avenue."

Algernon's face was lit up with interest. He tossed off the last drops of tea from his cup, and said:

"I say, fellows, I wouldn't miss that for anything. It must be rattling good sport. Can a man get a chance to join in—that is, do you think—?"

"Well, I don't know about that," answered Sam. "You see, they're rather

particular about Englishmen. Foolish prejudice, of course. What do you think, Tope?"

"Oh, I can get him a license, all right. I know the mayor. You come right along, Mr. Suffolk, and we'll see that you have a horse and gun."

"By Jove!" said the Englishman, slapping his leg. "Won't that be sport! The fellows in Birmingham will be green with envy when I tell them. And how about the grizzly bears and mountain-lions? Can we get a chance at them near Chicago?"

"You can get all you want in Lincoln Park," I replied. "That's a large, natural reservation in the north side of the city. Plenty of big game."

"Capital, capital! by Jove!" exclaimed the Britisher, beside himself at the prospect. "I say, let's go in and have something. And I want you to teach me that national game, poker. I must learn that, don't you know?"

He led the way into the smoking-room. The three of us exchanged sundry winks and punches.

"This is better than running down a Gloucester fish-boat, hey, old fel?" whispered Sam.

"Sure!" I answered. "And wait till we get him into a game!"

After refreshments we began a little educational game of poker. Algernon was very stupid, and had to write down the various values of pairs and threes and straights before he could get them into his noggin.

For the next two days we four were inseparable. The Englishman made progress in the game; in fact, come to think of it, he must have quit a little ahead, though his mistakes were ludicrous and his fool questions legion.

Breezy, of the *Clarion*, was down to meet us at the wharf, and was right glad to see us. After he had shaken hands with us, he suddenly made a dive for our English friend, who was just leaving the customs gate, and had quite a confab with him. When he came back we asked him if he knew the Britisher.

"Britisher?" he said. "He's no more British than you are. That's Pete Bal-lou, the impersonator, biggest star on the vaudeville stage, born and brought up in Chicago."

We looked at one another sadly.

"Stung!" said Sam.

"Bitten!" said Tope.

"And he's got our addresses in his note-book!" said I. "Say, don't you know right now the names of the three Indians Algernon is going to chase down Michigan Avenue?"

Frank Crane

The Hard-Headed Man

THE water in this here well is as hard as rocks, but that ain't to be wondered at, seeing as how the well was dug by the hardest-headed man in all creation and Hampshire County.

About ten years ago, and for about twenty years before that, old Jim Clark and his son Bill lived here. They were two of a kind, and that kind was rocks. They were hard-headed from the socks up. They had such hard-headed notions about most things that people around here just concluded that they were born "sot," and so let 'em alone.

One day old man Clark thought he'd like to have his well over nearer the barn, and it was a blessed thing he decided to dig a new hole instead of moving the old one, or he'd have done it. He says to Bill: "Bill, I'm going over to Berkshire to look after some cows, and while I'm gone you hustle a bit and get the well started."

"Where'll I begin the top of it?" asks Bill, kind of sarcastic like, as the old well his dad had dug slanted a good bit going down.

"Right here," says old man Clark, pointing at this particular spot.

A hard-headed look came into Bill's face. "This ain't no place for the well," he says, and he walks round to the other end of the barn and starts the well where he thinks it ought to be.

"What are you doing there?" calls old man Clark.

"Digging a well," says Bill.

"Who told you to dig it over there?" shouts the old man.

"Common sense," says Bill.

Then a hard-headed look came into old man Clark's face. "You dig the well where I tell you to," he says, "or I'll make you."

"Shoo, dad!" says Bill, who was a great, strapping fellow of twenty.

"You think I can't?" says old man Clark.

"I do," says Bill.

"You'll dig the well here," says the old man, and he goes into the barn and says no more about it. But the less a hard-headed man says about anything, the harder he gets. It's talk that makes folks change their minds and compromise, and about a month later he fills up the new well that Bill dug in the wrong spot, and goes off with the remark that he'll be back in about five or ten years.

Bill watches him go over the hill, and then he goes back and digs out the well that his dad had filled up.

Well, about six years after that, old man Clark comes home from only the Lord knows where.

"Hello, dad!" says Bill, who had run the farm all these years.

"Hello, Bill!" says old man Clark. Then he sees that the well hasn't been dug where he wants it, and he says: "Are you going to dig that well where I told you to?"

"No," says Bill, "I ain't."

"You'll dig that well where I want you to," says old man Clark, and he goes into the house and says not another word about it for ten years, when, as he was dying, he calls Bill in and asks:

"Have you changed your mind about digging that well?"

"No, dad," says Bill, "I ain't."

"You'll dig that well where I told you to," says the dying man, and then he turns over and dies.

But first he gives Bill a letter, and after the funeral Bill opens it and reads that, since he wouldn't dig the well where his dad wanted him to, old man Clark had drawn out the ten thousand dollars that used to be in the bank, and he would now have to hunt around and find where it was hidden, according to directions. The first direction was to dig under a big stone in the pasture, which Bill did, and found a piece of paper in a lead box telling him to go to a place in South America, up in the Andes, and dig in a certain spot near a river, and he would find further directions.

Bill left the farm in the care of a

neighbor, and after months of travel and adventure and danger of all kinds he reached the Andes and dug where he had been told to, and unearthed another little lead box. Inside it was a strip of paper, which told him to go to Alaska and dig at a certain place near Dawson City and he would learn more.

Bill tucked the directions away very carefully, and when he reached Alaska, after prodigious labor—for he had to walk most of the way overland—he found the spot mentioned by old man Clark and dug for further information.

He unearthed another of those little lead boxes, and inside, in the handwriting of his dad, was the cheerful information that, since he had been so hard-headed about digging that well, he would now need to go to Africa and dig in a certain spot—which he found on the map was about the middle of that country—and he'd find where the ten thousand dollars were buried.

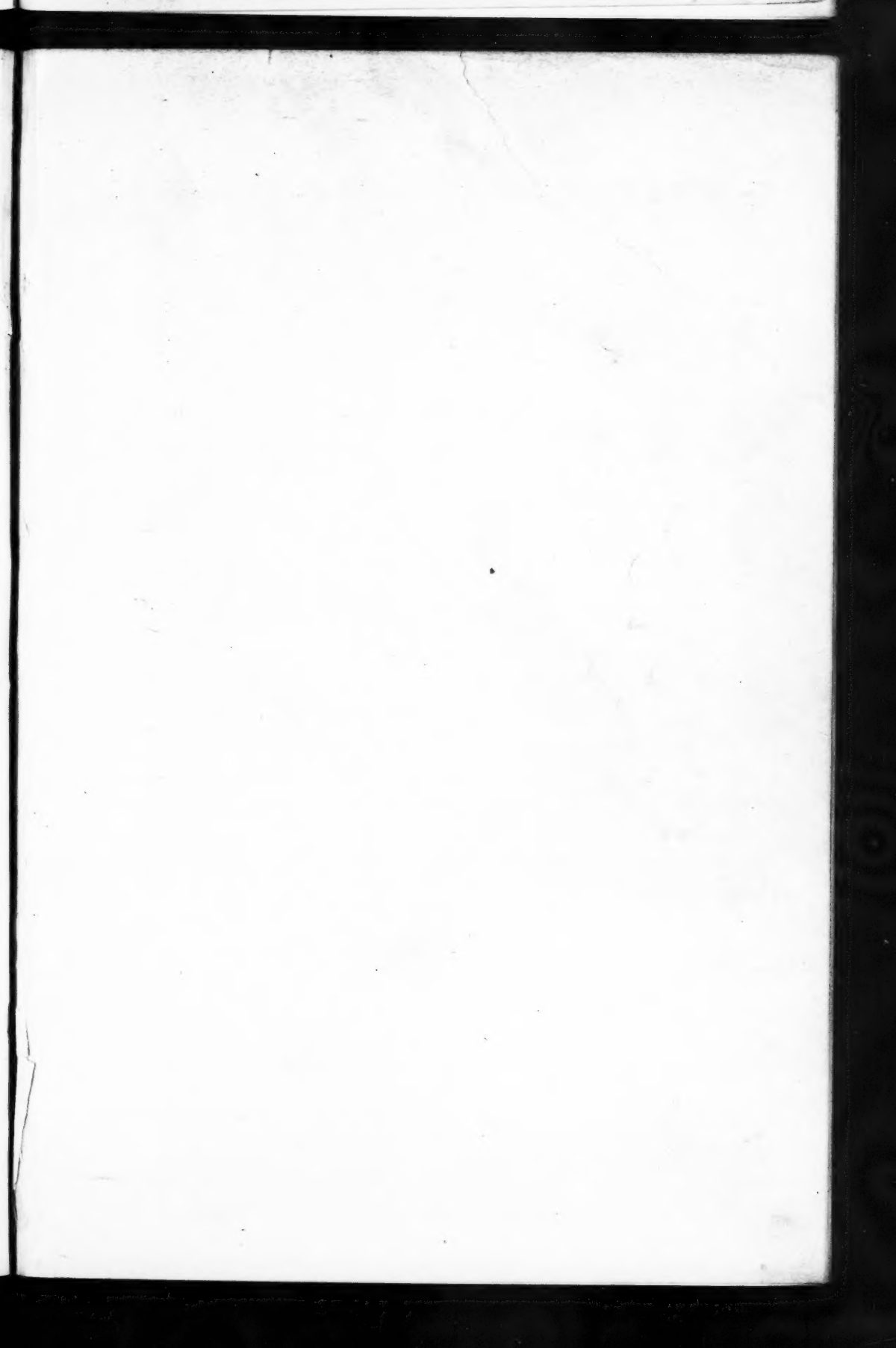
Well, Bill tucked this information away careful like, and about three years later, having made his way against fourteen kinds of jungle-fever and different manners of uncivilized death, he found the box, and inside was a slip of paper telling him that if he would go home to New England and dig the well where he had been told to dig it, he would unearth a box containing ten thousand dollars in hundred-dollar notes.

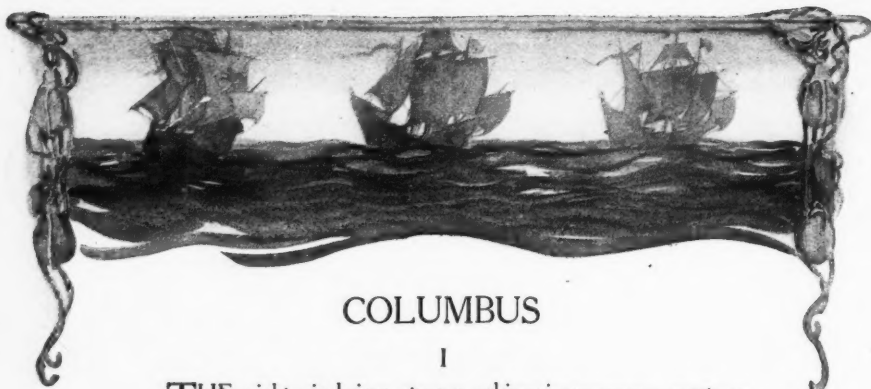
It took him seven years to reach New England, for the savages kept chasing him up and down Africa, which is some bigger than Hampshire; but finally he got back home, and after going out to see the old man's grave, he got a shove and started to dig the well where his dad had told him to dig it.

After a spell he came on the box and ten thousand dollars, and he sat down and calculated that if he hadn't been so hard-headed and had dug the well to please his sick dad, he'd have saved about fifteen years of his youth and have escaped more agues and fevers than the doctor-books tell about.

So, you see, he dug the well after all, and he's not the only man in creation and Hampshire that has chased over the earth, to come home in the end and dig a well—not if I know human nature.

Don Mark Lemon





COLUMBUS

I

THE night air brings strange whisperings—vague scents—
 Over the unknown ocean, which his dreams
 Had spanned with visions of new continents—
 Fragrance of clove and sandal, and the balms
 With which the heavy tropic forest teems,
 And murmur as of wind among the palms.

II

THEY breathe across the high deck, where he stands
 With far-set eyes, as one who dreams awake,
 Waiting sure dawn of undiscovered lands;
 Till, on the slow lift of the purple swells,
 The golden radiance of the morning break,
 Lighting the emblazoned sails of caravels.

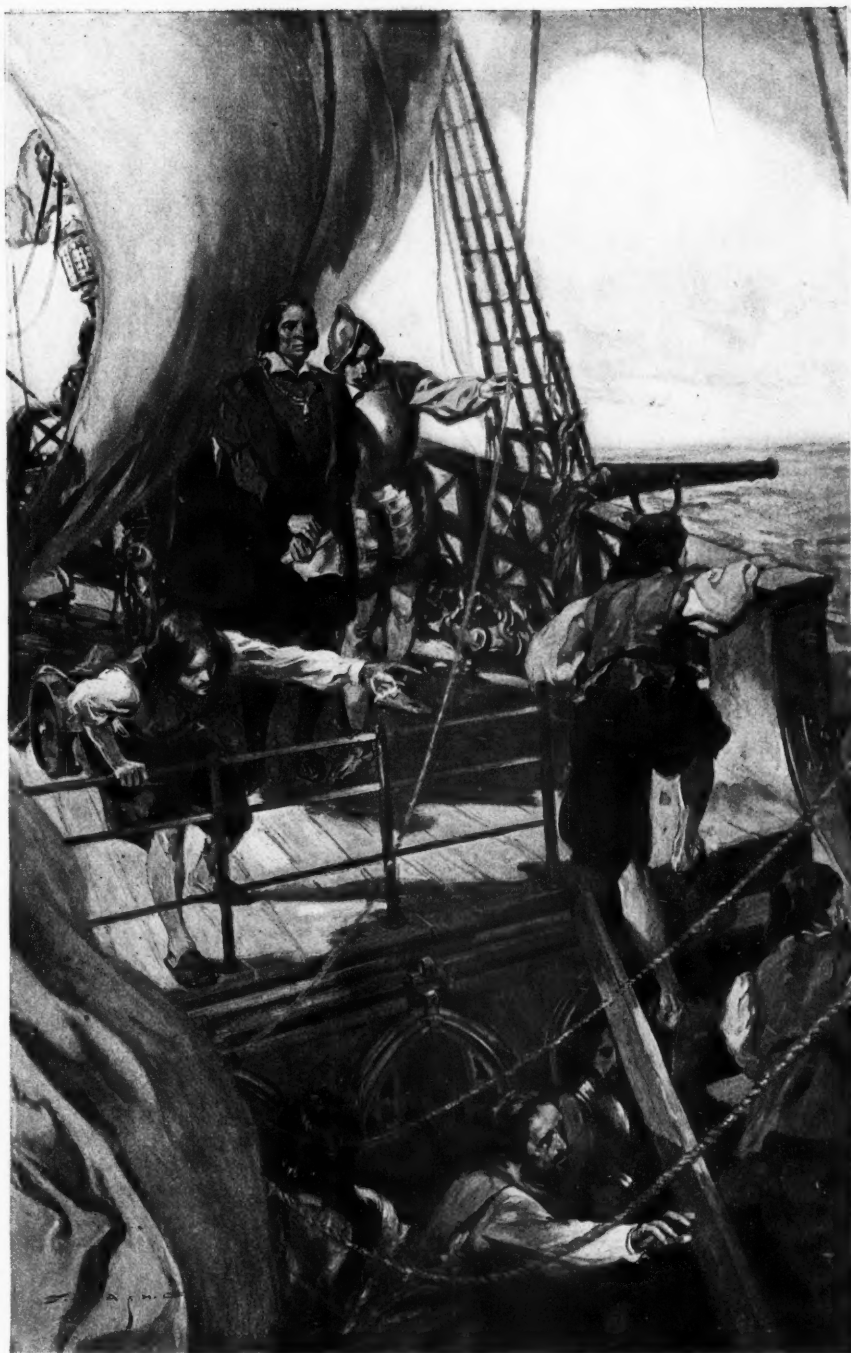
III

THEN from the foremost sounds a sudden cry—
 The Old World's startled greeting to the New—
 For, lo! The land, across the western sky!
 The exultant land! Oh, long-starved hopes, black fears,
 Scoffings of courtiers, mutinies of crew—
 Answered forever, as that shore appears!

IV

GREAT Master Dreamer! Grander than Cathay,
 Richer than India, that new Western World
 Shall flourish when Castile has passed away.
 Not even thy gigantic vision spanned
 Its future, as with Cross, and flag unfurled,
 Thy deep Te Deum sounded on the strand!





V

BY this still outpost of the unbounded shore—
 This small, bright island, slumbering in the sea,
 A long, resistless tide of life shall pour,
 Loosed from its long-worn fetters, joyous, free,
 Leaping to heights none ever touched before
 And hurrying on to greater things to be.



VI

THE end is larger than thy largest plan;
 Nobler than golden fleets of argosies
 The land and life new-opening to man.
 Within the womb of this mysterious morn
 Quicken vast cities, mighty destinies,
 Ideals and empires, waiting to be born.

VII

BUT yet—there are but three small caravels,
 Wrapped in the magic radiance of the seas,
 Slow-moved, and heaving on low-bosomed swells.

Charles Buxton Going